THE VOCALIST:

A COLLECTION OF 313

TUNES, ANTHEMS AND CHANTS,

OLD AND NEW. DESIGNED FOR THE

CHOIR, CONGREGATION, AND SINGING CLASS;

CONTAINING A

CHOICE SELECTION OF TUNES OF EVERY VARIETY OF METRE IN GENERAL USE.

ALSO,

Fourteen Chapters on Music, and two on Versification and Chanting.

BY

GEORGE W. LINTON.

TORONTO, C. W.

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.

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PREFACE.

THE VOCALIST is intended to supply a want, that has been long felt by new beginners in music, and members of the different denominations, namely: a cheap text-book, in which the elements are explained in a simple and thorough manner, and a tune-book, which contains a large number of the good old tunes.

The Elements have been divided into twelve chapters, which embrace all the points introduced to a class in a course of twelve lessons.

Five additional chapters are devoted to Time, Accent, Pronunciation, Articulation, Versification, Chanting, and the use of the tuning-fork. Their perusal will be both interesting and profitable.

All technical terms have been omitted, and the science presented in a simple manner, and expressed in language that all may understand. The sharps, instead of being placed on the upper part of the staff, are placed on the lower, because it would be much easier to apply the rule for finding the key-note. The Alto is arranged, as it should be, for female voices.

For good reasons, the tunes are numbered, and the paging omitted. The Elementary index is placed in the first part of the book, and the General, Metrical, and first-line index, at the end. The "Elementary Index" will prove to be very convenient, as it will enable the student to turn at once to any point throughout the seventeen chapters.

If the *name* of any tune is forgotten, and a part of the first line of the first stanza is remembered, it may be found by referring to the "Index of the first lines."

The different metres are classified; that is, all the long metres are together, and all the common metres together, &c. Among them will be found tunes of every variety of metre in general use.

I would thus publicly express my sincere thanks to Dr. L. Mason, Prof. L. C. Everett, Dr. A. B. Everett, and Dr. Thos. Hastings, for the use of some of their excellent compositions.

That the Vocalist may be instrumental in awakening a more general interest on the subject of singing, both public and private, and thus assist in elevating the standard of Sacred Music, is the sincere desire of the

AUTHOR.

N. B. A large number of the tunes in this work are private property; publishers are therefore cautioned against using them without permission.

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ELEMENTS OF MUSIC.

CHAPTER I.

Music is divided into three (a) departments.

First, MELODY, which relates to sounds differing in pitch — as, high and low.

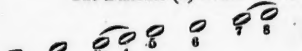
Second, RHYTHM, which relates to sounds differing in length — as, long and short.

Third, DYNAMICS, which relates to sounds differing in power — as, soft and loud.

Such is the nature of Music, that these three distinctions are intermingled in theory, and practice.

At the foundation of Music lies a series of sounds, called

The Diatonic (b) Scale. It is composed of seven primary (c) sounds, with the first repeated, making eight sounds in all. qes. 1 & 2.



The space between two sounds is called an *interval*, from 1 to 2, is an interval, from 2 to 3 is an interval, from 3 to 4 is an interval, from 4 to 5 is an interval, &c. qes. 3.

If there are eight sounds in the scale, it follows that there must be seven intervals. qes. 4.

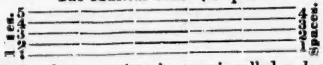
Intervals may be large or small, some of these intervals are larger than the others, there are *five* large ones, which we call whole steps, and *two* small ones, which we call half steps. (d) qes. 5 & 6.

One of the half steps occurs between 3 and 4, and the other, between 7 and 8. qes. 7.

The places where the half steps come are indicated by a curve. See the scale.

Five horizontal lines, with the spaces between them, is called

The Musical Staff. (e) qes. 8.



Each line is called a *degree*, and each space is called a *degree*. qes. 9.

If each line, and each space is called a degree, it follows that there must be *nine* degrees. qes. 10.

The different degrees of the staff, receive their names from the *first seven* letters of the alphabet: a b c d e f g. qes. 11.

The staff is used to represent the pitch of sounds. qes. 12.

This character is called a *clef*. qes. 13.

It is said to be located on the *second* line, as it crosses that line four times, and neither of the others but twice. qes. 14.

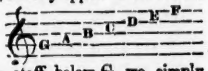
It represents the letter G — that is, the letter G belongs on the same degree as the clef is located, which is *always* on the second line. qes. 15 & 16.

Clefs receive their names from the letters they represent. The clef, representing the letter G, is therefore called a G clef. (f) qes. 17.

The clef is used to determine the position of the letters on the staff. (qes. 18.) For instance, suppose we wish to ascertain what letter belongs on the fifth line, we first enquire what letter the clef represents, having ascertained that, we take that letter for our starting point.

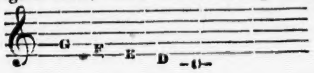
The clef just introduced, represents G, on the second line. The G line, then, will be our starting point. As we use *only* the first *seven* letters of the alphabet, and G being the last letter in the series, we must commence a new series, above the second line.

The next letter on the staff above G, would be A, and the next above A, B, &c. By placing the letters on the staff, in regular order, as they appear in the series, it will be seen that F belongs on the fifth line, Ex:



If we wish to ascertain what letters belong on the staff below G, we simply place the letters in regular order, backwards, descending the series.

Ex:



As there are only five *lines* in the staff, we are sometimes under the necessity of making use of short lines, called added lines. (g)

Ex:

Sometimes more than one added line is used. qes. 19.

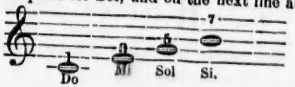
In the training of the voice, we make use of eight figures to represent the sounds of the scale. To these figures, as well as the sounds of the scale, we apply the following syllables. (h)

The letter a, in Fa and La, should be pronounced the same as a in Straw and Flaw

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8.
	Do	Re	Mi	Fa	Sol	La	Si	Do.
Pronounced,	Doe	Ray	Mee	Faw	Sole	Law	See	Doe.

RULE FOR READING MUSIC.

When *Do* is on a *line*, Mi will be found on the next line above. On the next line above Mi, will be the place for Sol, and on the next line above Sol, will be the place for Si. Ex:



The same rule will apply, if Do is found on a space. qes. 20.

When Do is found on a space, the next *space below*, will be the place for La, the next space below La, will be the place for Fa, and on the next space below Fa, is the place for Re. Ex:

The same rule will apply if Do is found on a line. qes. 21.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

1. How many sounds compose the scale? *Ans.* Eight.
2. How many primary sounds are there? *Ans.* Seven.
3. What is the space between two sounds called? *Ans.* An interval.
4. How many are there? *Ans.* Seven.
5. How many whole steps are there? *Ans.* Five.
6. How many half steps? *Ans.* Two.
7. Where do the half steps occur? *Ans.* Between 3 and 4, and 7 and 8.
8. What is this called? *Ans.* The musical staff.
9. What is each line and each space called? *Ans.* A degree.
10. How many degrees are there? *Ans.* Nine.
11. What do they receive their names from? *Ans.* The first seven letters of the alphabet.
12. What is the staff used for? *Ans.* To represent the pitch of sounds.
13. What is this character called? *Ans.* A *Clef.*
14. Where is it located? *Ans.* On the second line.
15. What letter does it represent? *Ans.* G.
16. Where? *Ans.* On the second line.
17. What kind of a clef is it called? *Ans.* The G clef
18. What is it used for? *Ans.* To determine the position of the letters on the staff.
19. What are those short lines called? *Ans.* Added lines.
20. When Do is on a line, what note will be found on the next line above? *&c. Ans.* Mi, Sol, Si.
21. When Do. is on a space, what note will be found on the next space below? *&c. Ans.* La, Fa, Re.

NOTES.

a.—Some music writers have added a fourth distinction, called "*Musical Elocution.*" It relates to a correct intonation of voice and pronunciation of words.

b.—Derived from two Greek words—Dia, through; and Tonos, tone.

c.—They are called Primary or Principal sounds,* because they lie at the foundation of the science. The sounds of the scale, with the relation that one sound sustains to another, correspond to the physical construction of the human voice. It is a remarkable fact, that in the human voice there are but seven primary sounds.

* The term sound will be used in this work instead of *tone*—because a tone means the human voice, an expression of the tonal system; whereas the term sound may apply either to an instrument or the voice.

d.—In some works it is called a (semi) half tone. On examining the Dictionary it will be seen that a tone means a sound. How can we make a half a sound?

e.—Some teachers call it a stave. What is a stave? *Ans.* A part of a barrel. (See Dictionary.) Does the musical staff look anything like a part of a barrel?

f.—People generally call it a treble clef; but as it is used for three distinct parts, viz.: tenor, alto and treble, one male and two female parts, that certainly is not a proper name to apply to it. Inasmuch as it is used for three different parts, one part has as much right to claim it as another. It is just as much a tenor as a treble clef, because it is used for that part; and for the same reason it is as much an alto as a tenor clef. Its proper name is the G clef.

g.—By some teachers they are called leger lines. We call them added lines, because they are simply added to the staff to meet certain exigencies. For instance, if we wish to write music two degrees above or below the staff, we must make use of temporary lines.

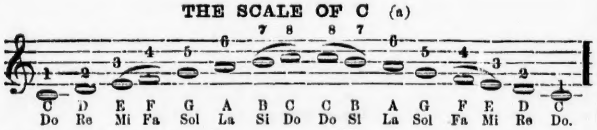
h.—Guido Aretinus, a Benedictine Monk of Arezzo, a city of Tuscany, has the credit of being the inventor of the present system of notation, founded on the adaptation of the syllables—Ut, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La. These syllables he took from the following hymn:

Ut queant *laxis* resonare fibris,
Mira gestorum, *fa*mula tuorum;
*Sol*vi polluti, labii reatum.
Sancti Johannis.

The present staff, as well as the scale, was invented in the 11th century.

CHAPTER II.

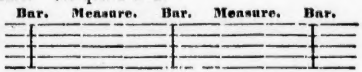
THE SCALE OF C (a)



Is here represented with the letters as they are permanently located upon the staff.

It is very important that the syllables be thoroughly memorized, and the order in which they come, both ascending and descending.

A line drawn across the staff is called a *bar*, and the space between two bars, is called a measure. (b) qes. 1 & 2.

Ex: 

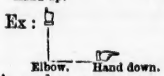
At the beginning of a piece of music, (on the upper part of the staff,) a figure called the numerator, is placed to indicate the number of parts or beats in a measure. (c) qes. 3. Ex:

When the figure *Two* is used, the music is said to be in Double Measure. (d) qes. 4.

The beats in *Double Measure* are performed *down* and *up*. qes. 5.

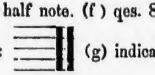
The full measure must always be commenced on the *downward* beat. qes. 6.

In beating time, we make use of the *right hand* and fore arm, keeping the *wrist* perfectly stiff, passing quickly from point to point, pausing at each point. The hand should pass from a perpendicular position, to an angle of 90 degrees.

Ex: 

This character which is used to represent a sound, is called a whole (e) note. qes. 7.

This is called a half note. (f) qes. 8.

Two heavy bars thus:  (g) indicate the end of the tune.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

1. What is a line drawn across the staff called? *Ans.* A bar.
2. What is the space between two bars called? *Ans.* A measure.
3. What is the Numerator used to indicate? *Ans.* The number of beats in a measure.
4. When the figure two is used, what measure is it called? *Ans.* Double measure.
5. How are the beats in double measure performed? *Ans.* Down and up.
6. On what beat must we commence a full measure? *Ans.* The downward beat.
7. What is this called? *Ans.* A whole note.
8. What is this called? *Ans.* A half note.

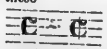
NOTES.

a.—All scales receive their names from the letter located on the degree where Do is found. For instance, if Do comes on the G line or space, the music is written in the scale of G. If it (Do) comes on F space or line, the tune is in the scale* of F.

* Some people call the scale "The Gamut."

b.—Some teachers call it a bar. The line drawn across the staff is a *bar*; it is used for dividing music into equal portions, called *measures*.

c.—It is to be regretted that some authors have digressed from this simple mode of representing time, and have introduced these



almost meaningless characters, to represent certain modes. The first represents ($\frac{2}{4}$) a slow movement; and the second ($\frac{3}{8}$) a quick movement. They might just as well have used a turtle to represent one, and an antelope the other.

d.—Writers often call double measure "common time," and why? Is it because there is such a thing as uncommon time? If there are *two* beats in a measure, why not indicate that number of beats by placing the figure 2 at the beginning of the music? Or, if there are four parts or beats in a measure, indicate as much by using the figure 4?

e.—The whole note is sometimes called a semibreve, and the half note a minim. Such terms are not calculated to convey to the mind the slightest idea as to the real or relative value of the note. If all notes were expressed fractionally, the mind would readily conceive the relative value of the different kinds, as soon as they were mentioned or represented.

f.—Some people confound this term with *tone*. A *tone* is a sound, but a note is simply a character used to represent a sound.

g.—The period bar ‖ is used by some writers at the end of every line, and by others at the end of every two lines; and this character at the end of the tune. For several good reasons, both have been omitted in this work, and the double period bar placed at the end of all the tunes.

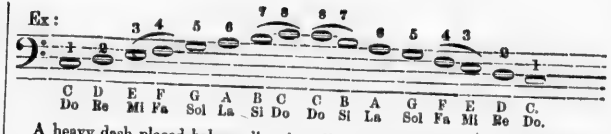
CHAPTER III.

This character is said to be located upon the *fourth* line, (the degree between the two dots.) qes. 1.

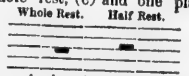
It represents the letter F, that is wherever it is located, that is the place for F. qes. 2.

As remarked in the first Chapter, "Clefs receive their names from the letters they represent," this representing F, it is therefore called the F (a) Clef. qes. 3.

It is always used for Bass, (pronounced Base,) a part adapted to low male voices, and sometimes for the Tenor, (b) a part adapted to high *male* voices. Whenever it is used, Do, the first sound of the scale is located on a different degree to what it is when the G Clef is used.



A heavy dash placed below a line is called a whole rest, (c) and one placed above the line, is called a half rest. qes. 4 & 5. Ex:



The rest is used to indicate silence, although the singing is suspended, the beating of time must be continued.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

1. Where is this located? *Ans.* On the fourth line.
2. What letter does it represent? *Ans.* F.
3. What is it called? *Ans.* The F clef.
4. What is this called? *Ans.* A whole rest. Why? *Ans.* Because it is below the line.
5. This is called what? *Ans.* A half rest. Why? *Ans.* Because it is above the line.

NOTES.

a.—It is often called the bass clef. It is true that it is always used for the bass, but it is also (occasionally) used for the tenor, and therefore it cannot be, strictly speaking, a bass clef. It should be called the F clef, because it represents the letter F.

b.—When the F clef is used for the tenor, it represents positive pitch; but when the G clef is used, the music is intended to be (as it really is) sung eight degrees below. This is owing to the fact that there is an octave difference in the pitch, between the adult male and female voices. Although the same clef is used for the tenor as the treble, and to the eye the pitch is the same, yet a female should not, under any circumstances, sing the tenor, as she would be singing an octave (eight degrees) higher than the music is intended to be sung. Formerly a character called a C clef, was used for the tenor. It represented C on the degree between the two heavy dashes.

c.—There are as many kinds of rests as there are notes. Rests, as well as notes, represent relative, and not positive time, (See Chapter 13.)

CHAPTER IV.

At the beginning of a piece of music, (on the lower part of the staff,) a figure is placed, called the Denominator, which is used to express what *fractional* part of a whole note must receive one beat. qes. 1.

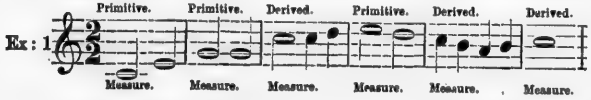
If the figure *Two*, is used as the Denominator, a half note receives one beat, and of course a whole note must have two beats.

The note that receives one beat is called a primitive note, (a) a measure filled with primitive notes, is called a primitive measure. qes. 2 & 3.

This ♩ character is called a *quarter* note. (b)

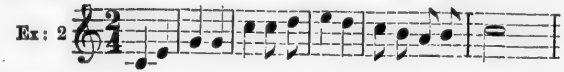
If a half note receives one beat, two *quarter* notes must be sung to one beat.

When a measure is not filled with primitive notes, it is called a Derived measure. qes. 4.



A dash or hook added to the stem of a note, is used as a sign of subtraction, for instance, this ♩ is called a quarter note, if a hook is added to the stem of it, thus: ♪ it will represent only a half as much time as it did without it, and instead of its being called a quarter, it would be called an *eighth* note.

Sometime two eighth notes are tied together, thus: ♫ Notes represent relative, and not positive time. A tune written in quarter notes, is not necessarily to be sung any faster than another written in half notes.



In example 2 a quarter note receives one beat, it may be sung just as slow as example 1. The primitive *note*, is the standard of measurement throughout the music, if it is sung long, all the other notes must be long in proportion.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

1. What does the Denominator express? *Ans.* What fractional part of a whole note must receive one beat.
2. What is the note called that receives one beat? *Ans.* A primitive note.
3. A measure filled with primitive notes is called what? *Ans.* A primitive measure.
4. A measure not filled with primitive notes is called what? *Ans.* A derived measure.
5. What kind of a note is this ♩? *Ans.* A quarter.
6. What is this ♪ called? *Ans.* An eighth note.

NOTES.

a.—Any kind of a note, except a whole one, may be used as a primitive note. (See Chapter 13.) The time of every other kind of a note in a tune is governed by the time that is given to the primitive note. If it is sung fast, or slow, all the other notes must be fast or slow, according to the relation they sustain to it.

b.—In some works this ♩ is called a crotchet, and this ♪ a quaver. We reject those technicalities for the same reason as given in Note e, Chap. 2.

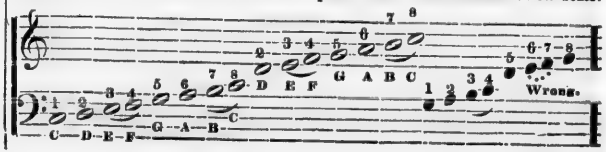
CHAPTER V.

In order to have a variety of music, we move the scale from one degree to another. This changing of the position of the scale, is called *The Transposition*.

There is one Transposition which leads to the introduction of Sharps, and another to the introduction of Flats.

There are two modes of *Transposing* in the sharps, viz: by a *fifth* above, and a *fourth* below—the former we will use.

We take *C*, the second space of the *Bass*, for our starting point. On this second space we build two octaves, and place curves to indicate the position of the half-steps. We commence at the bottom, ascend and count off *five*. The degree on which the *fifth* is found, is the place where we commence a *new* scale.



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We find that it comes on G, the *fourth space.* On the fourth space, then, we represent the *first* sound of a *new* scale, called the scale of G. (a)

Having represented a new scale based on G, and numbered each note, we must now ascertain whether the half-steps come between the right figures or not.

As the new scale does not extend far enough down, to reach the first half-step in the old one, we will examine the next. The second half-step, comes between the first space above, and the added line, we will indicate it by a slur, on the same parallel degrees in the new scale, and see where it will come. It comes between 3 & 4, which is right. See Ex: We will now see where the next half-step (in the old scale,) comes. It will be seen to come between the first line and the first space of the Treble staff. We will indicate it by a dotted curve, on the same parallel degrees in the new scale, to see between what figures it will come. It comes between 6 & 7, which is wrong, because the half-steps must always come between 3 & 4 and 7 & 8.

This descrepancy arises from having commenced the *new* scale on the same degree as the *fifth* of the old one.

This ♯ character is called a sharp. qes. 1

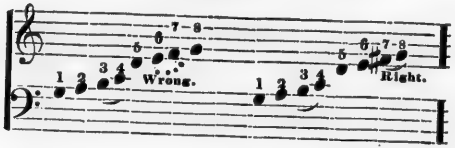
It is used (b) to represent a sound a half-step higher, than the degree represents, upon which it is placed, for instance, the last note in the *third* measure in this example, is F.

It represents the sound that belongs to the first space, but the last note in the *fifth* measure, is not F, but F sharp, it represents a sound a half-step higher.

Between 6 & 7 in the new scale, is a half-step, and between 7 & 8 a whole step, both of which are wrong. If we can *increase* the distance between 6 & 7 a half step, and *shorten* the distance between 7 & 8 a half step, the scale will be right.

If, between 6 & 7 the distance is only a half-step, by placing a sharp to the left of the 7th, it will be a whole step, because *sharp* seven (♯7,) represents a sound a half-step higher than the degree represents, upon which it is placed. It is quite evident then, that by placing a sharp to the left of the 7, there will be a *whole* step between 6 & 7, and a *half*-step between 7 & 8.

Ex:



A sharp placed upon *any* degree, indicates the *addition* of a half-step to the interval below, and the *subtraction* of a half-step from the interval *above.*

The sharp just introduced we place between the clef and the fraction that it may become the signature (c) of the scale.

It indicates that the music is written in the scale of G.

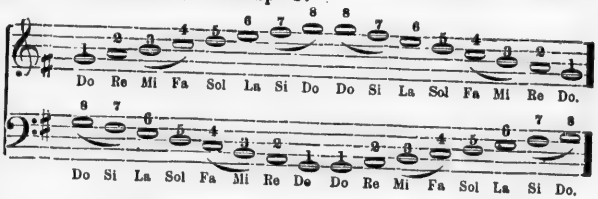
The sharp the farthest from the clef we call the right hand sharp. qes. 3.

The right hand sharp is always Si, the seventh of the scale.

Rule for finding the Key-Note in Sharps.

Do, (the Key Note,) is found on the first degree above the *right hand* sharp.

qes. 4. The Scale of G, One Sharp—F.



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

1. What is this ♯ called? *Ans.* A sharp.
2. How much higher than the degree does it represent a sound? *Ans.* A half step.
3. What is the sharp farthest from the clef called? *Ans.* The right hand sharp.
4. Where is Do found in the sharps? *Ans.* On the first degree above the right hand sharp.

NOTES.

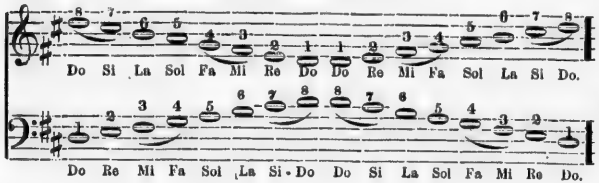
a—It is called the scale of G, because G is the key-note, and the scale is founded on the same degree as that letter is located upon. This explanation will suffice for *all* succeeding scales. (See Note a, Chap. 2.)

b—We are told in some music books that a *sharp* raises a tone (sound) a half step. Common sense teaches us, that if while making a sound, we raise the voice the slightest, we are not making the same sound, but another, one that is entirely different. How then are we to raise a sound? It cannot be done! It is one of the impossibilities, and its promulgation is a monstrous error.

c—The signature is used to indicate what transposition has taken place, so that the instrumentalist may know what letters to sharp. The sharps are the result of transposition. To the voice all scales are alike—that is, when we sing a tune written in sharps or flats, we are not aware when we sing them (sharps and flats), because they are simply used to represent the half steps in their proper places. The scale must correspond to the construction of the voice.

CHAPTER VI.

If we wish to continue the *transposition*, we must commence a *new* scale on the same degree as the fifth of the last (G) scale, and sharp the 7th, and that will give us The Scale of D, Two Sharps—F and C.



A sharp placed between the clef and the fraction, besides being called the signature, is also called an *incidental*: because it belongs to the scale in which the music is written. qes. 1.

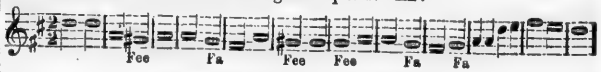
But a sharp placed to the right of the fraction, is called an *accidental*, because it does not belong to the scale in which the music is written. qes. 2.

The rule for pronouncing the accidental sharp is as follows: The last part of the *name* of the note, receives the sound of E, as in *thee*. qes. 3.

The relation between the accidental and the note on the next degree above it, is the same as between Si and Do. An accidental sharp is never placed to the left of Mi and Si, because the interval between them and the next degree above, is only a half-step.

Accidentals may appear in any scale, but in all cases, their influence is confined to the measure in which they appear, except the *first* note in the following measure is on the same degree as the accidental.

In that case, its influence is felt through *all* succeeding measures, until a measure commences on a different degree. qes. 3. Ex:



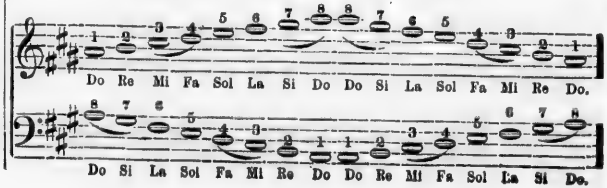
QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

1. What is a sharp called that is placed between the clef and the fraction? *Ans.* An incidental.
2. A sharp to the right of the fraction is called what? *Ans.* An accidental.
3. What sound does the last part of the accidental sharp receive? *Ans.* E.
How is Do, pronounced? Re?, Fa?, Sol?, La?. *Ans.* Dee, Ree, Fee, See, Lee.
4. When must we cease to recognize an accidental? *Ans.* When a measure commences on a different degree.

CHAPTER VII.

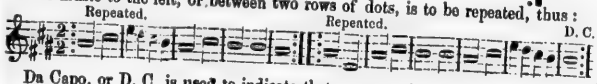
If we wish to continue the transposition, we must count off *five* of the last scale, and build a new one on the same degree as the fifth, sharp the 7th, and that will give us

The Scale of A, Three Sharps—F, C, and G.



To save room in writing music, a perpendicular row of dots, thus: is used to indicate a repeat. qes. 1.

The music to the left, or between two rows of dots, is to be repeated, thus:



Da Capo, or D. C. is used to indicate that we must sing from the beginning. qes. 2.

A dot represents (a) one half of the time of the note or rest, to the right of which it is written. qes. 3.

For instance, this character we call a whole note, one half of it would be the time of a half note, if we place a dot to the right of it, it would then be equal to three halves, and in like manner any sound may be lengthened.

Ex: , , , See Chapter 13.

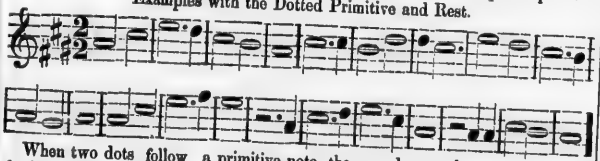
The note that receives one beat, is called a primitive note. See Chapter 4.

Dotted primitives receive the movement of *two beats.* qes. 4.

Although the dotted primitive does not fill a measure, the sound must be prolonged while the hand passes down and up, the balance of the measure must be sung *after* the hand has arrived at the upward point.

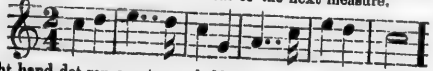
Sometimes the dotted primitive is placed in the last part of the measure, in that case, the short note is to be sung as soon as the hand leaves the upward point.

Examples with the Dotted Primitive and Rest.



When two dots follow a primitive note, the sound must be prolonged until the hand is ready to perform the first beat of the next measure.

Ex:



The right hand dot represents one half of the time of the left.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

1. What is a perpendicular row of dots used to indicate? *Ans.* A repeat.
2. What does D. C. indicate? *Ans.* To sing from the beginning.
3. How much time does the dot represent? *Ans.* One half of the time of the note to the right of which it is written.
4. How many beats must a dotted primitive receive? *Ans.* Two beats.

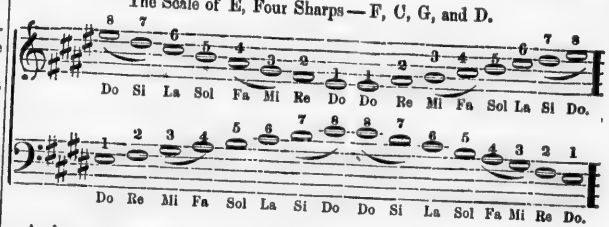
NOTE.

a.—It is said by a large number of teachers that a dot increases a note one half. This is not so, for as soon as we attempt to increase a note we destroy its identity. The dot is used as a sign of addition.

CHAPTER VIII.

If we take the fifth of the last scale, as the basis of a *new* scale, and sharp the 7th, we will get

The Scale of E, Four Sharps—F, C, G, and D.



A character thus, placed above or below a note, is called a pause. qes. 1.

It is used to indicate that we are to prolong the sound, and cease beating time. qes. 2.

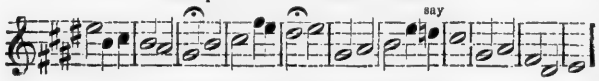
It is generally recommended that the note receive the *time* of two beats.

This character is called a natural, (qes. 3.) it is used to cancel sharps and flats. qes. 4.

When it is placed to the left of a sharped or flatted note, it indicates that the sound is to be made which *belongs* to the *degree* upon which the sharp or flat is located.

When it is placed to the left of a sharped note, the last part of the name of the note receives the sound of A, as in *fate*. qes. 5.

Example with the Pause and Natural.



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

1. What is this 𝄐 character called? *Ans.* A pause.
2. What does the pause indicate? *Ans.* That we must cease beating time, and prolong the sound.
3. What is this ♮ character called? *Ans.* A natural.
4. What is the natural used for? *Ans.* To cancel sharps and flats.
5. When a natural is placed to the left of a sharped note, what sound does the last part of the name of the note receive? *Ans.* A.

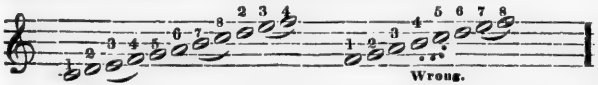
How is Mi, pronounced?, La?, Si?. *Ans.* May, Lay, Say.

CHAPTER IX.

Having introduced all the sharp (a) scales that are generally used, we will turn our attention to the flats.

There are two modes of transposing in the flats, viz: *five* below and *four* above, the latter we will use.

We will take the added line below, treble staff, for our starting point, and on it represent an octave and a half, count off *four*, and represent the first sound of a *new* scale on that degree, which will be the first space of the staff.



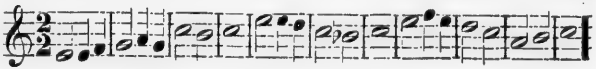
Having represented a new scale, founded on the first space, we must now ascertain in regard to the half-steps, and see if they come in the right places or not.

We will examine the upper one first. It will be seen that it comes between the *fourth space* and the *fifth line*, having represented it by a curve on the same parallel degrees in the new scale, it is found to be right, because it comes between 3 & 8. We will now examine the one below it. That one comes between the *third line* and the *third space*. Having indicated it by a dotted curve, between the same parallel degrees in the new scale it comes between 4 & 5, which is wrong, because it (a half-step) must come between 3 & 4.

This ♭ character is called a flat. qes 1.

It is used (b) to represent a sound a half-step lower than the degree represents upon which it is placed. qes. 2.

In the following example, it will be seen that there are three notes on the *third* line.



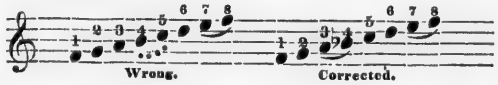
The *first* must be sung or played *B*. the sound which that degree represents.

But the *second*, in consequence of having a flat to the left of it, must be sung or played B flat, another sound a half-step lower.

In the following example we have a half-step between 4 & 5, which is wrong. We can increase the distance one half, and make it a whole step, by placing a *flat* to the left of the 4th.

By this operation we reduce the distance between 3 & 4 one half, which will leave it a half, instead of a whole step.

Ex:



A flat placed upon *any* degree, indicates the *addition* of a half-step to the interval *above*, and the *subtraction* of a half-step from the interval below.

The flat just introduced, we place between the clef and the fraction that it may become the signature (c) of the scale.

It indicates that the music is written in the scale of F. (d)

The flat the farthest from the clef, is called the right hand flat. qes. 3.

RULE FOR FINDING THE KEY NOTE IN FLATS.

Do, (the key note,) is found on the fourth degree above, and the third below the *right hand* flat. qes. 4.

The right hand flat is always Fa, the fourth of the scale.

a dotted curve, between
between 4 & 5, which is
4.

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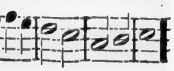
three notes on the *third*



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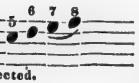

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N FLATS.

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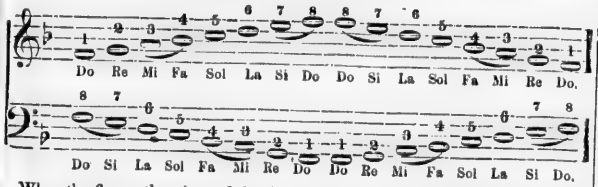
The Scale of F, one Flat — B.

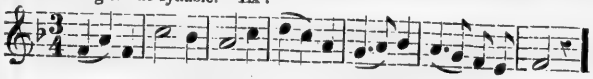


When the figure *three* is used for the Numerator, the music is written in *triple* measure, the beats of which are performed Down, Left, and Up.

Ex:

The hand should pass quickly from point to point, and pause at each point. qes. 5 & 6.

A character made thus : ⁀ is called a tie or slur, it is used to connect two or more notes, on the same, or on different degrees, it indicates that the notes are all to be sung to one syllable. Ex :



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

1. What is this ♭ character called? *Ans.* A flat.
2. How much lower does it represent a sound than the degree upon which it is placed? *Ans.* A half step.
3. What is the flat called that is the farthest from the clef? *Ans.* The right hand flat.
4. Where is Do found in the flats? *Ans.* On the fourth degree above, and the third below the right hand flat.
5. When there are three beats in a measure, what kind of measure is it called? *Ans.* Triple measure.
6. How are the beats performed? *Ans.* Down, left, and up.

NOTES.

a.—It is very seldom that more than four sharps are used in vocal music. Two tunes have been inserted to show that music may be written with five and six sharps. The rule for finding the key-note will apply the same to those tunes as to any others written with a less number of sharps. (See tunes 201 & 212.)

b.—Books tell us that a flat lowers a sound a half step, but they do not prove it. It must be quite evident, to every reflecting mind, that as soon as we lower our voice from any assumed pitch, we make a sound that is entirely different. (See Note **b**, Chap. 5.)

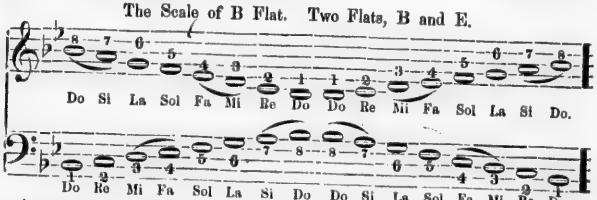
c.—The influence of a signature is felt on every *eighth* degree of the staff, therefore Do, the key-note, is repeated on every eighth degree.

d.—Called the scale of F, because the scale is founded on the F degree. To the voice all scales are alike, except in pitch; but to the eye they differ according to their transposition. The sharps and flats are the consequence of transposition,—that is, the new position is assumed first, then the new scale is built on that degree. The consequence is, that the half steps do not come between the right figures; we have therefore to use these new characters,-(sharps and flats,) in order that the scale might correspond to the physiological structure of the voice.

CHAPTER X.

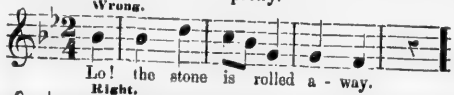
If we base a new scale on the same degree as the fourth of the last scale, and flat the *fourth*, we will get

The Scale of B Flat. Two Flats, B and E.

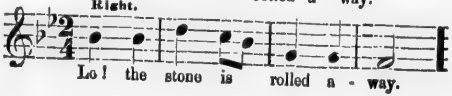


A tune may commence on any beat. This is necessary, in order that the accent of the music may agree with that of the poetry.

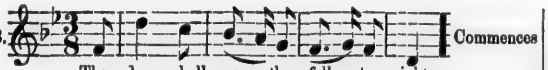
Ex: 1. Wrong.



Ex: 2. Right.

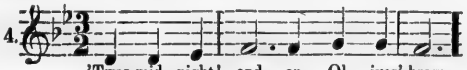


Ex: 3.



on the upward beat, because there is only one beat in the first measure.

Ex: 4.



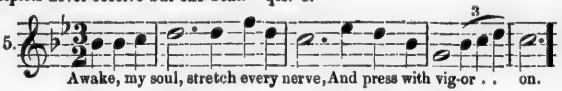
commences *at* the left beat, because it is written in triple measure, and the first measure is only half full.

When the first measure is not full, the last will not be full, if the notes contained in the first measure, were added to those in the last, they would be equal to a full measure.

Three notes tied or slurred together, with the figure *three*, written above or below, is called a *Triplet*. qes. 3.

Triplets never receive but one beat. qes. 4.

Ex: 5.



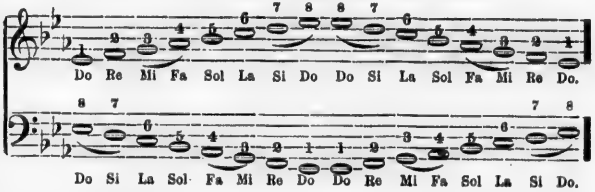
QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

1. On what beat must we commence the full measure? *Ans.* The downward beat.
2. When there is only one beat in the first measure, what beat must we commence on? *Ans.* The upward beat.
3. What is th's $\overset{3}{\text{ooo}}$ called? *Ans.* A triplet.
4. How many beats do triplets receive? *Ans.* One.

CHAPTER XI.

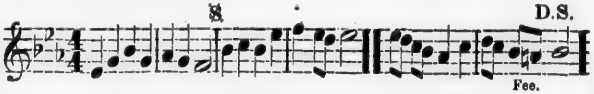
We go through the same process to get this scale, as we did the last, viz: represent a succession of eight sounds, on the same degree as the fourth is located, and flat the *fourth*.

The Scale of E Flat, (a) Three Flats — B, E, and A.



A natural placed to the left of a flatted note, indicates that the sound is to be made which *belongs* to the *degree*, upon which the natural is placed. The last part of the name of the note receives the sound of E, as in *thee*. qes. 1.

D. S. or Dal Segno, indicates that we must sing from the sign which is generally made, thus: 𝄋 qes. 2. Ex:



$\frac{4}{4}$ or Quadruple measure is simply two measures of double measure thrown into one. See Chapter 13, Example 8.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

1. When a natural is placed to the left of a flatted note, what sound does the last part of the name of the note receive? *Ans.* E.

How is Do, pronounced?, Re?, Fa?, La?. *Ans.* Dee, Ree, Fee, Lee.

2. What does D. S. indicate? *Ans.* Commence from the sign.

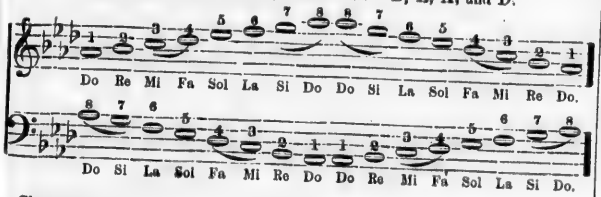
NOTE.

a.—Although the notes read the same in E as in E flat, they are by no means the same. It is possible that a tune written in the one may be sung on the pitch of the other. (See tune 264.) The real difference between the two scales is a half step in the pitch.

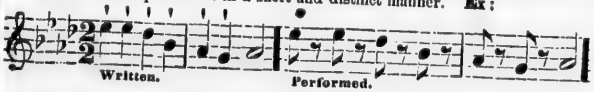
CHAPTER XII.

If a succession of eight sounds are represented on the *fourth* of the scale of E flat, and the fourth is flatted, we will have

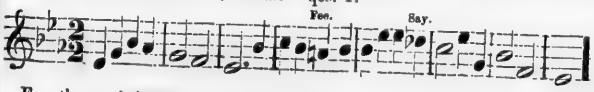
The Scale of A Flat, (a) Four Flats—B, E, A, and D.



Characters made thus: ! ! ! ! are called Staccato marks. They indicate that the notes are to be performed in a short and distinct manner. **Ex:**



When a *flat* is used as an accidental, the last part of the name of the note receives the same sound as A, in Fate. qes. 1.



For other varieties of time, see Chapter 13.

Having presented all the scales (b) and the elements, we will close this Chapter by giving a few general explanations, and a table of Musical Terms.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

1. When a *flat* is used as an accidental, what sound does the last part of the name of the note receive? *Ans.* A.
How is Mi, pronounced? Sol? La? *Ans.* May, Say, Lay.

NOTES.

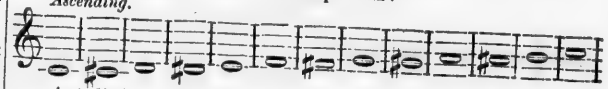
a.—The notes in A flat read the same as in A; the difference between the two scales is a half step in the pitch. (See tune 270.)

b.—It is seldom that a piece of vocal music is written in more than four flats. To show that such a thing is possible, two tunes have been inserted in this work. (See tunes 230 and 197.) The same rule for finding the key-note will apply to these, just the same as to tunes written with a less number of flats.

THE CHROMATIC SCALE (a)

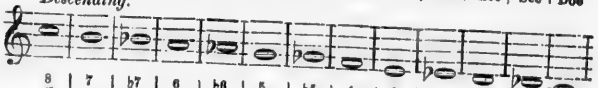
Is simply a succession of twelve half-steps. Ex:

Ascending.



	1	#1	2	#2	3	4	#4	5	#5	6	#6	7	8
	C	C♯	D	D♯	E	F	F♯	G	G♯	A	A♯	B	C
	Do	Di	Re	Ri	Mi	Fa	Fi	Sol	Si	La	Li	Si	Do
Pronounced.	Doe	Dee	Ray	Ree	Mee	Faw	Fee	Sole	See	Law	Lee	See	Doe

Descending.



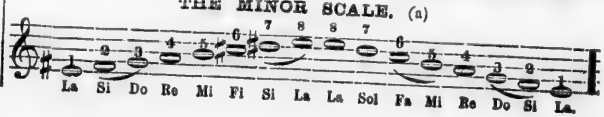
	8	7	♭7	6	♭6	5	♭5	4	3	♭3	2	♭2	1
	C	B	B♭	A	A♭	G	G♭	F	E	E♭	D	D♭	C
	Do	Si	Se	La	Le	Sol	Se	Fa	Mi	Me	Re	Re	Do
Pronounced.	Doe	See	Say	Law	Lay	Sol	Say	Faw	Mee	May	Ray	Ray	Doe

Although the above is called a scale, it by no means corresponds to the general idea of a scale, it is entirely artificial. Strictly speaking, there is but one scale, viz: the Diatonic, which corresponds to the structure of the human voice.

NOTE.

a.—Chromatic, from the Greek word Chrome, signifying color. Among the Greeks, the notes that were to be played sharp or flat were written with ink of a different color.

THE MINOR SCALE. (a)



"In the *Minor Scale*, there are eight tones, and of course, seven intervals. In ascending, the 6th and 7th are sharped, and the half-steps come between 2 and 3, and 7 and 8. But in descending, the 6th and 7th are not sharped, and the half-steps come between 2 and 3, and 4 and 5."

Here we have a succession of sounds represented, based on E, although the signature plainly indicates that it is in the scale of G, yet, books and not a few teachers tell us, that it is in E Minor, shall we believe our own eyes, or shall we believe what others tell us?

This calling scales out of their proper names, is not only contrary to science, but also to reason.

The idea of calling a succession of sounds, a scale, and naming it from the degree upon which it is based, without any regard as to the signature or transposition, is a clear repudiation of facts, for the sake of a *theory*.

Sharps and Flats as signatures, are used to indicate what scale or transposition the music is written in. Without them, we would either be at a loss to know what scale to sing or play in, or else would infer that the music was written in *C*.

There is only one scale of musical sounds. It is natural, because in its construction, it corresponds to the structure of the voice, all other so called scales, are artificial.

The so called *Minor* Scale is simply a part of *two Scales* joined together, if we admitted the theory, we would have through the transpositions, twenty-six different scales.

To study music under such circumstances, would be almost equal to the study of a language.

It is quite evident to my mind, that it is an unnecessary multiplication of technicalities. My reasons for rejecting it, are,

1st. In its arrangement it is contrary to the physical structure of the human voice, the half-steps should come between 3 and 4, and 7 and 8.

2nd. The *first* sound of a scale, is called the *Tonic*, and to it is *always* applied the syllable Do, but in the "*Minor*," it is called La.

3rd. The music is said to be in one scale, while the signature indicates it to be in another, that is, while we read the notes in the scale of G, they tell us that the music is in E Minor — and

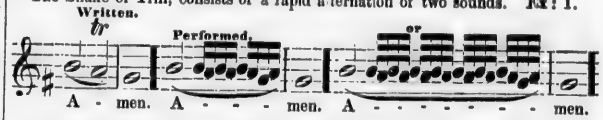
4th. Because it is not uniform, between 7 and 8 being half-steps in ascending, but whole steps in descending.

NOTE.

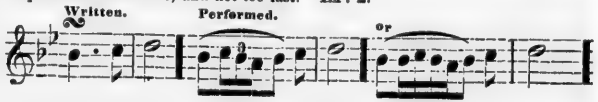
a.—There is a diversity of opinion among musicians in regard to the construction of the "minor" scale. Some contend that it should be written one way, and others another. The one which I have introduced is generally used.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Shake or Trill, consists of a rapid alternation of two sounds. Ex: 1.



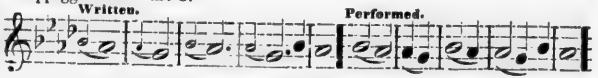
The Turn, consists of a principal sound, the next above, and below it, it should be performed with care, and not too fast. Ex: 2.



Sometimes small notes are introduced, which do not really belong to the tune.

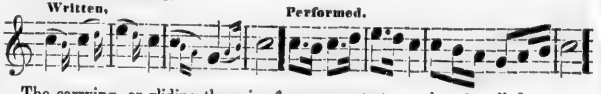
When a small note is placed to the left of a note, on the accented part of a measure, it is called an

Appoggiatura. Ex: 3.



When a small note is placed to the left of a note on an unaccented part of a meausure, it is called an

After Tone. Ex: 4.



The carrying, or gliding the voice from one note to another, is called

Portamento. Ex: 5.

two sounds. Ex: 1.

men.

ve, and below it, it should

really belong to the tune.
the accented part of a

an unaccented part of a

nother, is called

MUSICAL TERMS.

Ad Libitum, At Pleasure.
Adagio, Slow.
Alto, The lowest female part in music.
Andante, In a distinct manner.
A Tempo, In Time.
Baritone, A voice between Bass and Tenor.
Bass, The lowest part in harmony.
Crescendo, Marked Cres. or <, commence soft, and increase.
Da Capo, D. C. Sing from the beginning.
Dal Segno, D. S. Sing from the sign 𝄋.
Diminuendo, Dim or >, commence loud and gradually diminish.
Finale, The End.
Forte, *f*, Loud.
Fortissimo, *ff*, Very Loud.
Larghetto, Rather Slow.
Largo, Very Slow.
Legato, In a smooth gliding manner.
Mezzo Piano, *mp*, Rather Soft.
Mezzo Forte, *mf*, Rather Loud.
Piano, *p*, Pronounced Pee-ah-no, Soft.
Pianissimo, *pp*, Pronounced Pee-ah-nee-seemo, Very Soft.
Retardando, Rit, Gradually Slower.
Sforzando, *sf*, or > Sudden and full.
Soprano, The highest female part in music.
Staccato, ! ! ! ! Short and distinct.
Swell, <> To sing by degrees to a certain power, then diminish by degrees.
Tenor, The highest male part in music.

CHAPTER XIII.

TIME AND ACCENT.

TIME.

Time, in music is the duration of sounds, it also includes the interval of silence that may occur between sounds. Time, therefore demands the use of two species of characters, viz: Notes, to represent sounds, and Rests, to represent silence.

There are six kinds of Notes, and six kinds of Rests in general use. The value of a note or a rest, is determined from its shape or position.

1st. A whole note — a whole rest

2nd. A half note — a half rest

3rd. A quarter note — a quarter rest

4th. An eighth note — an eighth rest

5th. A sixteenth note — a sixteenth rest

6th. A thirty-second note — a thirty-second rest,

The sixty-fourth note — is seldom used.

A character called a Dot, (•) is used as a sign of addition, it indicates that the note to the right of which it is placed, is to be sung just a half as long again, as it would be without the dot. A dot placed to the right of a rest, represents one half of the time of that rest. Examples in the dotted note and rest.

A dotted whole note — equals
A dotted half note — equals
A dotted quarter note — equals
A dotted eighth note — equals
A dotted sixteenth note — equals
A dotted thirty-second note — equals

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HALIFAX, N. S.

A dotted whole rest

A dotted half rest

A dotted quarter rest

A dotted eighth rest

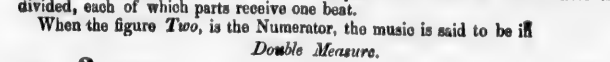
A dotted sixteenth rest

A dotted thirty-second rest

The different varieties of time are represented by two figures, called a Fraction, which is placed at the beginning of a tune, the upper figure, called the *Numerator*, indicates the number of parts, or beats in a measure, and the lower figure, called the *Denominator*, indicates the number of parts into which the whole note is divided, each of which parts receive one beat.

When the figure *Two*, is the Numerator, the music is said to be in

Double Measure.

Ex: 1 

The beats of which are performed Down and Up. In the above example, a half note receives one beat.

When the figure Three, is the Numerator, it is called

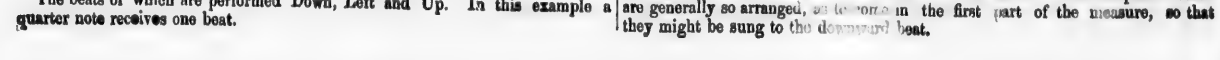
Triple Measure.

Ex: 2

The beats of which are performed Down, Left and Up. In this example a quarter note receives one beat.

When the figure Four, is the Numerator, it is called

Quadruple Measure.

Ex: 3 

The beats of which are performed Down, Left, Right and Up, which is somewhat complicated for new beginners. I prefer beating it as double measure, *down* and *up*, twice in each measure. It is more simple, and is not a violation of any established rule, in the science. All Quadruple Measure, may be performed as Double Measure. See Example 8.

In the above example, an eighth note receives one beat.

When the figure Six, is the Numerator, it is called

Sextuple, or Compound Double Measure.

Ex: 4

The beats of which are performed (by some teachers.) Down, Down, Left, Right, Up, Up. Some perform it as Triple Measure, but as the former is too complicated, and the latter is not strictly correct, I reject them both. I perform it as Double Measure, singing three, parts or primitive notes to one beat, to perform it thus, is not only more simple, but it is perfectly correct, and enables us to express the sentiment of the composition.

When the figure Nine, is the Numerator, it is called

Compound Triple Measure.

Ex: 5

The beats of which are performed Down, Left and Up, three primitive notes to one beat. This measure is seldom used.

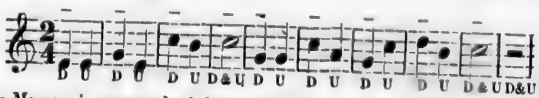
ACCENT.

By *accent*, is meant, singing one or more parts of a measure with more power than the others. There are certain words in poetry that require to be emphasized in singing, in order to express the real idea of the Poet. These emphatic words are generally so arranged, as to come in the first part of the measure, so that they might be sung to the downward beat.

In the following examples, a mark is placed over the note that receives the accent, D, will indicate down, L, left, R, right, and U, up.

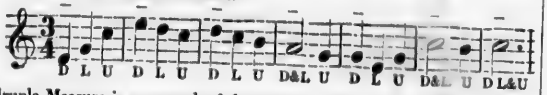
Double Measure is composed of two parts, Down and Up. The first part, or the downward beat receives the accent.

Ex: 6



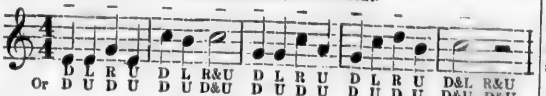
Triple Measure is composed of three parts, Down, Left and Up. The first part of the measure receives the accent.

Ex: 7



Quadruple Measure is composed of four parts, Down, Left, Right and Up. The *first* and *third* parts of the measure receive the accent.

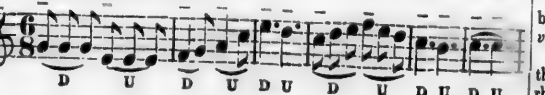
Ex: 8



If an imaginary line is drawn through the middle of each measure, of the above example, it will be like Ex: 6, the accent coming in both cases on the *downward* beat. Quadruple Measure is simply two measures of Double, thrown into one, it may therefore be performed as Double Measure, beating *down* and *up*, *twice* in each measure.

Sextuple, or Compound Double Measure is composed of six parts, Down and Up, three primitive notes to one beat. The first and fourth parts, or the Downward and the Upward beats, receive the accent. It is performed the same as if the measures were filled with triplets.

Ex: 9



Compound Triple Measure is composed of nine parts, Down, Left and Up, three primitive notes to one beat. The first, fourth and seventh parts, or the Down, Left and Upward beats, receive the accent.

This, and the preceding example (9) are exceptions to the rules. "*The downward beat*, or the first part of each measure, receives the accent," and "a *primitive note* receives one accent."

Ex: 10

CHAPTER XIV.

PRONUNCIATION AND ARTICULATION.

PRONUNCIATION.

Words should be pronounced the same in singing, as in correct speaking. A, this vowel, whether used as a prefix or an article, should be pronounced ah, the same as a, in the word another. Ex: ah-way, ah-long, ah-wake, not aye-way, aye-long, aye-wake.

The. The vowel in this word has two sounds, the long ē, as in *thee*, and short ĕ, as in *them*, it should be pronounced ē as in *thee*, when the word to the right of it commences with a vowel, or a vowel sound thus: thee ark, thee earth, thee hour, thee angels, not th eh ark, th-eh earth, th-eh hour, th-eh angels. And when the word to the right of it commences with a consonant sound, it should be pronounced eh, the same as ē in them, thus: th-eh City, th-eh Star, th-eh Lord, not thee City, thee Star, thee Lord.

Wind. When this word is used as a verb, the vowel should be pronounced long, as in chime, mīnd, pine. But when it is used as a noun, it should be pronounced short, as in chin, win, pin.

Authors differ in regard to the pronunciation of this word, some contend, that because it is pronounced wind, on the stage, without any regard as to its being a *verb* or a *noun*, that we should pronounce it the same.

Others contend, that because a few Poets have used it in their compositions, that we should pronounce it wīnd, instead of wīnd, in order that the lines might rhyme.

Ex: 1. "So, now, from idle wishes clear,
I make the good I may not find;
Adown the stream I gently steer,
And shift the sails with every wind."

Now, shall we violate the rules of grammar and make the poetry rhyme, or shall we express the sense and let the rhyme go?

I emphatically answer, abide by the grammar, and let the rhyme take care of itself, it cannot sound any worse than some other poetry.

Ex: 2. "Fully absolved through these I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame." sham?

Ex: 3. "Thou Lamb of God, thou Prince of Peace,
My longing heart implores thy grace." grease?

Great care should be taken in pronouncing certain words. Do not sing good-*niss*, for goodness, sing*in*, for singing, be*kase*, for because, moun*tane*, for mountain, wel*kim*, for welcome, *nither*, for nëither, gar*ding*, for garden, heaven*lie*, for heavenly. Loved, Called, Toward, and similar words, are generally sung as one syllable.

ARTICULATION.

Good articulation is a great beauty in singing. Bad articulation, drawling words together, and leaving many words unfinished, results from bad teaching or carelessness.

In singing, every word should be rendered as full and round as possible, and every word should be as correctly and distinctly expressed, as in reading.

No display of skill or science will compensate for the want of a good enunciation.

Here are a few examples, which if carefully studied with a view to correct articulation, will afford some aid.

Ex: 1. Fix tin ane ternal state.
For—Fixed in an eternal state.

It is very common to hear the d separated from the word to which it properly belongs, and joined to the next.

Ex: 2. An dam I born to die.
For—And am I born to die.

In addition to the last error, is another, that of separating the s from the word to which it belongs, and adding z to the next.

Ex: 3. "He by hi zown almighty wor,
Dwil lall your fearz-remove;
Fo revry woun dis precious blough
Da sovereign balm shall prove."

For—"He, by his own almighty word,
Will all your fears remove;
For every wound, his precious blood
A sovereign balm shall prove."

The T is often omitted entirely, or separated from the word to which it belongs, and joined to the next.

Ex: 4. "Ho! ye that pan for living stream,
Zan pine away—an—die."
For "Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and—die."

Ex: 5. "When will thy love the res tree veal."
For—"When will thy love the rest reveal."

Ex: 6. "His paths I cannaw trace."
Or—"His paths I cannot race."
For—"His paths I cannot trace."

The v is sometimes separated from the word to which it belongs, and joined to the next. Ex. 7:

"Blessed comforter come down,
And lie van moo vin me."
For, "Bless'd comforter come down,
And live and move in me."

Another common error is the omission of h, which tends very much to obscure the sense. Ex. 8:

"Call, whil e may be foun
Doh see-kim whil e's near,
Serv-im wi-thall thy art-an mine
Dan worshi-pim with fear."
For, "Call while he may be found,
Oh, seek him while he's near;
Serve him with all thy heart and mind,
And worship him with fear."

Some people make two syllables out of one, thus: Fi-er, for fire; ger-see, for grace; stir-ong, for strong; kir-imes, for crimes.

Another bad habit is sometimes contracted by those who take the lead of singing. Instead of giving the proper pitch at once, a nasal sound is produced, and the voice slided, so to speak, up to the key-note.

Trilling the r, which is peculiar to certain localities, sounds very disagreeable to persons not accustomed to it. It should be avoided as much as possible. Ex: Ca-err for care, guar erd for guard, &c.

Singers should avoid anything like a nasal twang, or affectation.

Taking Breath.

Never take breath in the middle of a word. Fill the lungs before commencing, and take a little breath at the end of every few measures, and before singing a short word, such as: And, a, an, &c.

CHAPTER XV.

VERSIFICATION.

Versification is the harmonious arrangement of a particular number and variety of accented and unaccented syllables, according to particular laws.

A certain arrangement and connection of a number of accented and unaccented syllables is called a *poetic foot.*

All poetic feet consist either of two or of three syllables, and are reducible to eight kinds, four of two syllables and four of three, as follows:

A Trochee, –⏑,	A Dactyl, –⏑⏑,
An Iambus, ⏑–,	An Amphibrach, ⏑–⏑,
A Spondee, – –,	An Anapaest, ⏑⏑–,
A Pyrrhic, ⏑⏑,	A Tribrach, ⏑⏑⏑.

These signs are used to designate the different kinds of poetic feet.

The dash (–) is placed over the accented syllable, and the curve (⏑) over the unaccented.

A Trochee has the first syllable accented, and the last unaccented; as, Hātefŭl, wītnĕss:

Rēstlĕss mōrtāls tōil fŏr nāught.

An Iambus has the first syllable unaccented, and the last accented; as, Bĕtrāy, cŏnsēnt:

Thĕ sēas shăll wāste, thĕ skīes ĭn smōke dĕcāy.

A Dactyle has the first syllable accented, and the two last unaccented; as, Lābŏrĕr, pōssĭblĕ:

Frōm thĕ lŏw plēasŭres ŏf thĭs fāllĕn nātŭre.

An Anapaest has the first two syllables unaccented, and the last accented; as Cŏntrăvēne, ĕntĕrprīse:

Ăt thĕ clōse ŏf thĕ dāy whĕn thĕ hāmlĕt ĭs stĭll.

A Spondee; as, The pāle moōn: a Pyrrhic; as, ŏn thĕ tall tree: an Amphibrach; as, Dĕlīghtfŭl: a Tribrach; as, Numĕrăblĕ.

The metre of poetry depends not only upon the number of syllables in a line, but also upon the number and distances of the accented words.

L. M. (88, 88.)

is composed of four iambuses, four lines of eight syllables; the first line rhymes with the second, and the third with the fourth.

Ărīse! ărīse! wĭth jōy sŭrvēy,
Thĕ glōrў ŏf thĕ lāttĕr dāy;
Ălrēadў ĭs thĕ dāwn bĕgūn,
Whĭch mārks āt hānd ă rīsĭng sūn.

Sometimes a trochee is introduced at the commencement.

In some verses the first line rhymes with the third, and the second with the fourth.

Pāss ă fĕw swīftlў flēetĭng yeārs,
Ănd āll thăt nōw ĭn bōdiĕs līve,
Shăll quīt, lĭke mē, thĕ vāle ŏf teārs,
Thĕir rīghteŏus sēntĕnce tō rĕceīve.

L. M. 6 lines, (88,88,88.)

is composed of four iambuses, six lines of eight syllables; the first line rhymes with the third, the second with the fourth, and the fifth with the sixth.

Ăs ōft wĭth wōrn ănd wēarў feēt,
Wĕ trēad eārth's rūggĕd vāllĕy o'ĕr;
Thĕ thō't, hŏw cōmfŏrtĭng ănd sweēt,
Chrĭst trōd thĭs vērў pāth bĕfōre;
Oŭr wānts ănd wēaknĕssēs hĕ knōws,
Frŏm lĭfē's fĭrst dāwnĭng tō ĭts clōse.

In a few cases, the first line rhymes with the second, the third with the sixth, and the fourth with the fifth.

The following stanza commences with a trochee:

Hāppў thĕ mān whŏse hōpes rĕlў
Ŏn Ĭsraĕl's Gōd: hĕ māde thĕ skў,
Ănd eārth, ănd seās, wĭth āll thĕir trāin;
Hĭs trūth fŏrēvĕr stānds sĕcūre,
Hĕ sāves th' ŏpprēst, hĕ feēds thĕ poōr,
Ănd nōne shăll fīnd hĭs prōmĭse vāin.

L. C. M. (88,78,87.)

is composed of iambuses, with the exception of the third and the sixth lines, each of which, contains one amphibrach.

The stanza contains six lines, the first rhymes with the second, the third with sixth, and the fourth with the fifth.

Būt leāves thĕ greēnĕst wĭll dĕcāy,
Ănd flōwers thĕ brīghtĕst fāde āwāy:
Whĕn aūtŭmn wĭnds āre sweēpĭng,
Ănd bĕ thĕ hoūsehŏld e'ĕr sŏ faīr,
Thĕ hānd ŏf deāth wĭll soōn bĕ thēre:
Ănd tūrn thĕ scēne tŏ weēpĭng.

C. M. (86, 86.)

is composed of Iambuses. The first line generally rhymes with the third, each of which contains eight syllables, and the second with the fourth, each of which contains six syllables. Sometimes a Trochee is introduced at the commencement.

Ŏ jōyfŭl ănd trănspōrtĭng scēne
Thăt rīsĕs tō mў sīght;
Sweĕt fiēlds ărrayĕd ĭn līvĭng greēn,
Ănd rīvĕrs ōf dĕlīght.

This metre was originally written in two lines of seven iambuses.

Plūnged ĭn ă gūlf ŏf dārk dĕspāir, Wĕ wrētchĕd sīnnĕrs lāy;
Wĭthōut ŏne cheērĭng beăm ŏf hōpe, Ŏr spārk ŏf glīm'rĭng dāy.

C. P. M., or more correctly, 8s & 6s, (88, 68, 86.)

is composed of iambuses. The first line rhymes with the second, the third with the sixth, and the fourth with the fifth. In each of the first, second, fourth and fifth lines, are eight syllables, and six in each of the third and sixth.

Mў soūl ăttēnd thĕ sōlĕmn cāll,
Thĭne eārthlў tēnt mŭst quīcklў fāll:
Ănd thōu mŭst tāke thў flīght;
Bĕyōnd thĕ vāst ĕthēreăl blūe,
Tŏ lōve ănd sīng ăs āngĕls dō:
Ŏr weēp ĭn ēndlĕss nīght.

C. H. M. (86, 86, 88.)

is iambic; it contains six lines; the first rhymes with the third, the second with the fourth, and the fifth with the sixth. In each of the first, third, fifth and sixth lines are eight syllables, and six in each of the second and fourth.

Ănd whēn thĕ shādes ŏf ēvenĭng fāll,
Whēn līfe's lăst hōur drăws nīgh;
Ĭf Jēsŭs shīne ŭpōn thĕ sōul,
Hŏw blīssfŭl thēn tŏ diē;
Sĭnce hē hăs rīsen, whŏ ōnce wăs slāin,
Yĕ diē ĭn Chrīst tŏ līve ăgāin.

S. M. (66, 86.)

is composed of iambuses. The first line rhymes with the third, and the second with the fourth. In each of the first, second and fourth lines are six syllables, and eight in the third.

Ă stār ŭntīmelў sēt,
Whў shōuld wĕ weēp fŏr thēē?
Thў brīght ănd dēwў cōrŏnēt,
Ĭs rīsĭng frōm thĕ sēa.

Sometimes a trochee is introduced at the commencement, thus:

Hēlp mĕ tŏ wātch ănd prāy.

S. P. M. (66, 86, 68.)

is iambic; it contains six lines; the first rhymes with the second, the third with the last, and the fourth with the fifth. In each of the first, second, fourth and fifth lines are six syllables, and eight in each of the third and sixth.

Thў prōmĭsēs āre trūe,
Thў grāce ĭs ēvĕr nēw;
Thĕre fīxed, thў chūrch shăll ne'er rēmōve,
Thў sāints wĭth hōlў feār,
Shăll īn thў coūrts ăppēar,
Ănd sīng thĭne ēvĕrlăstĭng lōve.

S. H. M. (66, 86, 88.)

is composed of iambuses. It contains six lines; the first rhymes with the third, the second with the fourth, and the fifth with the sixth. There are six syllables in each of the first, second and fourth lines, and eight in each of the third, fifth and sixth.

Thĕre ĭs ă wōrld ăbōve,
Whĕre pārtĭng ĭs ŭnknōwn;
Ă whōle ĕtērnĭtў ŏf lōve,
Fōrmed fŏr thĕ goōd ălōne,
Ănd fāith bĕhōlds thĕ dўĭng hēre,
Trănslātĕd tō thăt hāppiĕr sphēre.

H. M., or more correctly, 6s & 8s, (66, 66, 88,)

is iambic, with an occasional trochee. The first line rhymes with the third, the second with the fourth, and the fifth with the sixth. There are six syllables in each of the first four lines, and eight in each of the last two.

Bў fāith Ĭ seē thĕ lānd,
Thĕ pōrt ŏf ēndlĕss rēst;
Mў sōul thў sāils ĕxpānd,
Ănd flў tŏ Jēsŭs' breāst;
Ŏh māy Ĭ reāch thĕ heāvenlў shōre,
Whĕre wīnds ănd wāves dĭstūrb nŏ mōre.

H. M. or hallelujah metre, as it is still called in some books, was formerly written with eight lines instead of six, thus:

Sovereign of worlds above,
And Lord of all below;
Thy faithfulness and love,
Thy power and mercy show;
Fulfill thy word,
Thy spirit give,
Let heathens live
And praise the Lord.

It was called Hallelujah Metre because the last four lines of the stanza have each four syllables, equal to Hal-le-lu-jah, and in the first stanza of the hymn the word Hallelujah was used. Although the stanza has been reduced from eight to six lines, the H. M. has been retained. In this work it is called 6s & 8s.

7s.

This is called Sevens because each line contains just seven syllables. It is composed of trochees. The first line rhymes with the second, and the third with the fourth. Sometimes the first line rhymes with the third, and the second with the fourth.

Seē thĕ leāves arĕ fāllĭng fāst,
Scāttĕred bȳ thĕ wīntrȳ blāst;
Sō ŏur yoūthfŭl pleāsurĕs fāde,
Cāres wĭll soōn ŏur breāst ĭnvāde.

This metre is also written with six lines, the lines either rhyming as the above or thus:

Nōw frŏm lābŏr ānd frŏm cāre,
Ēvenĭng shādes hāve sēt mĕ freē;
Īn thĕ wōrk ŏf prāise ānd prāyer,
Lōrd, Ī woūld cŏnvērse wĭth theē;
Ō bĕhōld mĕ frŏm ābōve,
Fĭll mĕ wĭth ā Sāvioŭr's lōve.

7s & 6s.

It is called such because there are seven syllables in one line and six in the next. It is written in two forms; the first is iambic. Ex:

Thĕ roād thāt mānȳ trāvĕl
Īs nōt thĕ roād fŏr mē;
Īt leāds tŏ deāth ānd sōrrŏw,
Īn īt Ī woūld nŏt bē.

The second form is trochaic:

Tīme īs wīngĭng ūs āwaȳ
Tŏ oūr ĕtērnāl hōme;
Līfe īs būt ā wīntĕr's dāy,
Ā joūrneȳ tō thĕ tōmb.

8s.

is anapaestic; it is written in four lines; the first rhymes with the third, and the second with the fourth. Each line contains eight syllables, the same number as L. M., but it is quite different in the going, as will be seen by singing it to a long metre tune, or vice versa.

Mȳ hōpe īs āll cēntĕred īn theē,
Ī trūst tŏ rĕcōvĕr thȳ lōve;
Ŏn eārth thȳ sālvātiŏn tŏ seē,
Ānd thēn tŏ ĕnjōy īt ābōve.

8s, 7s & 4s.

is composed of trochees with a long syllable at the end. It is common to sing it as 8s & 7s, by repeating the fifth line.

Seē frŏm Zīŏn's sācrĕd mōuntāin,
Strēams ŏf līvĭng wātĕr flōw;
Gōd hās ŏpēned thēre ā fōuntāin,
Thāt sŭpplies thĕ plāins bĕlōw;
Thēy āre blēssĕd,
Whō īts sōverĕign vīrtŭes knōw.

The remainder of the metres receive their names from the number of syllables in a line. If a stanza has ten syllables in a line, it is called 10s; if another stanza has six in one line, and nine in another, it is called 6s & 9s; and if another has seven in one line, eight in the next, and five in the remainder, it is called 7s, 8s & 5s, &c. &c. In some music books, L. M. 6 lines is called L. P. M.; in others, six 8s; and in others, 1st P. M.

6s & 8s, or H. M., is sometimes called 3d P. M.; and 7s, 6 lines, is called six 7s, also 6th P. M. C. H. M. is sometimes called C. L. M. The want of uniformity in naming the metres, has done much to prevent their general introduction.

The figures at the head of *all* the metres, have reference to the number of syllables in each line.

CHAPTER XVI.

CHANTS AND CHANTING.

The Chant is the most ancient, and the most simple kind of tune, and when correctly performed, is both solemn and beautiful.

The first note in a Chant, is called the Reciting note, and the notes to the right of it, to the period bar, constitute what is called the Cadence.

Single Chants, are composed of seven measures—two Reciting notes, and two Cadences. To it is sung one verse of the psalms, or one stanza of four lines. See Chant No. 11.

Double Chants, are composed of fourteen measures—four Reciting notes, and four Cadences. To it is sung two verses of the psalms, or two stanzas of four lines, or one of eight lines. See Chant No. 4.

The time of the Reciting note, is determined by the number of syllables to be applied to it. In singing some verses of the psalms, we have as many as a dozen syllables to apply, while in singing others, we have only three or four, and in a few cases, but one. See Chant No. 2.

The Reciting note represents pitch, and not time. If in singing one verse, we have ten syllables to apply to it, then we must prolong the sound while we recite ten syllables. But if in singing another verse, we have only one syllable to apply, then we simply prolong the sound while we recite one syllable.

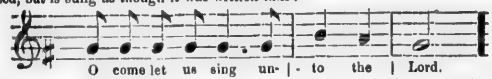
Three points are to be observed while singing this note.

1st. The pitch must be sustained throughout the recitation—that is, the voice must not be allowed to rise above, or fall below the pitch represented by the note, while the words are being sung, whether they be few or many.

2nd. The words should be distinctly enunciated, and delivered about as fast as a good reader would read in private.

3rd. Great care should be taken to equalize* the time of the different syllables, not to give one more time than another, or more plainly speaking, not to go jerking along.

* In some Churches, both in Europe and America, the time of the Reciting Note is not equalized, but is sung as though it was written thus:

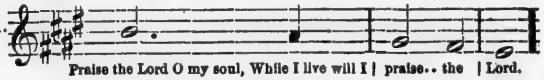


The last emphatic syllable, in the Reciting passage, being sung about three times as long as either of the others.

The Reciting Note.

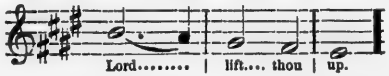
When there are two notes in the first, or reciting measure, all the reciting syllables, except the *last*, must be sung to the reciting note, the remaining syllable must be sung to the second note.

Ex: 1.



When there is only one syllable for the reciting measure, which contains more than one note, the notes in that measure must be slurred together.

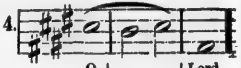
Ex: 2.



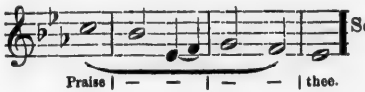
When there is but one syllable to be applied to the reciting note, and one or more notes in the following measure or measures, the notes must *all* be slurred together.

Ex: 3.

or Ex: 4.



or Ex: 5.



See Chant No. 3.

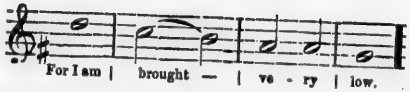
The Cadence.

By the Cadence, is meant the preparation of the close of a passage, or musical phrase.

The first note of each measure should be accented, (See Chap. 13.) hence, to it must be applied an accented syllable.

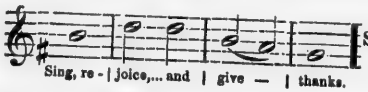
If there is only one syllable to be applied to the notes of a Cadence measure, all the notes must be slurred together.

Ex: 6.



or

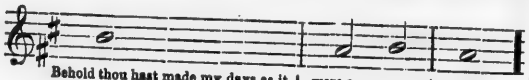
Ex: 7.



See Chant No. 9.

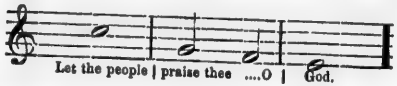
When one unaccented syllable, comes between two accented ones, the *unaccented* syllable must be sung with the *first* syllable, to the *accented* part of the measure.

Ex: 8.



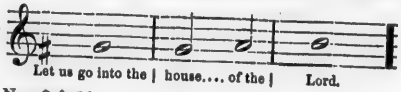
When two accented syllables come together, followed by an *unaccented* one, both accented syllables must be sung to the accented part of the measure.

Ex: 9.



When *two unaccented* syllables are preceded by an accented one, the two unaccented syllables must be sung to the *unaccented* part of the measure.

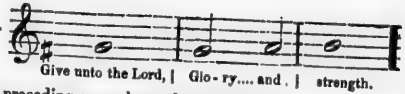
Ex: 10.



See Chant Nos. 9 & 10.

When two *unaccented* syllables are preceded by an accented one, and the first is a part of the accented word, the first two syllables, the accented, and the first *unaccented*, must be sung to the *accented* part of the measure.

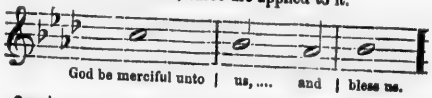
Ex: 11.



In all the preceding examples, only one syllable has been applied to the last note in the Cadence.

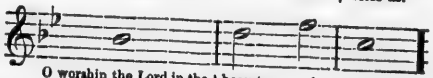
Sometimes two, and in a few cases, three are applied to it.

Ex: 12.



or

Ex: 13.



See Chant No. 1.

In singing the Cadence, great care should be taken not to sing in too great a hurry, for one of the principal beauties of Chanting, is the contrast between the recitation and the cadence.

The punctuations should be observed the same as in reading.

When there are *two* syllables in the last measure, as in Ex: 12. the first should be pronounced quite short, and the second should be prolonged; but when there are three syllables, as in Ex: 13. no distinction should be made.

At the close of a psalm or hymn, a slight pause should be made between the last syllable and the "Amen."

Having presented the various ways in which the words of a psalm are applied, we will now examine the process by which those words are divided.

On examining the psalms, (in the bible, "appointed to be read in churches,") two dots, thus, (:) called a Colon, will be found in the middle of each verse, all the words to the left of the Colon are sung to the first half of a Single Chant, and the words to the right, are sung to the other half.

We will analyze a part of 13th. psalm, taking the 3rd. verse for an example. "Consider and hear me O Lord my God: Lighten mine eyes least I sleep the sleep of death." We will commence at the end of the verse, taking one half of it first, to the Colon.

The last word must be sung to the last note in the Cadence, we will therefore divide it from the others by a perpendicular line. Ex: "Lighten mine eyes least I sleep the sleep of | death." We now draw a line to the left of the first accented syllable which is to the left of the word just pointed off; that it may be sung to the first part of the measure, Ex. "Lighten mine eyes least I sleep the | sleep of | death."

As three measures constitute the last Cadence of a Chant, and we have pointed off only words enough for two, we will draw a line to the left of the next *accented* syllable, which is to the left of the word which we have already pointed off. Ex: "Lighten mine eyes least I | sleep the | sleep of | death."

We have now, words enough pointed off for the Cadence, the remainder, "Lighten mine eyes least I," must be sung to the last Reciting note.

See Chant No. 11.

We will now take the first half of the verse, "Consider and hear me O Lord my God." The last word must be sung to the last note in the first Cadence, we will therefore divide it from the others, by a perpendicular line. Ex: "Consider and hear me O Lord my | God." | As an accented syllable must be sung to the first, or accented part of a measure, we will draw a line to the left of the first accented syllable, which is to the left of the word which we have pointed off. Ex: "Consider and hear me O | Lord my | God." | As there are only two measures in the first Cadence, and we have pointed off words enough for them, the remainder, "Consider and hear me O," is to be sung to the first reciting note. Our work stands thus. "Consider and hear me O | Lord my | God. | Lighten mine eyes least I | sleep the | sleep of | death." | See Chant No. 11.

As all verses do not fit as nicely as the one we have just analyzed, we will take another, and analyze it by a slightly different process.

We will take the 2nd. verse of the 98 Psalm, divide the verse into two parts, and place a perpendicular line to the right of the Colon, (:) and at the end of the verse. Ex: "The Lord hath made known his salvation : | his righteousness hath he openly shewed in the sight of the heathen." | Place a mark over the last *accented* syllable in each of the divisions, and draw a bar to the left of it. Ex: "The Lord hath made known his sal- | vation : | his righteousness hath he openly shewed in the sight of the | heathen : |

To the right of the *accented* syllable which we have just pointed off, is an *unaccented* one, they are both to be sung to the last note in the Cadence.

See Ex: 12.

We will now place a mark over the first accented syllable which is to the left of the one already pointed off in each division, and draw a bar to the left of it. Ex: "The Lord hath made known | his sal- | vation : | his righteousness hath he openly shewed in the | sight of the | heathen. | We have enough syllables pointed off in each division, for two measures. As there are only two measures in the first Cadence, the remainder of the words in the first division, "The Lord hath made known," is to be sung to the first reciting note.

Three measures constitute a Cadence, in the second division of a Chant; as we have pointed off only syllables enough for two, we must point off enough for another, we will therefore place a mark over the next accented syllable, to the left of those already pointed off in the second division, and draw a bar to the left of it. Ex: "His righteousness hath he openly | shewed in the | sight of the | heathen. |

The remainder of the words, "His righteousness hath he openly," is to be sung to the reciting note in the second division of the Chant, which completes our work.

It stands thus, "The Lord hath made known | his sal- | vation : | His righteousness hath he openly | shewed in the | sight of the | heathen. |

In the last measure we pointed off, and the one to the right of it, are two *unaccented* syllables, they are both to be sung to the unaccented part of the measure. See Ex: 10.

HYMN CHANTING.

Hymns may be Chanted as well as Psalms, and in most cases, both may be sung to the same Chant. A single stanza of four lines, is sung to a Single Chant.

Rule for dividing Poetry for Chanting.

Point off the last five syllables of the fourth line, to be sung to the last Cadence, the remainder of the fourth line, and the whole of the third, is to be sung to the last reciting note. Point off the last three syllables of the second line, to be sung to the first Cadence, the remainder of the second line, and the whole of the first, is to be sung to the first reciting note.

Ex: Brother, thou art gone to rest,
Thy toils and | cares.... are | o'er ;
And sorrow, pain and suffering now,
Shall | ne'er.... dis- | tress.... thee | more.

This rule will apply to any stanza of four lines. See Chants No. 9 & 11.

Two stanzas may be sung to a Double Chant. See Chant No. 4.

Poetry of six lines may also be chanted, by simply pointing off the last three syllables of the second, the fourth and the sixth lines, to be applied to the three Cadences, and singing the remaining syllables to the three reciting notes.

Poetry of five or six lines, require peculiar Chants. See No. 10 & 12.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE USE OF THE TUNING FORK.

Every tune is based upon some particular tone, called the *tonic* (Do.)

In singing, it is very important that this tonic be correctly given, as the singing of some tunes in a higher scale than they are written in, would be straining to the voice, so others, if sung too low, would lose a part of their expression.

In order to get the proper pitch, it is necessary to use an instrument.

The table below is arranged for the C Fork.

The sound of the Fork, is the same as that represented on the *third space*, Treble Staff, it is also the 8th. sound of the scale of C, and we will therefore call it Do.

SHARPS.

From Do, pass *down* the scale to Sol, that sound (Sol,) is Do in one Sharp, the scale of G. From Do, pass *up* the scale to Re, that sound (Re,) is Do in two Sharps, the scale of D. From Do, pass *down* to La, that sound (La,) is Do in three Sharps, the scale of A. From Do pass *down* to Mi, that sound (Mi,) is Do in four Sharps, the scale of E.*

FLATS.

The sound of the Fork is Sol, in one Flat the scale of F.

From Do pass *up* to Re, that sound (Re,) will be Mi, in two Flats, the scale of B Flat. From Do, pass *down* to Sol, that sound (Sol,) will be Mi, in three Flats, the scale of E Flat. The sound of the Fork is Mi, in four Flats, the scale of A Flat.*

* More than four Sharps, or four Flats, are seldom used.

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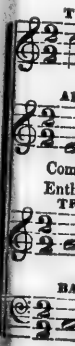
T
AL
Com
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TE
BA

THE VOCALIST.

WELTON. L. M.

Rev. C. MALAN.

TENOR.

ALTO.

Come, O my soul, in sa-cred lays Attempt thy great Cre - a - tor's praise; But, oh, what tongue can speak his fame, What mortal verse can reach the theme.
Enthroned a - mid the radiant spheres, His glory like a gar - ment wears: To form a robe of light di - vine Ten thousand suns a - round him shine.

TREBLE.

BASS.

DERBY. L. M.

2

O could I soar to worlds above, The blest abode of peace and love, How gladly would I mount and fly On angel's wings to joys on high.

On angel's wings to joys on high.

O could I soar to worlds above, The blest abode of peace and love, How gladly would I mount and fly On angel's wings to joys on high, On angel's wings to joys on high.

On angel's wings to joys on high,

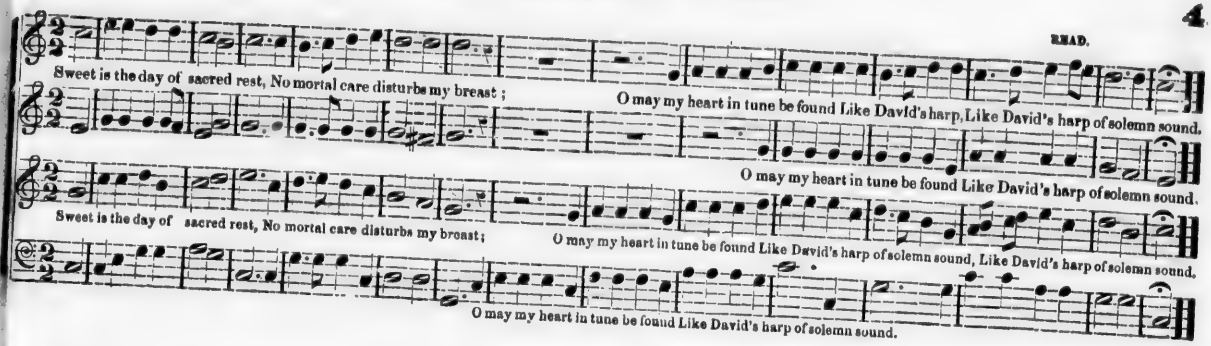
MENDON. L. M.

3

Loud swell the pealing organ's notes; Breathe forth your soul in raptures high; Praise ye the Lord with harp and voice! Join the full cho-rus of the sky.

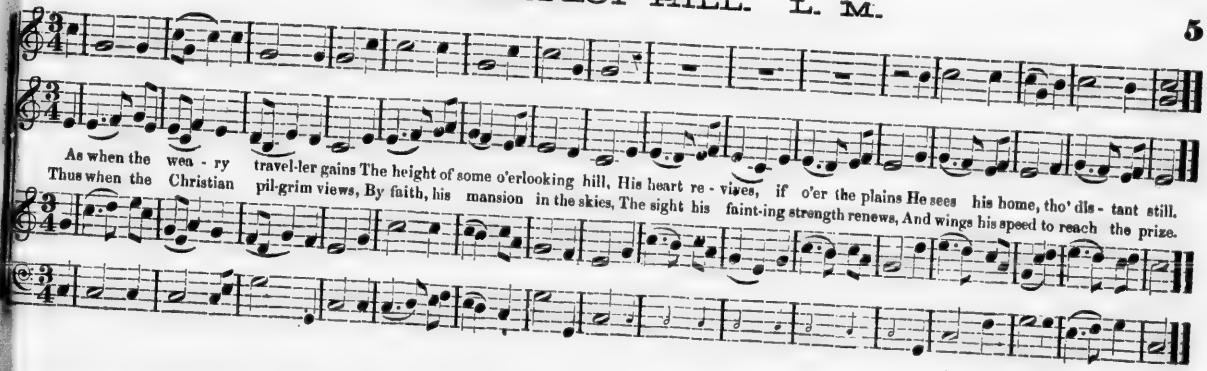
DEVOTION. L. M.

4



PROSPECT HILL. L. M.

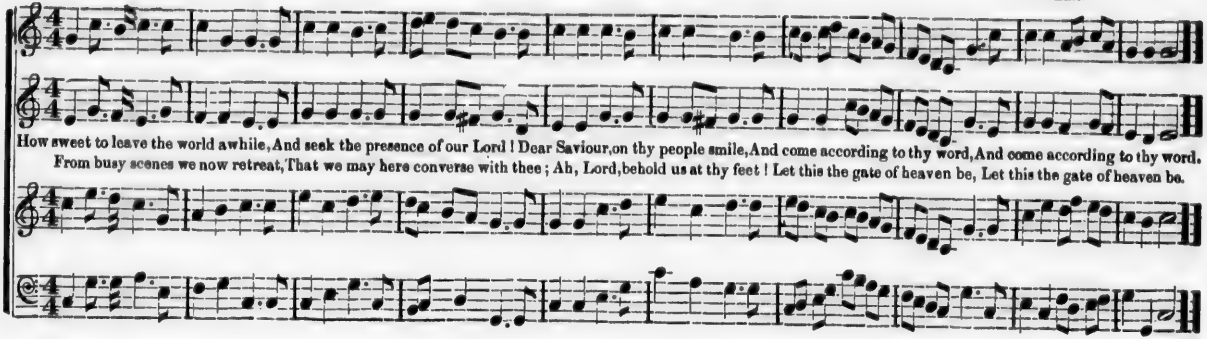
5



6

RAMSGATE. L. M.

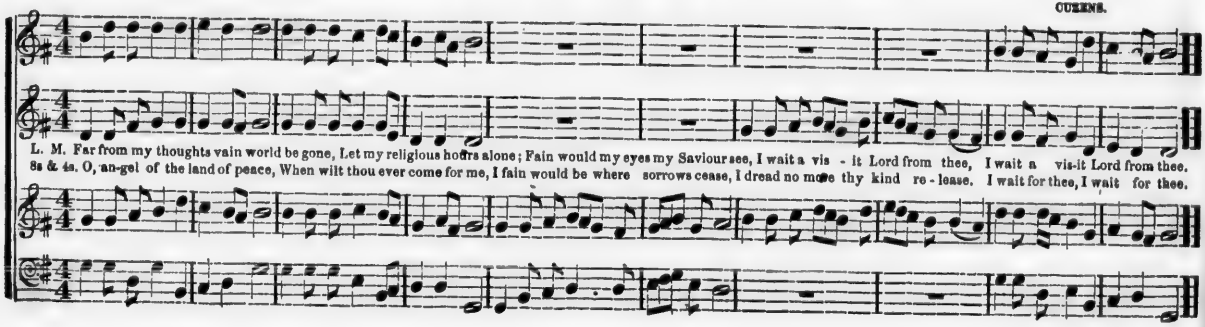
T. CLARK.



7

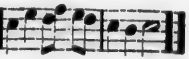
CHINA. L. M. or 8s & 4. (8, 8, 8, 8, 4.)

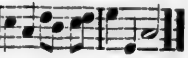
QUEENS.



T. CLARK.

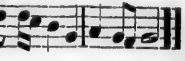
ome according to thy word.
his the gate of heaven be.

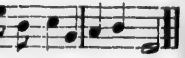




CUZENS.

t a vis-it Lord from thee.
t for thee, I wait for thee.

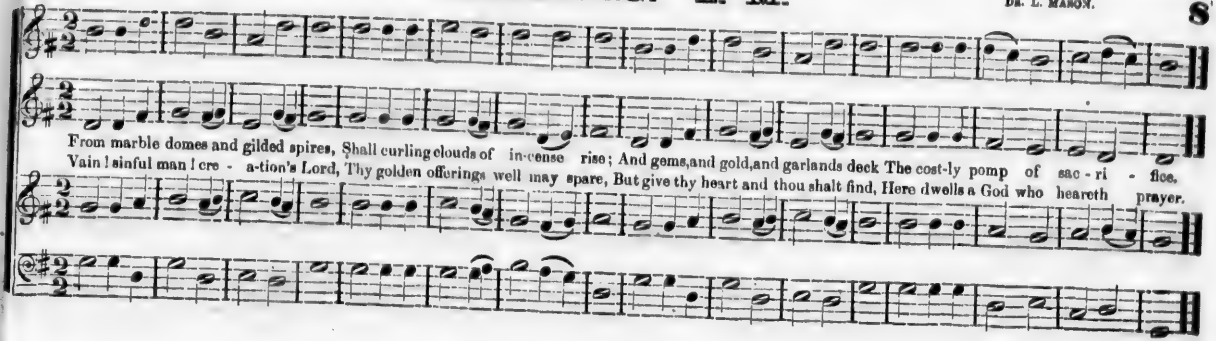




HAMBURG. L. M.

DR. L. MASON.

8

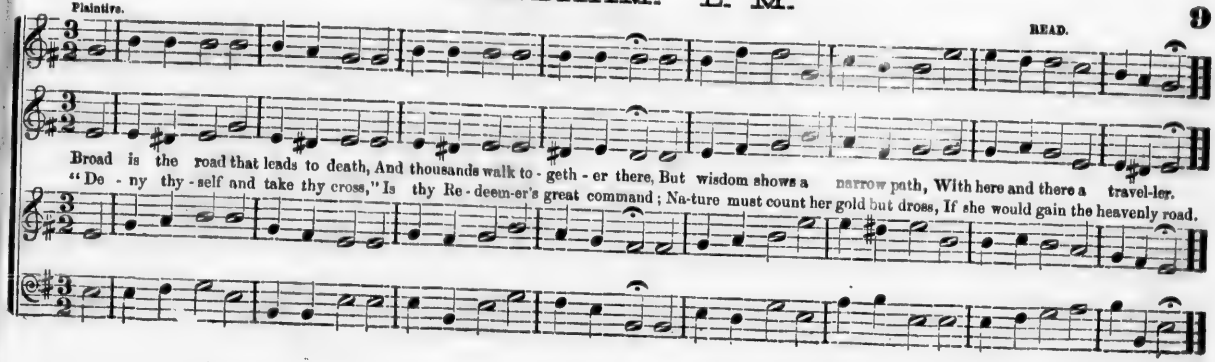

From marble domes and gilded spires, Shall curling clouds of in-cense rise; And gems, and gold, and garlands deck The cost-ly pomp of sac-ri-fice.
Vain! sinful man! cre-a-tion's Lord, Thy golden offerings well may spare, But give thy heart and thou shalt find, Here dwells a God who heareth prayer.

WINDHAM. L. M.

Plaintive.

READ.

9


Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk to-geth-er there, But wisdom shows a narrow path, With here and there a travel-ler.
"De-ny thy-self and take thy cross," Is thy Re-deem-er's great command; Na-ture must count her gold but dross, If she would gain the heavenly road.

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10

NEW SABBATH. L. M.

ISAAC SMITH.

An - oth - er six day's work is done, Anoth - er Sab - bath is be-gun, Return my soul, en-joy thy rest, Im - prove the day thy God hath blessed,
In ho - ly du - ties let the day, In ho - ly pleas - ures pass a - way; How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

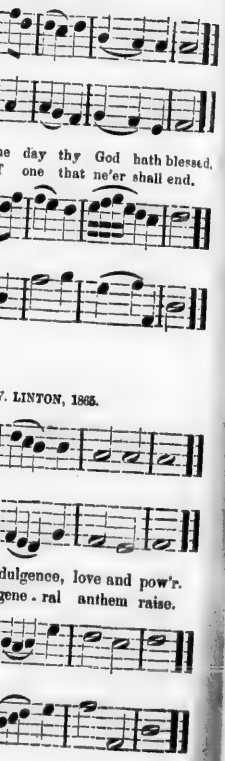
11

JUDAR. L. M.

G. W. LINTON, 1865.

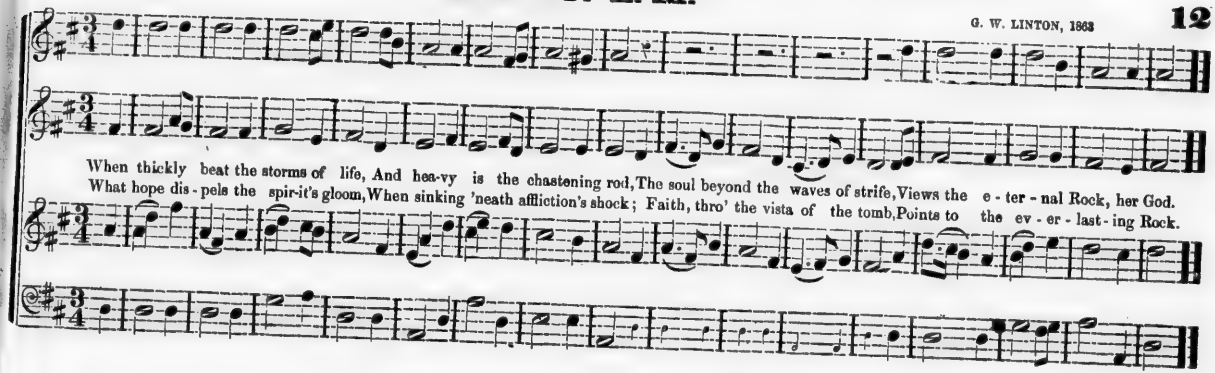
There seems a voice in eve - ry gale, A voice in eve - ry opening flow'r, Which tells O Lord the wondrous tale Of thy in - dulgence, love and pow'r.
The birds that rise on quiv'ring wings Appear to hymn their Maker's praise; And all the mingling sounds of spring, To thee a gene - ral anthem raise.

ISAAC SMITH.



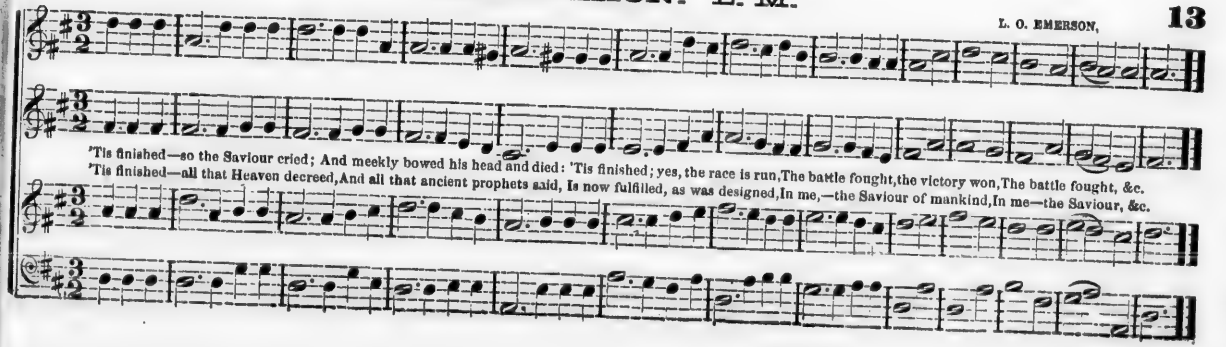
PLANTO. L. M.

G. W. LINTON, 1863 **12**



CRUCIFIXION. L. M.

L. O. EMERSON, **13**



INVITATION. L. M.

KIMBALL.

Come, my be - lov - ed, haste a - way, Cut short the hours of thy delay, Fly like a youthful hart or roe, O - ver the hills where spices grow.

Come, my be - lov - ed, haste a - way, Cut short the hours of thy delay, Fly like a youthful hart or roe, O - ver the hills where spices grow. Fly like a

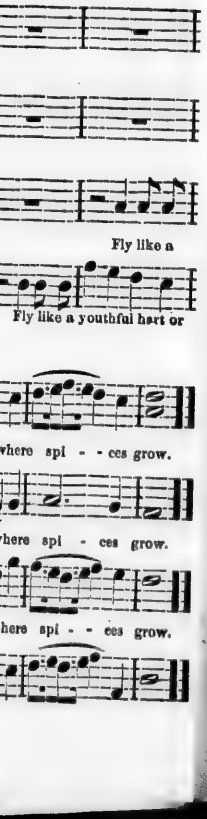
Fly like a youthful hart or

Fly like a youthful hart..... or roe, O - - - - - - - ver the hills where spices grow, O - ver the hills where spi - - ces grow.

Fly like a youthful hart or roe, O - - - - - - - ver the hills where spices grow, O-ver the hills where spi - ces grow.

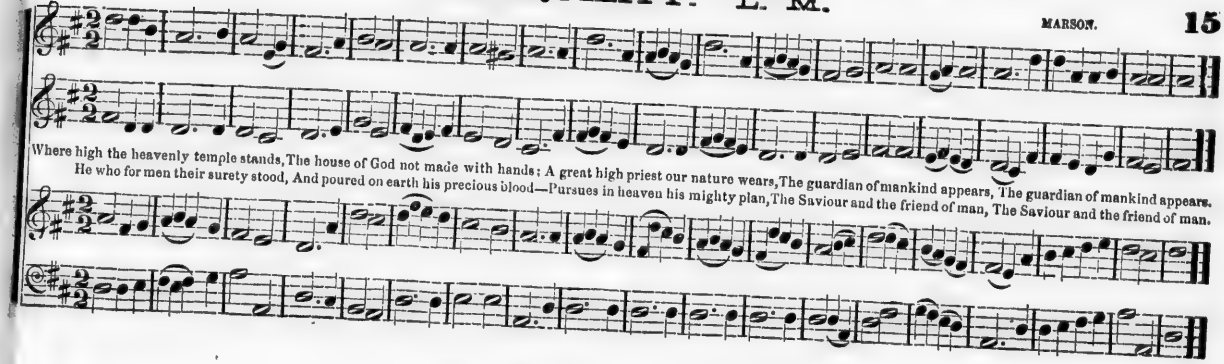
youthful hart or roe, O-ver the hills where spices grow, Fly like a youthful hart..... or roe, O - - ver the hills where spi - - ces grow.

roe, O - ver the hills where spi - - - - ces grow, Fly, &c.



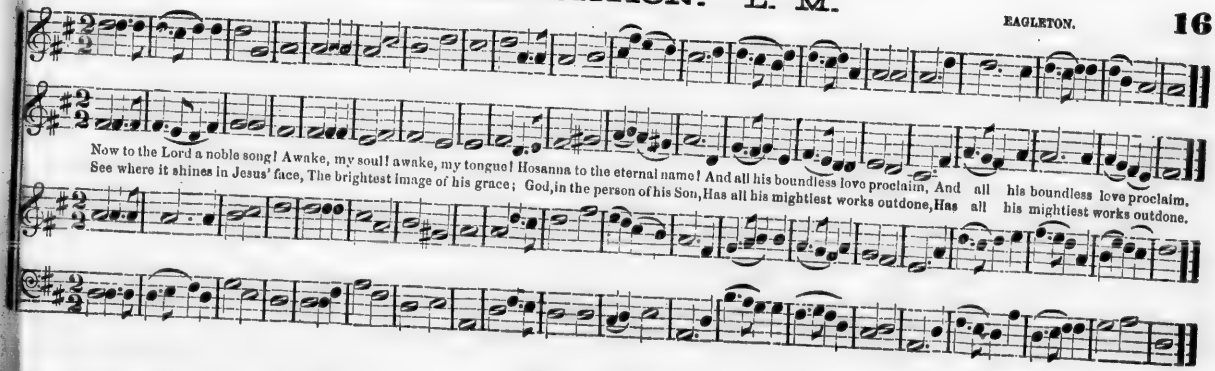
TRANQUILITY. L. M.

MARSON. **15**



JUSTIFICATION. L. M.

EAGLETON. **16**



17 WHITFIELD. L. M.

Sweet is the scene when Christians die, When ho - ly souls re - tire to rest; How mildly beams the clos - ing eye, How gen - tly heaves th' ex - pir - ing breast.
So fades a summer cloud a - way; So sinks the gale when storms are o'er; So gen - tly shuts the eye of day, So dies a wave a - long the shore.

18 ARTORS. L. M.

Unison. Un'son.

Awake, my tongue thy trib - ute bring To him who gave thee power to sing; Praise him, who is all praise a - bove, The source of wisdom and of love.
How vast his knowledge! how profound! A depth where all our thoughts are found! The stars he numbers, and their names He gives to all those heaven-ly flames.

Unison. Unison.

TATEM. L. M.

Je - sus shall reign where'er the sun Doth his successive journeys run; His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and

His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,

Je - sus shall reign where'er the sun Doth his successive journeys run; His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more, Till moons shall wax and

wane no more, His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

His king-dom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

wane no more.

2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise,
With ev'ry morning sacrifice.

3 Peoples and realms of ev'ry tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his head.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The pris'ner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of w[illegible]nt are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our king;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud amen.

20 BOONVILLE. L. M. Double.

D.C.

1. A-wake, our souls, a-way our fears, Let eve-ry trembling thought be gone;
A-wake, and run the heavenly race, And put a cheer-ful cour-age on.
D.C. But they for-get the mighty God, Who feeds the strength of every saint.

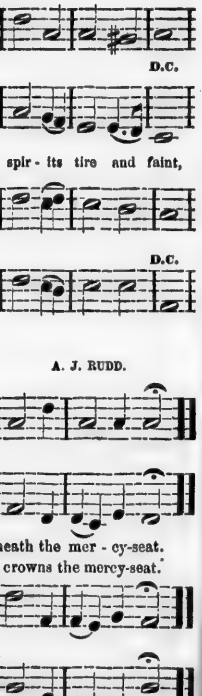
2. True, 'tis a rough and thorny road, And mortal spir-its tire and faint,

D.C.

21 GLENVILLE. L. M.

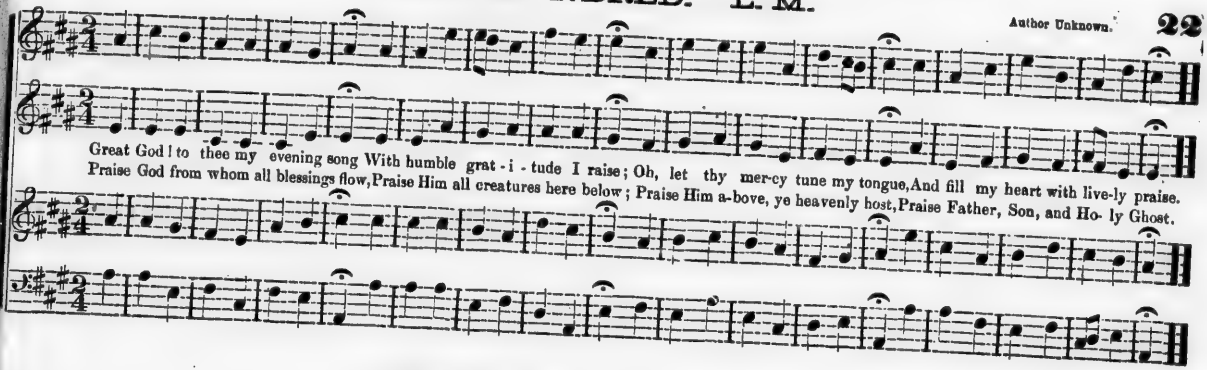
A. J. RUDD.

From eve-ry stormy wind that blows, From eve-ry swelling tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure retreat, 'Tis found beneath the mer-cy-seat.
There, there on ea-gle wings we soar, And sin and sense mo-lest no more; And heaven comes down our souls to greet, And glory crowns the mercy-seat.



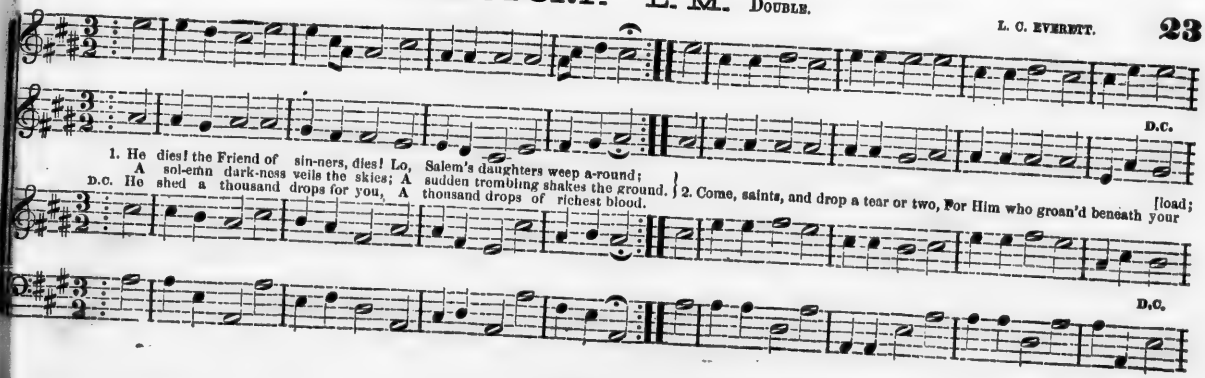
OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

Author Unknown. **22**



BEAUFORT. L. M. Double.

L. C. EVERETT. **23**



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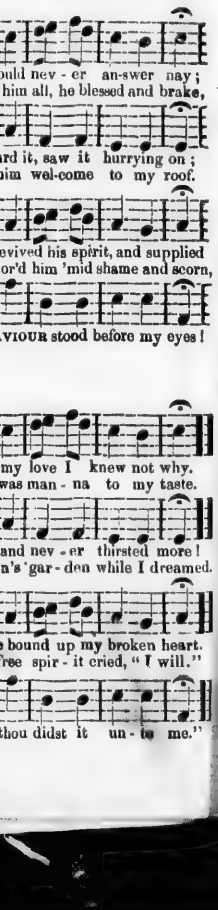
COLESVILLE. L. M. Double.

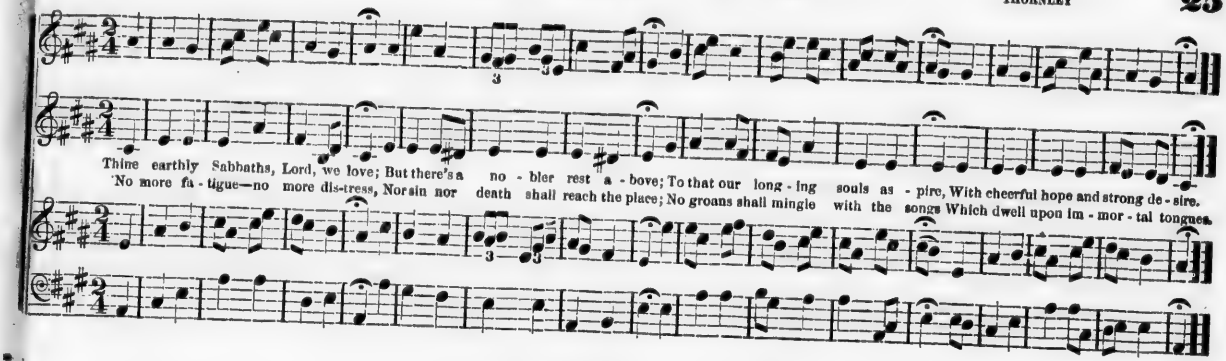
REV. G. COLES.

1. A poor way - far - ing man of grief Hath of - ten crossed me on my way, Who sued so humbly for re - lief, That I could nev - er an-swer nay;
2. Once when my scan-ty meal was spread, He entered, not a word he spake, Just per-ish - ing for want of bread, I gave him all, he blessed and brake,
3. I spied him where a fountain burst Clear from the rock. his strength was gone, The heedless water mocked his thirst, He heard it, saw it hurrying on;
4. 'Twas night, the floods were out; it blew A wint - ry hur - ri - cane a - loof, I heard his voice a-broad, and flew To bid him wel-come to my roof.
5. Stripped, wounded, beaten nigh to death, I found him by the high-way side; I roused his pulse, brought back his breath, Revived his spirit, and supplied
6. In prison I saw him next condemned To meet a trai-tor's doom at morn; The tide of lying tongues I stemmed, And honor'd him 'mid shame and scorn,
7. Then, in a moment, to my view, The stranger start - ed from dis-guise; The to-kens in his hands I knew,—My Saviour stood before my eyes!

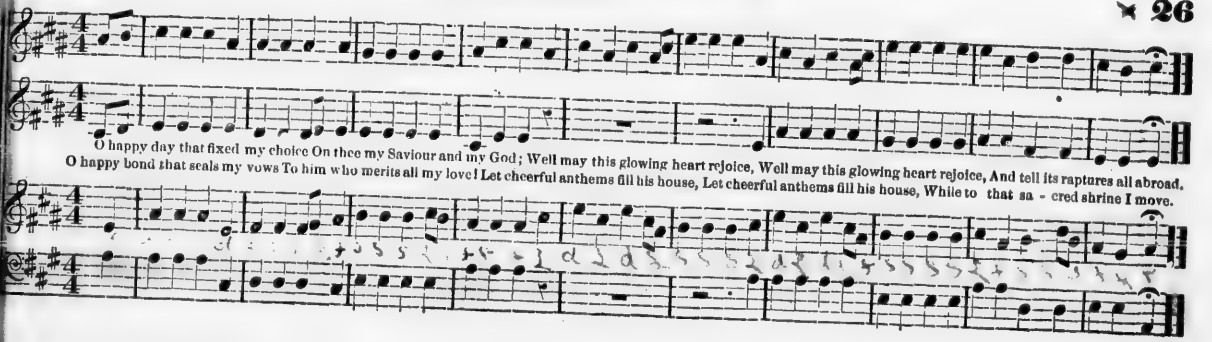
I had no power to ask his name, Whither he went or whence he came. Yet there was something in his eye, That won my love I knew not why.
And ate, but gave me part a - gain; Mine was an an-gel's por-tion then, And while I fed with ea - ger haste, The crust was man - na to my taste.
I ran and raised the sufferer up, Thrice from the stream he drain'd my cup, Dipp'd and returned it run-ning o'er, I drank, and nev - er thirsted more!
I warmed, and clothed, and cheer'd my guest, Laid him on mine own couch to rest, Then made the earth my bed, and seemed In E-den's 'gar - den while I dreamed.
Wine, oil, re-freshment—he was healed, I had my - self a wound concealed. But from that hour for-got the smart, And peace bound up my broken heart.
My friendship's ut-most zeal to try, He asked if I for him would die, The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill, But the free spir - it cried, "I will."
He spake, and my poor name he named—"Of me thou hast not been ashamed: These deeds shall thy memorial be, Fear not, thou didst it un - to me."



PORTUGAL. L. M.



HESPELER. L. M.



27

MORNING HYMN. L. M.

BARTHELEMON.*

A-wake my soul and with the sun, Thy dai-ly stage of du - ty run; Shake off dull sloth, and ear-ly rise, To pay thy morn - ing sac - ri - fice.
All praise to thee who safe has kept, And hast refreshed me while I slept; Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake, I may of end - less life par-take.

* Born in Bourdeaux in 1780, died in 1806.

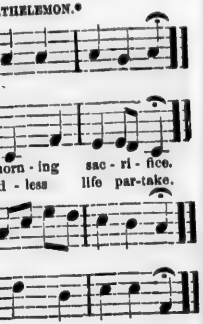
28

EVENING HYMN. L. M.

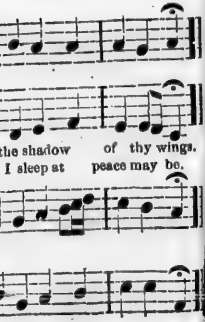
TALLIS.

Glo - ry to thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light; Keep me, Oh! keep me, King of kings, Un - der the shadow of thy wings.
For - give me, Lord, for thy dear Son, The ills which I this day have done; That with the world, my-self, and thee, I, ere I sleep at peace may be.

THELEMON.*

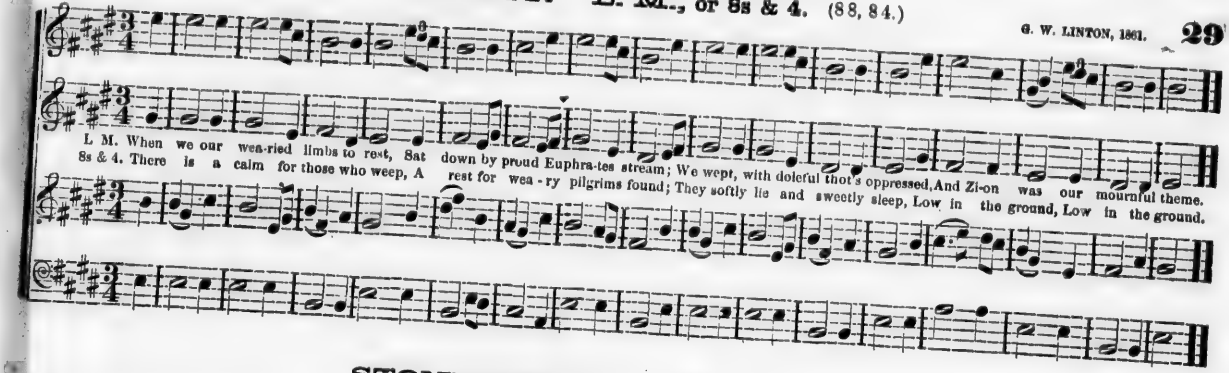


TALLIS.



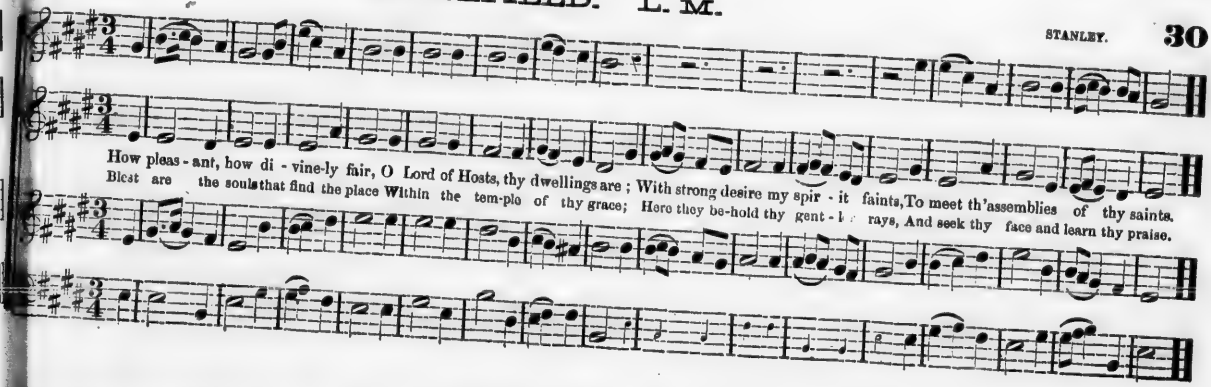
EVERETT. L. M., or 8s & 4. (8 8, 8 4.)

G. W. LINTON, 1861. **29**



STONEFIELD. L. M.

STANLEY. **30**



G. W. LINTON, 1863.

WATSON. L. M.

31

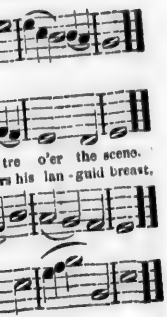
How sweet the hour of clos - ing day, When all is peaceful and se- rene; And when the sun with cloudless ray, Sheds mel - low lus - tre o'er the scene.
Such is the Christian's part - ing hour, So peace-ful - ly he sinks to rest; When faith, endued from heaven with power, Sustains and cheers his lan - guid breast.

J. HATTON.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

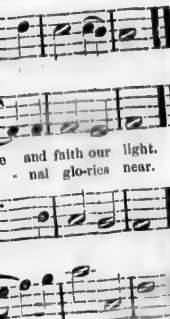
32

'Tis by the faith of joys to come, We walk thro' deserts dark as night; Till we ar - rive at heaven our home, Faith is our guide and faith our light.
The want of sight she well sup-plies, She makes the pearly gates appear; Far in - to dis-tant worlds she pries, And brings e - ter - nal glo-ries near.



tre o'er the scene.
rs his lan - guid breast.

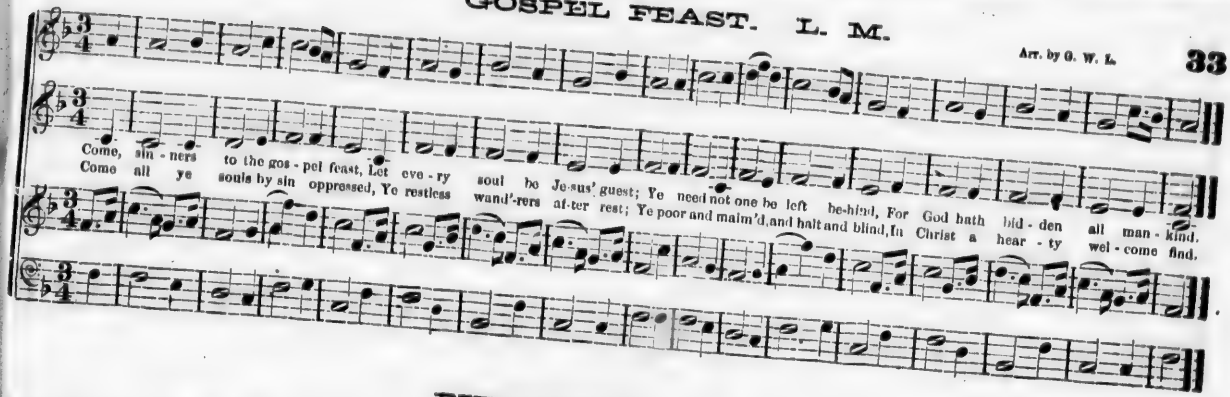
HATTON.



e and faith our light.
- nal glo-ries near.

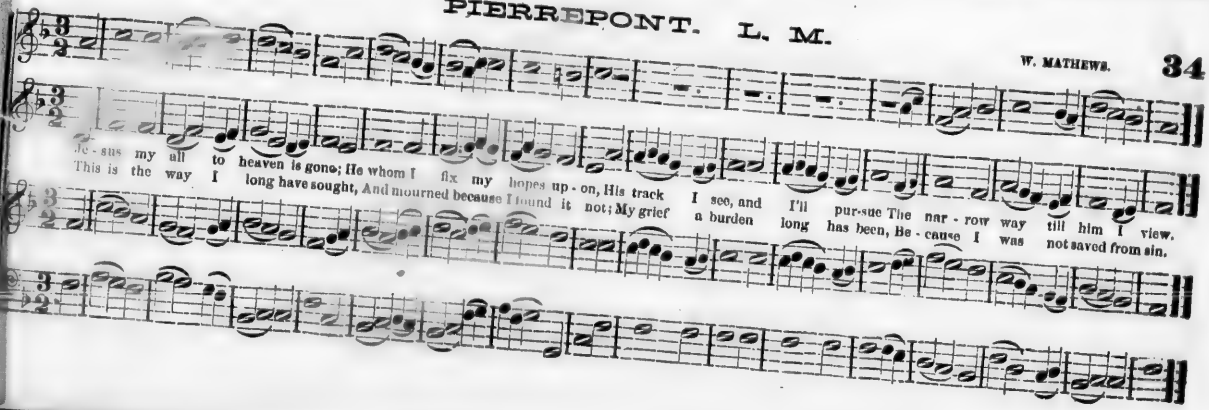
GOSPEL FEAST. L. M.

Arr. by G. W. L. **33**



PIERREPONT. L. M.

W. MATHEWS. **34**



MONTEGO. L. M.

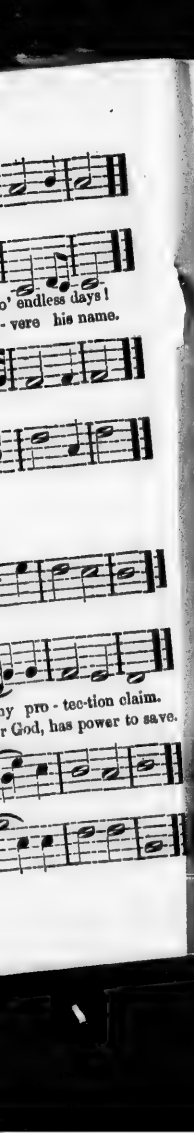
35

Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mortal man ashamed of thee? Ashamed of thee, whom an-gels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days!
Ashamed of Je - sus, that dear Friend, On whom my hopes of heaven depend? No, when I blush be this my shame, That I no more re - vere his name.

JOHN STREET. L. M.

36

Praise waits in Zi - on, Lord, for thee, Thy saints a - dore thy ho - ly name; Thy creatures bend th'obedient knee, And humbly thy pro - tec-tion claim.
Thy hand has raised us from the dust, The breath of life thy Spir-it gave; Where but in thee can mor-tals trust? Who, but our God, has power to save.



JOB. L. M.

DR. W. ARNOLD. **37**

p *f*

Awake, my soul, in joy -ful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise; He justly claims a song from thee, His loving kindness, His loving kindness O how free!
Then let me mount aud soar a-way, To the bright world of endless day; And sing with rapture and surprise, His loving kindness, His loving kindness in the skies.

p *f*

BRIDGEWATER. L. M.

EDSON. **38**

Great God, attend, while Zion sings, The joy which from thy presence springs; To spend one day with thee on earth, Exceeds a thou - sand days of mirth.

To spend one day with thee on earth, Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

Great God, at-tend, while Zi-on sings, The joy which from thy presence springs; To spend one day with thee on earth, To spend one day with thee on earth, Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

To spend one day with thee on earth, To spend one day with thee on earth, Exceeds a thousand days of mirth

NEAPOLIS. L. M.

HAYDN.

39

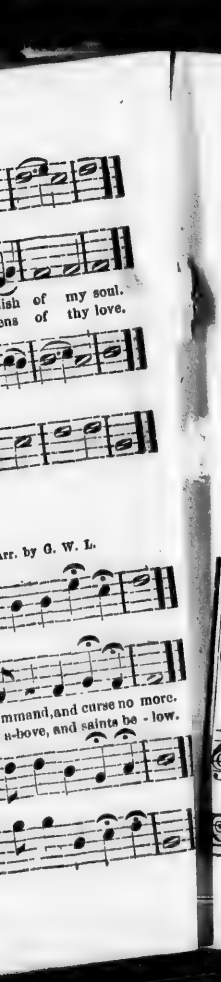
Sweet peace of conscience, heavenly guest! Come fix thy mansion in my breast; Dispel my doubts, my fears control, And heal the an - guish of my soul.
Thou God of hope and peace di - vine, Oh make these sa - cred pleasures mine; Forgive my sins, my fears remove, And send the to - kens of thy love.

HENRIETTA. L. M.

Arr. by G. W. L.

40

When Je - sus for his peo - ple died, The ho - ly law was sat - is - fied; Its aw - ful pen - al - ties he bore, It can command, and curse no more.
A - maz - ing love! how rich, how free! That Christ should die for such as we! From hence the ho - liest du - ties flow, O saints a-bove, and saints be - low.



HEBRON. L. M.

arr. from a GREGORIAN CHANT.
By Dr. L. MASON.

41

Thus far the Lord has led me on, Thus far his power prolongs my days, And eve - ry evening shall make known Some fresh me-mo-rial of his grace.
Much of my time has run to waste, And I per-haps am near my home, But he forgives my fol - lies past, And gives me strength for days to come.

WARD. L. M.

Dr. L. MASON.

42

There is a stream whose gentle flow, Supplies the ci - ty of our God, Life, love and joy still glid-ing thro', And wat'ring our di - vine a - bode.
The sacred stream, thy ho - ly word, Our grief al - lays, our fears con - trols: Sweet peace thy prom-is-es af - ford, And give new strength to fainting souls.

PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF NOVA SCOTIA
HALIFAX, N. S.

WAREHAM, OR ALL-SAINTS. L. M.

W. KNAPP.

43

I know that my Re-deem-er lives, What joy the sweet as-surance gives; He lives tri-umph-ant from the grave, He lives om-nip-o-tent to save.
He lives to bless me with his love, He lives to plead my cause a-bove; He lives to si-lence all my fears, He lives to wipe a-way my tears.

WARE. L. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

44

Ye Christian he-roes, go, proclaim Sal-va-tion in Im-man-uel's name; To distant climes the tidings bear, And plant the rose of Shar-on there.
He'll shield you with a wall of fire, With flaming zeal your breasts in-spire; Bid raging winds their fu-ry cease, And calm the savage breast to peace.

OLIVET. L. M.

Soft be the gen-tle breathing notes, That sing the Sav - iour's dy - ing love; Soft as the evening zephyr floats, And soft as tune - ful lyres a - bove.
Pure as the sun's en-livening ray, That scat - ters life and joy a-broad; Pure as the lu - cid orb of day, That wide proclaims its Maker, God.

BACON. L. M.

G. W. LINTON, 1862.

How sweet-ly flowed the gos - pel sound, From lips of gen-tle-ness and grace; When list'ning thousands gathered round, And joy and gladness filled the place.
From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke, To heaven he led his follower's way; Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke, Un-veil-ing an im - mor-tal day.

TRURO. L. M.

47

The heav'ns declare thy glo - ry, Lord, In ev' - ry star thy wisdom shines, But when our eyes be-hold thy word, We read thy name in fair-er lines.
In rolling sun, and changing light In night and day thy pow'r we trace, But the blest volume Thou has writ, Re- veals thy jus - tice and thy grace.

ROMA. L. M.

48

Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks and sing; To show thy love by morning light, And talk of all thy truth at night.
Sweet is the day of sa - cred rest; No mor - tal cares shall sieze my breast; Oh, may my heart in tune be found, Like Da - vid's harp of sol - emn sound!

CASSVILLE. L. M.

This world, O God, like that a - bove, Is bright to those who know thy love; Where'er they dwell, they dwell with thee, In heav'n, in earth, or on the sea.
To me re - mains nor place nor time, My country is in ev' - ry clime; I can be calm and free from care On an - y shore, since God is there.

ALAH. L. M.

Prayer may be sweet in cottage homes, Where sire and child de - vout-ly kneel; While thro' the o - pen case - mate nigh, The ver-nal blossoms fragrant steal
Prayer may be sweet in state-ly halls, Where heart with kindred heart is blent; And upward to th' e - ter - nal throne The hymn of praise me - lo-dious sent.

G. W. LINTON. March 16, 1864.

LINDSEY. L. M. 5 Lines.

51

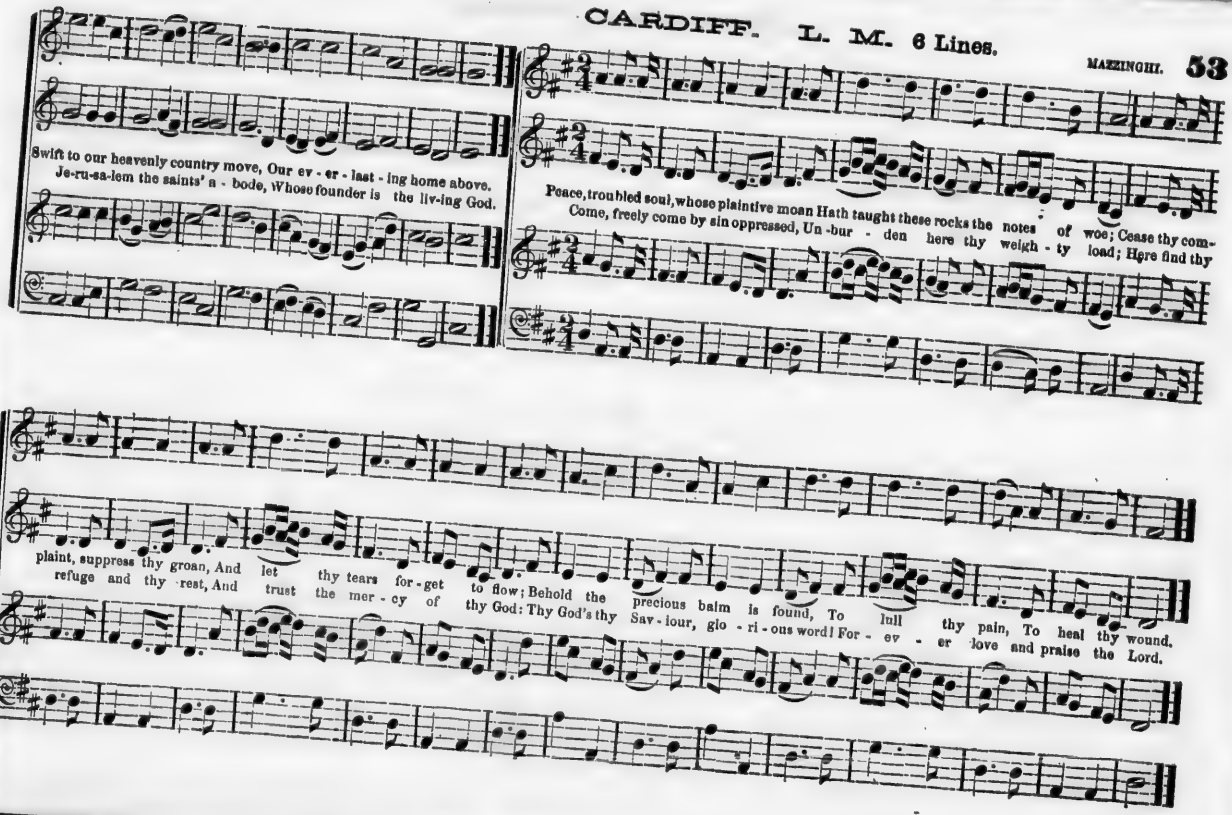
Join all on earth, in heaven a-bove, In hon-or, blessing, glo - ry, love; Sing praises to the great I Am, Sing praises to the spotless Lamb, Sing praises to that Power Di - vine,
Who sanc - ti - fies the in-ner shrine, That to the Father's glorious Name All creatures hallow'd may proclaim, And thro' the spir-it shed a-broad, Confess that Je - sus Christ is Lord.

HOMERTON. L. M. 6 Lines.

52

Strangers and pil - grims here be - low, This earth we know is not our place; But hasten thro' the vale of woe, And rest-less to be - hold thy face,
We've no a - bid - ing ci - ty here, But seek a ci - ty out of sight; Fa-ther, our stead - y course we steer, As - pir - ing to the plains of light,

CARDIFF. L. M. 6 Lines.



WYVILL.

EATON. L. M. 6 Lines.

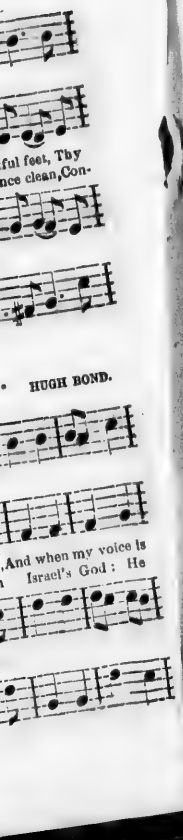
I love the vol-ume of thy word, What light and joy those leaves afford To souls be-night-ed and dis - tressed; Thy precepts guide my doubtful feet, Thy
Thy threat'nings wake my slumbering eyes, And warn me where my danger lies; But 'tis thy blessed gos - pel, Lord, That makes my guilty conscience clean, Con-

55 NEWCOURT. L. M. 6 Lines.

HUGH BOND.

fear for - bids my feet to stray, Thy prom - ise leads my heart to rest.
verts my soul, sub - dues my sin, And gives a free, but large reward.

I'll praise my Mak - er while I've breath, And when my voice is
Hap-py the man, whose hopes re-ly On Israel's God: He



NEWCOURT, Continued.

lost in death, Praise shall employ my nobler powers; My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life and thought and being last, Or im - mor-tal - i - ty en-dures.
made the sky, And earth and seas, with all their train; His truth for - ev - er stands se - cure; He saves the oppress'd, he feeds the poor, And none shall find his promise vain.

THE MISSIONARY'S FAREWELL. L. M. 6 Lines.

J. B. PACKARD. **56**

Broth - er, I go, fare-well! fare - well! One sigh, one prayer, and all is o'er;
My na - tive land the chord must thrill, And break that binds me to thy shore; } The zeph-yrs o'er thee softly play, But waft the wanderer far a - way.
Broth - er, I go, fare-well! fare - well! A star is gleam-ing o'er the wave;
Far, far be - yond the bil - lows' swell, It comes not like the meteor's blaze, } The star of hope: its heav-enly ray Shall gild the wanderer's lone-ly way.

BRIGHTON. L. M. 6 Lines.

The Lord my pas-ture shall prepare, And feed me with a shepherd's care; His presence shall my wants supply, And guard me with a watchful eye; My
When in the sul-try glebe I faint, Or on the thirs-ty mountains pant, To fer-tile vales or dewy meads, My weary, wandering steps he leads; Where

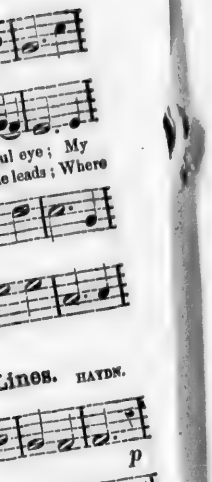
58 NEW CREATION, or BROOKLYN. L. M. 6 Lines. HAYDN.

noon-day walks he shall at-tend, And all my midnight hours defend.
peace-ful riv-ers, soft and slow, A-mid the ver-dant landscape flow.

p

Is there a thing be-neath the sun, That strives with thee my heart to share? Ah,
Each moment draw from earth a-way, My hears, that low-ly waits thy call; Speak

p



NEW CREATION. Continued.

f

tear it th: ice and reign . . lone, The Lord of eve - ry mo - tion there; Then shall my heart from earth be free, When it hath found re-pose in thee.
to my l mos. soul and say, "I am thy Love, thy God, thy all;" To feel thy power, to hear thy voice, To taste thy love, be all my choice.

f

RIFE. L. M. 6 Lines.

G. W. LINTON, 1859.

When gathering clouds a - round I view, And days are dark and friends are few,
On him I lean, who, not in vain, Ex-perienced eve - ry human pain; He sees my wants, al-lays my fears, And counts and treasures up my tears.

PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF NOVA SCOTIA
HALIFAX, N. S.

W. MATHEWS.

FOUNDLING. L. M. 6 Lines.

Far as cre - a - tion's bounds ex - tend, Thy mer - cies, heavenly Lord, ex - tend, One cho - rus of per - pet-ual praise, To Thee thy va-rious
They chant the splen-dors of thy name, De - light - ed with the won-drous theme, And bid the world's wide realms admire, The glo - ries of th' al-

works shall raise, The saints to thee in hymns im - part, The trans - ports of a grateful heart.
migh - ty Sire, Whose throne all nature's wreck survives, Whose power thro' end - less a-ges lives.

CONTINUATION OF No. 56.

3 Brother, I go, farewell! farewell!
The ocean may my bosom lave,
The billows o'er me proudly swell,
The dark sea be the exile's grave;
But when the surges cease to roar,
Brother, we'll meet to part no more.

4 Brother, I go, farewell! farewell!
I go to wipe that falling tear,
To soothe that troubled breast, and tell
A Saviour hears the heathen's prayer;
And flowers shall blush on desert strands,
And springs shall flow thro' burning sands.

5 Brother, I go, farewell! farewell!
The sacred banner's waving now,
And every heart with praise shall swell,
And smiles shall deck the dark one's brow;
The star that beamed on Bethlehem's plain,
Shall shine on Afric's shores again.

HOPKINS. L. C. M., (8, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7.) or L. M., 6 Lines.

L. C. M. O! sweet as vernal dews that fill The closing buds on Zion's hill, When evening clouds draw hither; So sweet, so heavenly 'tis to see } Live peaceful-ly to - geth - er.
The members of one fam - i - ly }

6 lines, 8s. Oft as I lay me down to rest, O may the recon-ciling word; Sweetly compose my weary breast, While on the bosom of my Lord, } And visions of e - ter - nal day.
I sink in blissful dreams away; }

LANESBORO'. C. M. or 8s & 6s. (8 6, 8 8, 6.)

62

C. M. There is a world of perfect bliss A-bove the star - ry skies; Oppressed with sorrow and with sins, Op - pressed with sor-row and with sins, I thith - er turn mine eyes.

8s. & 6s. There faith lifts up the tearless eye. The heart no longer riven; And views the tempest passing by, See eve - ning shadows quick - ly fly, And all se - rene in heaven.

COVENTRY. C. M.

63

O could our thoughts and wish-es fly, A-bove these gloom-y shades, To those bright worlds a-bove the sky, Which sor-row ne'er invades.
There joys un-seen by mor-tal eyes, Or rea-son's fee-ble ray; In ev-er bloom-ing pros-pect rise, Ex-posed to no de-cay.

FOUNTAIN. C. M.

64

There is a foun-tain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins; And sinners plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guil-ty stains.
The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That fountain in his day; And so may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.

CONWAY. C. M., or 8s & 6s. (8 6, 8 8, 6.)

C. M. There is a glorious world of light, A - bove the star - ry sky; Where saints de - parted, clothed in white, Where saints de-parted, cloth'd in white, Adore the Lord Most High.
8s & 6s. There fragrant flowers immortal bloom, And joys supreme are given; There rays di-vine disperse the gloom, Beyond the dark and narrow tomb, Appears the dawn of heaven.

HENRY. C. M.

O what a glo - rious sight ap-pears To my be - liev - ing eyes; Me-thinks I see Je - ru - sa - lem, A ci - - ty in the skies.
Bright angels whis - pering me a - way, "O come to glo - - ry, come," And I am will - ing to be gone, To e - ter - nal home.

OPORTO. C. M.

Sing to the Lord in joy - ful strains, Let earth his praise resound; Let all the cheer - ful na - tions join To spread his glo - ry round,

Sing to the Lord in joy - ful strains, Let earth his praise re-sound; Let all the cheer-ful na - tions join To spread his glo - ry round, Let all the

Unison.

Unison.

To spread his glory round,

Let all the cheerful nations join To spread his glo-ry round.

cheer-ful na-tions join,..... Let all the cheer - ful nations join,..... To spread his glo - ry round.

To spread his glory round,

To spread his glory round.

BISHOPTHORP. C. M.

JER. CLARK. **68**

Af - flic - tion is a storm - y deep, Where wave resounds to wave; Tho' o'er our heads the bil-lows roll, We know the Lord can save.
When dark - ness and when sor - rows rose, And pressed on eve - ry side, The Lord hath still sus - tained our steps, And still hath been our guide.

NAZARETH. C. M.

WM. ARNOLD. **69**

See Israel's gen - tle Shep herd stands With all en - gag-ing charms, Hark how he calls the ten-der lambs, And folds them in his arms.
We bring them Lord in thank - ful hands, And yield them up to thee, Joy-ful that we ourselves are thine, Then let our off-spring be.

70

WOODLAND. C. M., or 8s & 6s. (86, 88, 6.)

C. M. Come, let us join our friends a-bove, Who have obtained the prize; And on the ea - gle wings of love, And on the ea - gle wings of love, To joys ce - les - tial rise.
8s & 6s. There is a stream that ev - er flows, To pass-ing pilgrims given; There fairest fruit immortal grows, The verdant flower e-ter-nal blows, A - mid the fields of heaven.

71

PETERBORO'. C. M.

Once more, my soul, the ris - ing day Sa - lutes thy wak - ing eyes; Once more my voice, thy trib-ute pay To Him who rules the skies.
How ma - ny wretched souls have fled Since the last set - ting sun! And yet thou lengthenest out my thread, And yet my mo - ments run.

GLASGOW. C. M.

There is an hour of hal - lowed peace, For those with cares oppressed; When sighs and sorrowing tears shall cease, And all be hushed to rest.
There is an hour of sweet re - pose, When storms as - sail no more; The stream of endless pleas - ure flows, On that ce - les - tial shore.

LOMAX. C. M.

L. C. EVERETT.

The God of glo - ry down to men Re-moves his blest a - bode; His saints the ob - jects of his grace, And he their faith - ful God.
His own soft hand shall wipe the tears From eve-ry weeping eye; And pains and groans, and griefs and fears, And death it - self shall die.

ASHLEY. C. M.

Dr. MADAN.

Sal-va-tion! O the joy-ful sound, What pleasure to our ears; A sove-reign balm for eve-ry wound, A cor-dial for our fears.
Sal-va-tion let the ech-o fly, The spa-cious earth a-round; While all the ar-mies of the sky, Con-spire to raise the sound.

CHORUS.

Glo-ry, hon-or, praise and power, Be un-to the Lamb for-ev-er; Jesus Christ is our Re-deemer, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Praise the Lord.

ARLINGTON, or ARTAXERXES. C. M.

DR. ARNE. **75**

I love to steal a - while a - way, From eve - ry cumbering care; And spend the hours of set-ting day, In hum-ble, grate - ful prayer.
I love in sol - i - tude to shed The pen - i - ten - tial tear; And all his prom - is - es to plead, Where none but God can hear.

MEAR. C. M.

76

Sweet is the friend - ly voice that speaks The words of life and peace; That bids the pen - i - tent re - joice, And sin and sor-row cease.
No heal - ing balm on earth like this, Can cheer the con-trite heart; No flattering dreams of earth - ly bliss, Such sure de - light im - part.

77 GAINSBORO', or ST. MARTINS. C. M. & 7s. Peculiar.

How vain are all things here be - low! How false, and yet how fair! Each pleasure has its poi - son too, And eve - ry sweet a snare.
8s & 7s. I now have found a - bid - ing rest, For which I long was sigh - ing; Now on my Sav - iour's faith-ful breast My weary head is ly - ing.

WHITE.

78 SPROWSTON. C. M.

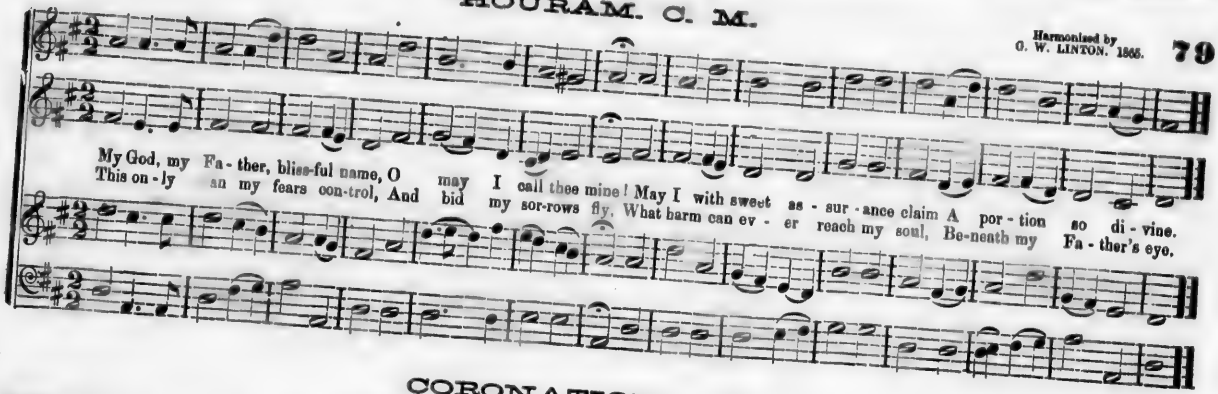
p *f*

Teach me the measure of my days, Thou Maker of my frame; I would survey life's narrow space, And learn how frail I am, And learn how frail I am, And learn how frail I am.
A span is all that we can boast, How short the fleet-ing time; Man is but van - ity and dust In all his flower and prime, In all his flower and prime, In all his flower and prime.

p *f*

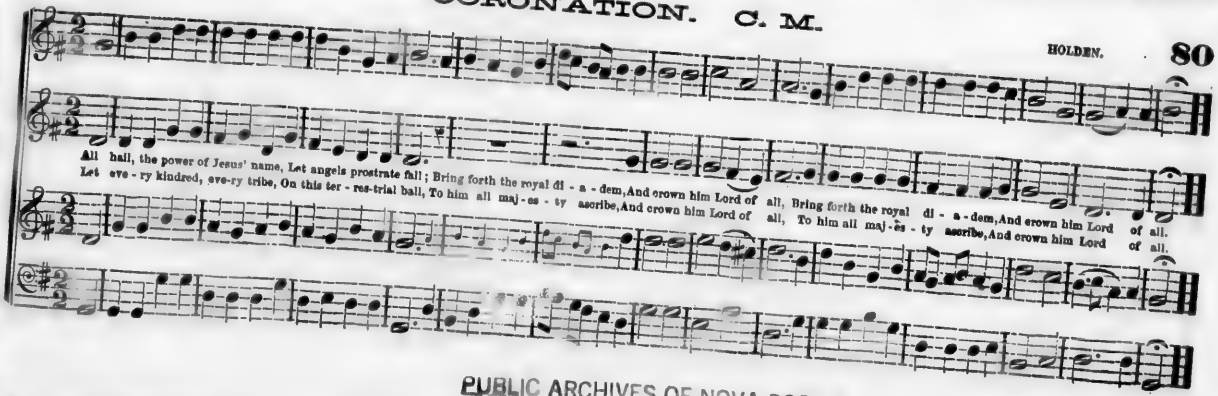
HOURAM. C. M.

Harmonized by O. W. LINTON. 1866. **79**



CORONATION. C. M.

HOLDEN. **80**



PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF NOVA SCOTIA
HALIFAX, N. S.

GARLAND. C. M.

81

He sends his showers of blessings down To cheer the plains be - low; He makes the grass the mountains crown, And corn in val - lies grow.
The chang-ing wind, the fly - ing cloud, O - bey his migh - ty word; With songs and hon - ors sound - ing loud, Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

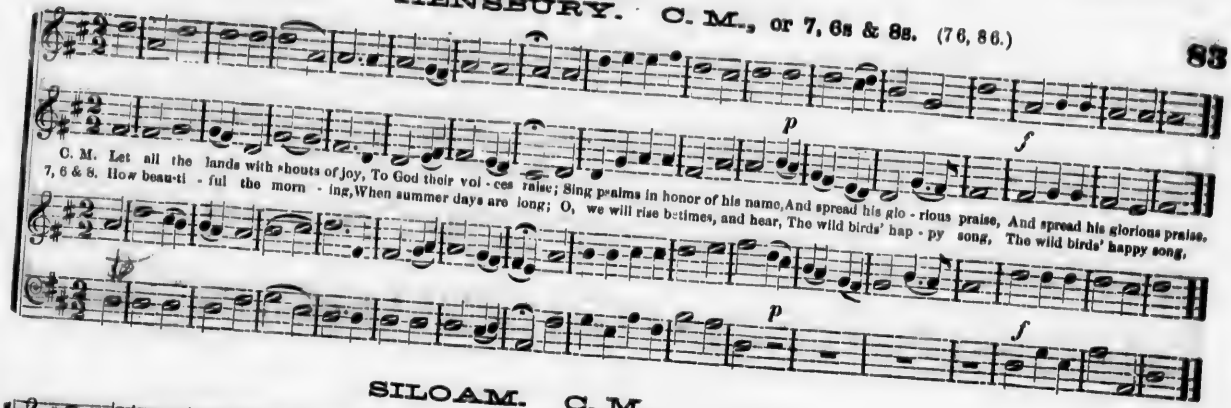
J. TUCKER.

DEVIZES. C. M.

82

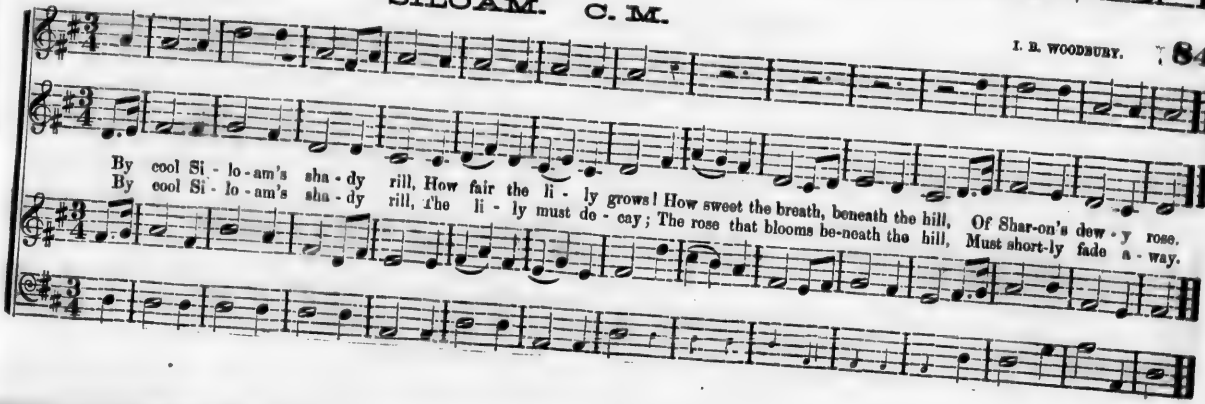
Beneath our feet and o'er our head Is e - qual warning given; Beneath us lie the countless dead, A - bove us is the heaven, Above us is the heaven.
Death rides on ev-ry pass-ing breeze, And lurks in eve - ry flower; Each season has its own dis - ease, Its per - il, eve - ry hour, Its per-il, eve - ry hour.

HENSBURY. C. M., or 7, 6s & 8s. (7 6, 8 6.)



SILOAM. C. M.

I. B. WOODBURY. 84



G. W LINTON, 1861.

CLINTON. C. M.

85

While verdant hill and blooming vale Put on their fresh ar-ray ; And fragrance breathes in every gale, How sweet the vernal day, How sweet the vernal day!
Oh, let my wondering heart confess, With grati - tude and love, The bounteous hand that deigns to bless The garden, field and grove, The garden, field and grove.

KENDALL. C. M.

86

When I can read my ti - tle clear, To mansions in the skies, I'll bid fare-well to eve - ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes, And wipe, &c.
Should earth a-gainst my soul en-gage, And hellish darts be hurled, And hellish darts be hurled, Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, And face a frowning world, And face a frowning world.

PALESTINE. C. M. Double.

What heavenly mu - sic do I hear, Sal - va - tion sounding free; Ye souls in bon-dage lend an ear, This is the ju - bi - lee. Good
Sin - ners, be wise, re - turn and come, Un - to the Sav-iour flee; The Saviour bids you welcome home, This is the ju - bi - lee. Come,

news, good news, to Ad - am's race, Let Christians all a - gree, To sing re-deem - ing love and grace, This is the ju - bi - lee.
ye redeemed, your trib - ute bring, With songs of har - mo - ny; While on the road to Ca-naan sing, This is the ju - bi - lee.

ANTIOCH. C. M.

Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re - ceive her King;
Let eve - ry heart pre-pare him room, And heav'n and nature
And
Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re - ceive her King;
heav'n and na - ture sing, ... And heav'n and nature sing.
sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n,
heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing.

2.
Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3
No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow.
Far as the curse is found.

4
He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove,
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

And

and nature

And

iour reigns,
mploy ;
s, hills and plains
joy.

rrow grow,
e ground ;
blessings flow.
found.

n truth and grace,
ions prove,
hteousness,
s love.

LCEE. C. M.

L. C. EVERETT. **89**

How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds, In a be - liev - er's ear; It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear, And drives away his fear.
Dear Name, the rock on which I build, My shield and hid-ing place; My never-failing treasury fill'd, With boundless stores of grace, With boundless stores of grace.

SPRING. C. M.

L. C. EVERETT. **90**

When verdure clothes the fer - tile vale, And blossoms deck the spray; And fragrance breathes in ev'-ry gale, How sweet the ver - nal day.
Hark, how the feath-er'd warblers sing, 'Tis nature's cheer-ful voice, Soft mu - sic hails the love - ly spring And woods and fields re - joice.

SHERBURNE. C. M.

While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seat-ed on the ground; The angel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone around, And

While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seat-ed on the ground; The an-gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone around, And

The an-gel of the Lord came down, And glo - - - - - - ry shone around, And glo - ry shone around, And glo - ry shone a - round. The an-gel of the Lord came down, And glo-ry shone a - round.

shone around, And glo - - - - - - ry shone a - round. The an-gel of the Lord came down, And glory shone a - - round.....

glo - ry shone a - round. The an-gel of the Lord came down, And glo - - ry shone a-round, And glo - ry shone a - round.

glo - - - - - - - ry shone around. The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - - - - ry shone a - - round.....

MIDDLEMISS. C. M. Double.

ARR. BY G. W. L.

There's not a bright and beaming smile, Which in this world I see, But turns my heart to future joy, And whispers "heav'n to me, Tho' of - ten here my soul is sad, And I
I nev - er clasp a friendly hand, In greeting, or fare - well, But thot's of an e - ter-nal home, Within my bosom swell, A prayer to meet in heav'n at last, Where

falls the si - lent tear, There is a world where all are glad, And sor - row dwells not there.
all the ransom'd come, And where e - ter - nal a - ges still Shall find us all at home.

HYMN FOR No. 91.

2. "Fear not," said he—for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,—
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
To you and all mankind.

3. "To you, in David's town, this day,
Is born of David's line
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign.

4. "The heavenly babe you there shall find,
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swaddling bands,
And in a manger laid.

5. Thus spake the seraph: and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:—

6. "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace,
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease."

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HALIFAX, N. S.

ISAAC SMITH.

AMERICA, or VICTORY. C. M.

93

Now shall my head be lifted high, Above my foes around; And songs of joy and victo - ry, Within thy temple sound, Within thy temple sound, Within thy temple sound.

Within thy temple sound. *p* *f*

Now shall my head be lift-ed high, above my foes around; And songs of joy and victo - ry, Within thy tem-ple sound, Within thy temple sound, Within thy temple sound

Within thy temple sound.

G. W. LINTON. 1861.

GUELICK. C. M.

94

There is a place of sweet re - pose Where wea-ry souls may rest From all their sor-rows, all their woes, On their Re - deem-er's breast.
When worn with toil our spir - its faint, By thousand cares op-pressed; Sweet is the cure for our com - plaint, Our Je - sus is our rest.

TAPPAN. C. M.

Dear refuge of my weary soul, On thee when sor - rows rise, On thee when waves of trouble roll, My fainting hope re - lies.
To thee I tell each rising grief, For thou a - lone canst heal, Thy word can bring a sweet relief, Thy word can bring a sweet relief, For every pain I feel.

MEMPHIS, or CHELMSFORD. C. M.

O, for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free, A heart that al - ways feel, thy blood, So free - ly spilt for me!
O, for a low - ly, con-trite heart, Be - liev - ing, true and clean, Which neither life nor death can part, From him that dwells with - in.

TURNER. C. M.

Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heavenly Dove, With all thy quickening powers, Kin - dle a flame of sa-cred love, In these cold

Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heavenly Dove, With all thy quickening powers, Kin - dle a flame of sa-cred love, Kin - dle a flame of sacred love, In

Kin-dle a flame of sa - - - cred love, In these cold hearts of ours,

hearts of ours, Kin-dle a flame of sa-cred love, In these cold hearts of ours.

these cold hearts of ours,

these cold hearts of ours, Kin-dle a flame of sa-cred love, In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys!
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor, dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great!

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

PIETY. C. M.

98

p *f*

Sing, all ye ransomed of the Lord, Your great Deliver - er sing, Your great Deliverer sing, Ye virgins now for Zi - on bound, Ye vir-gins now for Zion bound, Be joy - ful in your King.
This hand divine shall lead you on Through all the bliss - ful road, Thro' all the blissful road, Till to the sa - cred mount you rise, Till to the sacred mount you rise, And see your gracious God.

p *f*

VALETTI. C. M.

G. W. LINTON, 1865.

99

With cheerful notes let all the earth, To heaven their voices raise; Let all in-spired with God-ly mirth, Sing sol - emn hymns of praise.
God's ten - der mer - cy knows no bound, His truth shall ne'er de - cay; Then let the will - ing nations round Their grateful trib-ute pay.

NATIVITY, or DESERT. C. M.

T. JARMAN.

My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my de-lights; The life of my de-lights; The glo-ry of my brightest days,

My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my de-lights; The life of my de-lights; The glo-ry of my brightest days,

And comfort of my nights, And com-fort of my nights.

And comfort of my nights, And com - - - fort of my nights.

And comfort of my nights, And comfort of my nights, And com-fort of my nights.

And comfort of my nights, And comfort of my nights, And com - - - fort of my nights.

2 In darkest shades if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss;
If Jesus show his mercy mine,
And whisper I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word;
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith,
Would bear me conqueror through

MT. HOPE. C. M.

How still and peaceful is the grave, When life's vain tu - mult's past, The ap-pointed house, by heaven's decree, Re - ceives us all at last.
The wick-ed there from troub-ling cease—Their pas-sions rage no more; And there the wea - ry pilgrim rests From all the toils he bore.

Receives us all at last,
From all the toils he bore.

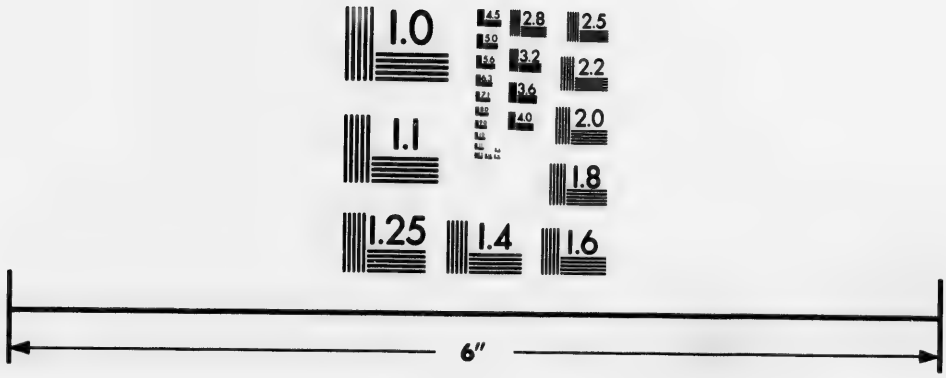
How still and peaceful is the grave, When life's vain tu - mult's past, The appointed house, by heaven's de-cree, Re - ceives us all at last.
The wick - ed there from troub-ling cease—Their pas-sions rage no more; And there the wea - ry pil-grim rests From all the toils he bore.

Receives us all at last.
From all the toils he bore.

LYDIA. C. M.

Am I a sol - dier of the cross? A follower of the Lamb? And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name? Or blush to speak his name?
Must I be car - ried to the skies, On flow-ery beds of ease? While others fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas? And sailed thro' bloody seas?

IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)



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MAJESTY. C. M. Double.

The Lord de-scend-ed from a - bove, And bowed the heavens most high; And un - der-neath his feet he cast The dark - ness of the sky.

The Lord de-scend-ed from a - bove, And bowed the heavens most high; And un - der-neath his feet he cast The dark - ness of the sky.

And underneath his feet he cast The dark - ness of the sky; On

Full royal - ly he rode, And on the wings of mighty winds Came flying all a - broad, And on the wings of mighty winds, Came flying all abroad.

Full royal - ly he rode, And on the wings of mighty winds Came flying all a - broad, And on the wings of mighty winds Came flying all abroad.

cherub and on cherubim

ST. ASAPH. C. M. Double.

How bright those glorious spir - its shine! Whence all their bright array? How came they to the bliss - ful seats Of ev - er - last - ing day. Lo! these are they from sufferings great, Who came to realms of light; And in the blood of Christ have wash'd Those robes which shine so bright.

Now with tri-umph-ant palms they stand, Be - fore the throne on high, And serve the God they love, a- midst The glo - ries of the sky. His presence fills each heart with joy, Tunes eve - ry mouth to sing, By day, by night, the sa-cred courts, With glad ho-san - nas ring.

* Born in Palermo, in 1745. Died in 1904.

TYFORD. C. M.

Sweet is the mem'ry of thy grace, My God, my heavenly King, My God, my heavenly King;

My God, my heavenly King, My God, my heavenly King; Let age to age thy righteousness, In

Sweet is the mem'ry of thy grace, My God, my heavenly King, My God, my heavenly King;

My God, my heavenly King, My God, my heavenly King;

Let age to age thy righteous - ness, In songs of glo - ry sing.

songs of glo - ry sing, In songs of glo - ry sing.

Let age to age thy righteous - ness, In songs ..... of glo - ry sing

In songs of glo - ry sing.

IRONS. C. M.

Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room, and heaven and nature sing, And
Let every heart prepare him room, And heaven and nature sing, And heaven ..
Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King! Let eve-ry heart prepare him room, And heaven and nature sing, And heaven and nature sing.
Let every heart prepare him room, And heaven and nature sing, And heaven - and
heaven and nature sing, Let every heart prepare him room, And heaven and nature sing.
..... and nature sing, Let every heart prepare him room, And heaven and na - ture sing.
Let eve-ry heart prepare him room, And heaven and nature sing, And heaven and nature sing.
nature sing. Let every heart prepare him room, And heaven and na - ture sing.

2

Joy to the world—the Saviour reigns:
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods—rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3

No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4

He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness
And wonders of his love.

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HALIFAX, N. S.

JUDE'S DOXOLOGY. C. M.

Come let us join our cheerful songs, With an - gels round the throne; Ten thousand, thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are
Wor-thy the Lamb that died they cry, To be ex - alt - ed thus; Wor-thy the Lamb, our hearts re - ply, For he was slain for

p *f*

one, Ten thous - and thous-and are their tongues, Ten thous-and, thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.
us; Wor - thy the Lamb, our hearts re - ply, Wor-thy the Lamb, our hearts re - ply, For he was slain for us.

p *f*

FRENCH, or DUNDEE. C. M.

The calm re - treat, the si - lent shade, With prayer and praise a - gree; And seem by thy sweet boun - ty made, For those who fol - low thee.
There if thy spir - it touch the soul, And grace her mean a - bode; O with what peace and joy, and love, She com-munes with her God.

EXHORTATION. C. M.

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie, Where my possessions lie.

Where my possessions lie.

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie, To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie.

To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie.

AUBURN. C. M.

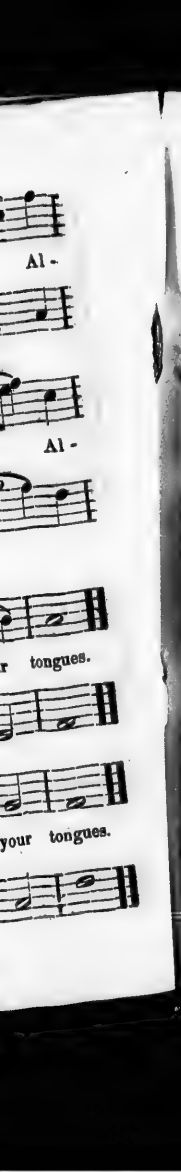
Rev. J. LAWSON.

Come hap-py souls, ap - proach your God, With new me - lo-dious songs, With new me - lo-dious songs, Come ren-der to Al -

Come hap-py souls, ap - proach your God, With new me - lo-dious songs, With new me - lo-dious songs, Come ren-der to Al -

mighty grace, The trib - ute of your tongues, The trib - ute of your tongues.

mighty grace The trib - ute of your tongues, The trib-ute of your tongues, The trib - ute of your tongues.



IRISH. C. M.

J SMITH. **111**

Far from these nar - row scenes of night, Un-bounded glo - ries rise, And realms of in - fi - nite de - light, Un - known to mor - tal eyes.
Fair dis-tant land! could mor-tal eyes But half its charms explore, How would our spi - rits long to rise, And dwell on earth no more.

MC'DONNALD. C. M. or 7, 6s & 8s. (76, 86,) by omitting the first note.

G. W. LINTON. 1863. **112**

C. M. I'm not a - shamed to own my Lord, Nor to de - fend his cause, Maintain the honour of his word, The glo - ry of his cross.
7. 6 & 8. Brother thou art gone to rest, Thy toils and cares are o'er, And sor - row, pain, and suffering now, Shall ne'er dis - tress thee more.

G. W. LINTON. 1862.

SABADO. C. M.

113

When the worn spir - it needs re - pose, And sighs her God to seek; How sweet to hail the evening's close, That ends the wea - ry week, That ends the wea - ry week.
How sweet to hail the ear - ly dawn, That opens on the sight; When first the soul-re-viv-ing morn Beams its new rays of light, Beams its new rays of light.

INGALLS.

NEW JERUSALEM. C. M.

114

From the third heaven where God resides, That holy happy place, The new Je-ru - salem comes down, A - dorned with shining grace, The new Je-
From the third heaven where God resides, That holy happy place; The new Je-ru - sa-lem comes down, A - dorned with shining grace, The new Je-ru - sa-lem comes down, A - dorned with
The new Je-ru - sa-lem comes down, A - dorned with shining grace, The new Jeru-sa -
The new Je-ru - sa-lem comes down, A - dorned with shining grace, The new Je-ru - sa-lem comes down, A-

week.
light.

LS.

rrace, The new Je-

dorned with

The new Jeru-sa-

-sa-lem comes down, A-

russalem comes down, Adorned with shining grace, Adorned with shining grace.

shin - ing grace,

lem comes down, Adorned with shining grace, Adorned with shining grace.

dorned with shining grace.

p

There is a place of sa-cred rest, Far, far be - yond the skies, Where
There, there a - dieus are sounds un-known, Death frowns not on that scene; But

p

f

beau - ty smiles e - ter - nal - ly, And pleasure nev - er dies, Where beauty smiles e - ter - nal - ly, And plea - sure nev - er dies.
life, and glo - rious beau - ty shine, Un - troub-led and ser - ene, But life, and glorious beau - ty shine, Un - troub - led and ser - ene.

f

FAWCETT.

BOLTON. C. M.

My soul how love-ly is the place, To which thy God re-sorts, To which thy God re-sorts; 'Tis heaven to see his

My soul how love-ly is the place, To which thy God re-sorts, To which thy God re-sorts; 'Tis heaven to see his

smil-ing face, Tho' in his earth-ly courts, Tho' in his earth-ly courts, Tho' in his earth-ly courts.

smil-ing face, Tho' in his earth-ly courts, Tho' in his earth-ly courts, Tho' in his earth-ly courts.

REFUGE. C. M.

God is our re-fuge and our strength, In straits a pre-sent aid, Therefore al-tho' the earth re - move We will not be a - fraid.
The Lord of hosts up-on our side, Doth constant-ly re-main, The God of Ja-cob's our re - fuge, Us safe-ly to main-tain.

MANLY. C. M. 118

Je - sus, I love thy charm-ing name; 'Tis mu - sic to my ear; Fain would I sound it out so loud, That heaven and earth might hear.
Yes, thou art pre-cious to my soul, My trea-sure and my trust; The world compar'd to thee is naught, And all its trea-sure dust.

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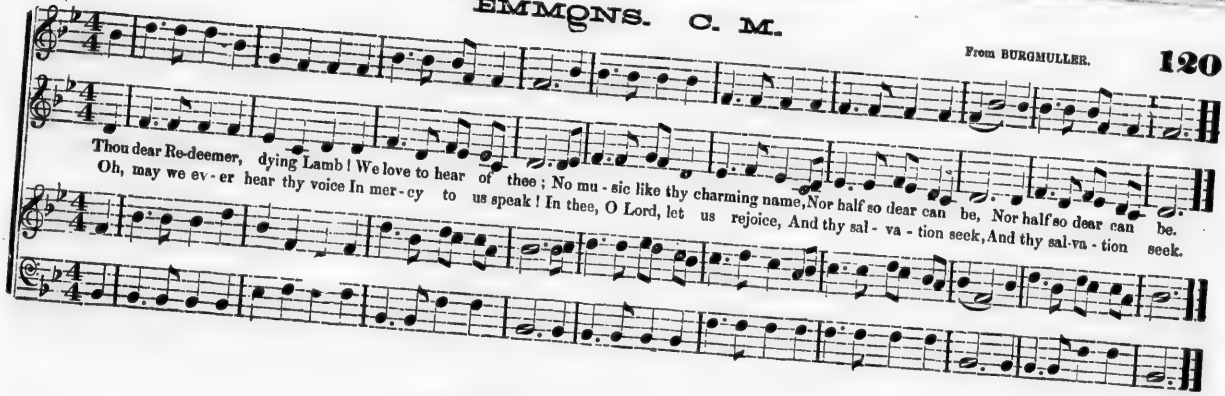
HALIFAX, N. S.

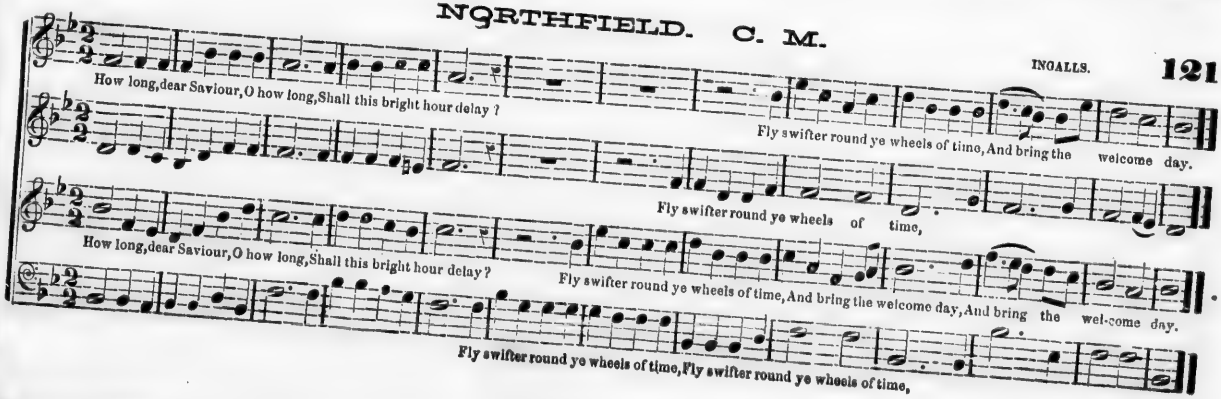
JERUSALEM. C. M. Double.

B. L. WHITE.

Je - ru - sa-lem! my hap-py home! Name ev-er dear to me, When shall my la-bors have an end, In joy and peace and thee?
Oh, when, thou ci - ty of my God, Shall I thy courts as - cend, Where con-gre - ga-tions ne'er break up, And Sab-baths have no end?

When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls And pearly gates be - hold? Thy bul-warks, with sal - va - tion strong, And streets of shining gold?
There happier bowers than E-den's bloom, Nor sin nor sor - row know! Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes, I on - ward press to you.


EMMONS. C. M.
From BURGMULLER.
120
Thou dear Re-deemer, dying Lamb! We love to hear of thee; No mu-sic like thy charming name, Nor half so dear can be, Nor half so dear can be.
Oh, may we ev-er hear thy voice In mer-cy to us speak! In thee, O Lord, let us rejoice, And thy sal-va-tion seek, And thy sal-va-tion seek.


NORTHFIELD. C. M.
INGALLS.
121
How long, dear Saviour, O how long, Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round ye wheels of time, And bring the welcome day.
Fly swifter round ye wheels of time,
How long, dear Saviour, O how long, Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round ye wheels of time, And bring the welcome day, And bring the wel-come day.
Fly swifter round ye wheels of time, Fly swifter round ye wheels of time,

DR. RANDALL.

CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

122

Sing to the Lord, a new made song, Who wondrous things have done: With his right hand and holy arm, The conquest he has won, The conquest he has won.
Shine, mighty God, on Zi - on shine, With beams of heavenly grace; Reveal thy power thro' every land, And show thy smiling face, And show thy smiling face.

SWAN.

SWAN'S. C. M.

123

Why do we mourn de - part - ing friends, Or shake at death's a - larms; 'Tis but the voice that Je - sus sends, To call them to his arms.
Are we not tending up - ward too, To heaven's desired a - bode; Why should we wish the hours more slow, Which keep us from our God.

MERTON. C. M., or 8s & 4s. (84, 84.)

C. M. Ye gold-en lamps of heaven fare - well, With all your feeble light; Fare-well, thou ev - er - chang - ing moon, Pale empress of the night.
8s & 4s. Oh! strike the harp! 'twill soothe the soul, To sing of woe; Pour forth the strain with-out con - trol, But soft and slow.

MARTYRDOM. C. M.

My span of life will soon be done, The pass-ing moments say; As length'ning sha - dows o'er the mead, Pro-claim the pass - ing day.
O, that my heart might dwell a - loof, From all cre - a - ted things; And learn that wisdom from a - bove, Whence true contentment springs.

TISBURY, or HEPHZIBAH. C. M.

J. HUSBAND.

There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mortal reign; In - fi - nite day ex - cludes the night,

There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign; In - fi - nite day ex-cludes the night, In - fi - nite day ex - cludes the night,

And plea-sures ban-ish pain, And pleasures banish pain, And plea, and plea - sures ban - ish pain.

And plea-sures banish pain, And pleasures banish pain, And plea, and plea - sures ban-ish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, trembling, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes:—

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

MELBOURN. C. M.

Je-sus the name high over all, In hell, or earth, or sky; Angels and men be-fore it fall, An-gels and men before it fall, And devils fear and fly.
Je-sus the name to sinners dear, The name to sinners given; It scatters all their guilty fears, It scat ters all their guil-ty fears, It turns their hell to heaven.

ORTONVILLE. C. M. or 8s, 6s & 4, (8 6, 8 6, 4.)

C. M. Ma - jes-tic sweetness sits enthroned On my Redeemer's brow; His head with radiant glories crowned, His lips with grace o'er - flow, His lips with grace o'er - flow.
No mor-tal can with him compare Among the sons of men: Fair - er is he than all the fair That fill the heaveny train, That fill the heavenly train.
8, 6 & 4. Re - turn, O wanderer to thy home, Thy Father calls to thee; No long-er now an ex - ile roam, In guilt and mis - er - y, Re - turn, re-turn, re - turn.

ARNOLD'S. C. M.

129

Sweet is the prayer whose ho - ly stream, In earn - est plead - ing flows; De - vo - tion dwells up - on the theme, And warm and warm - er glows.
Faith grasps the bless-ings she de-sires, Hope points the up - ward gaze; And love, ce - les - tial love, inspires The el - o - quence of praise.

FENARA. C. M.

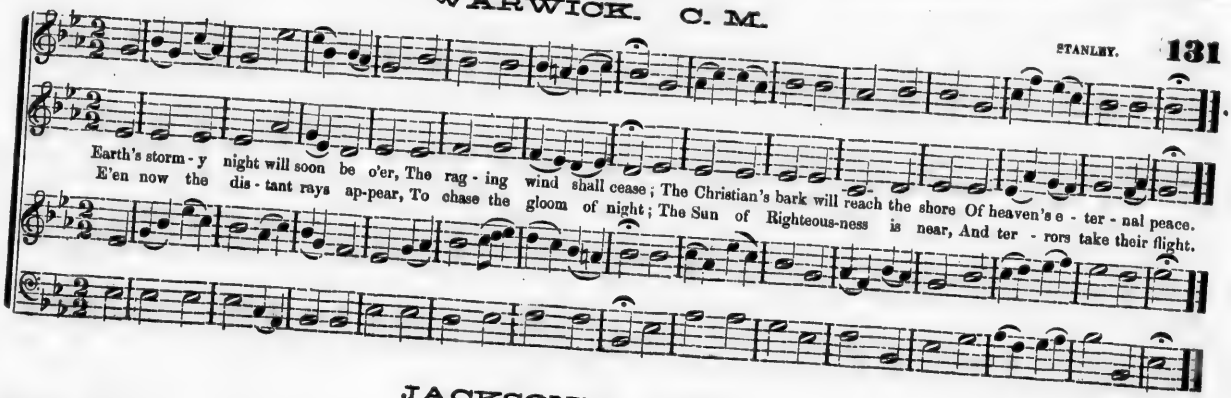
130

How wondrous great, how glo-rious bright, Must our Cre - a - tor be; Who dwells amidst the dazzling light, Of vast e - ter-ni - ty, Of vast e - ter - ni - ty.

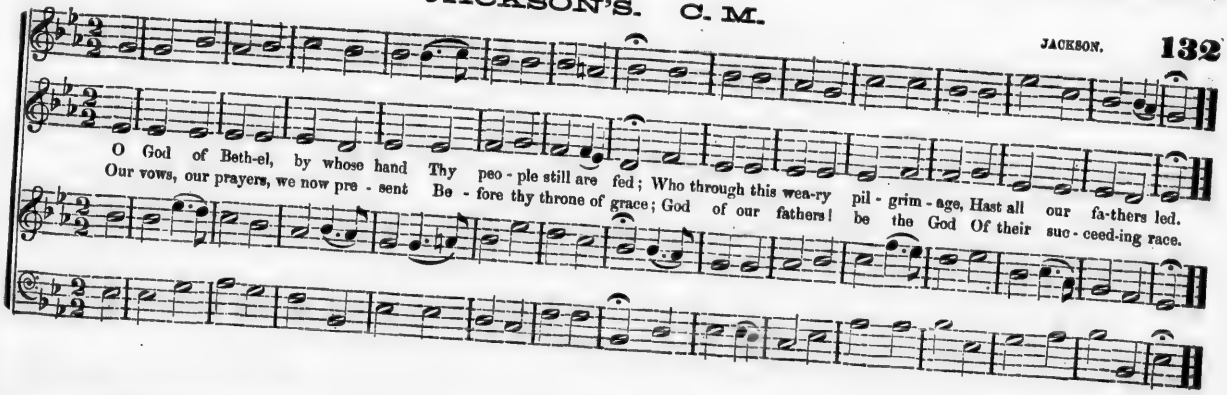
p *f*

How wondrous great, how glo-rious bright, Must our Cre - a - tor be; Who dwells amidst the dazzling light, Of vast e - ter-ni - ty, Of vast e - ter - ni - ty.

WARWICK. C. M.



JACKSON'S. C. M.



WATERFORD. C. M. Double.

There's not a star whose twinkling light, Shines on the dis-tant earth! And cheers the si-lent gloom of night, But goodness gave it birth. There's
There's not a place on earth's vast round, In o-cean's deep or air, Where skill and wisdom are not found, For God is eve-ry where. A-

not a cloud whose dews dis-til Up-on the parching clod, And clothe with ver-dure vale and hill, That is not sent by God.
round, be-neath, be-low, a-bove, Wher-ev-er space ex-tends, There God dis-plays his boundless love, And power with mer-cy blends.

PARKER. C. M. Double.

How soft - ly on the bruised heart, A word of kindness falls, And from the dry and parched soul, The moistening tear-drop falls.
As stars up - on the tranquil sea, In mim-ic glo - ry shine: So words of kindness in the heart, Re - flect their source di - vine.

O, if they knew who walk the earth, 'Mid sor-row, grief and pain; The power a word of kindness hath, 'Twere par-a - dise a - gain.
O, then, be kind, who - e'er thou art, That breathest mor-tal breath; And it shall light-en all thy life, And sweeten e - ven death.

PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF NOVA SCOTIA
HALIFAX, N. S.

PLEYEL.

BRATTLE STREET. C. M. Double.

While thee I seek, pro - tect-ing Power; Be my vain wish - es stilled; And may this con - se - crat - ed hour With bet - ter hopes be filled.
In each e - vent of life, how clear Thy rul - ing hand I see; Each blessing to my heart most dear, Be - cause conferred by thee.
When glad-ness wings my favored hour, Thy love my thoughts shall fill; Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower, My soul shall meet thy will.

Thy love the power of thought bestowed, To thee my thoughts would soar; Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed; That mer - cy I a - dore.
In eve - ry joy that crowns my days, In eve - ry pain I bear, My heart shall find de - light in praise, Or seek re - lief in prayer.
My lift - ed eye, with - out a tear, The gathering storm shall see; My steadfast heart shall know no fear; That heart shall rest on thee.

SCOTT. C. M.

G. W. LINTON. 1863. **136**

There is a star more mildly bright, More dear to vir - tue's eye; Than all the glittering orbs of light, That gem the eve - ning sky, That gem the even - ning sky.
Its cheering lus-tre gilds the gloom, When life's frail bands are riven; And shows beyond the peaceful tomb, The hope of joy in heaven, The hope of joy in heaven.

GENEVA. C. M.

JOHN COLE. **137**

When all thy mercies, O my God, My rising soul surveys, Transported with the view, I'm lost In won-der, love, and praise.
When all thy mercies, O my God, My ris - ing soul sur - veys, Transport - ed with the view, I'm lost in won - der, love, and praise.
When all thy mer - cies, O my God, My ris - ing soul sur-veys, Transport - ed with the view, I'm lost in won-der love, and praise.
When all thy mercies, O my God, My rising soul sur-veys, Transported with the view, I'm lost, In won - der, love, and praise.

GREENWOOD. C. M. Double

G. W. LINTON, 1861.

Oh! for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame, A light, to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb. Where
What peaceful hours I once en-joyed! How sweet their memory still! But they have left an ach - ing void The world can nev - er fill. Re -

is the bless-ed - ness I knew When first I saw the Lord? Where is the soul - re - fresh-ing view Of Je - sus and his word.
turn, O ho - ly Dove! return: Sweet messeng - er of rest! I hate the sins that made thee mourn, And drove thee from my breast.

ABINGTON. C. M.

As o'er the past my mem - ory strays, Why heaves the se - cret sigh? 'Tis that I mourn de - part - ed days, Still un - pre - pared to die.
The world, and world-ly things be - loved, My anxious thoughts em ployed; And time, un - hal - lowed, un - im-proved, Pro - sents a fear - ful void.

CUTHBERT. C. P. M. (8 8 6, 8 8 6.)

And am I on - ly born to die, And must I sudden-ly comply With nature's stern decree; { What after death for me re-mains, / Ce - les-tial joys or hell-ish pains, } To all e - ter - ni - ty.

WILLOWBY. C. P. M. (886, 886.)

My God, thy bound-less love I praise; How bright on high its glo - ries blaze! How sweet - ly bloom be - low!
'Tis love that paints the pur - ple morn, And bids the clouds in air up-borne, Their ge - nial drops dis - til;

It streams from thy e - ter - nal throne; Through heaven its joys for - ev - er run, And o'er the earth they flow.
In eve - ry ver - nal beam it glows, And breathes in eve - ry gale that blows, And glides in eve - ry rill.

WESTBURY LEIGH. C. P. M. (886, 886.)

Be - gin my soul, th' ex - alt - ed lay, Let each en - rap-tured thought o - boy, And praise th'Almighty name; Lo! heaven and earth, and
Ye fields of light ce - les - tial plains, Where gay, transporting beau - ty reigns, Ye scenes di - vine - ly fair; Your Mak-er's won - drous

seas, and skies, In one me - lo - dious con - cert rise, To swell th' in - spir - ing theme, To swell th' in - spir - ing theme.
power pro-claim, Tell how he formed your shin - ing frame, And breathed the flu - id air, And breathed the flu - id air.

BEULAH. C. P. M. (886, 886.)

How hap - py is the pil-grim's lot, How free from ev - ry anxious thought, From world - ly hope and fear; Con-fined to
No foot of land do I pos - sess, No cot - tage in this wil - der - ness, A poor way - far - ing man; I lodge a -

nei - ther court nor cell, His soul dis - dains on earth to dwell, He on - ly so-journs here, He on - ly so - journs here.
while in tents be - low, Or glad - ly wan - der to and fro, Till I my Ca - naan gain, Till I my Ca - naan gain.

PRAISE. C. P. M. (886, 886.)

I sing of God, the migh - ty source Of all things, the stu - pen - dous force On which all things de - pend;
The world, the clustering spheres, he made, The glo-rious light, the sooth - ing shade; Dale, plain, and grove, and hill;

From whose right arm, beneath whose eyes, All period, power, and en - ter-prise, Commence, and reign, and end, Commence, and reign, and end.
The mul - ti - tu - di - nous a-byss, Where na-ture joys in se-cret bliss, And wisdom hides her skill, And wis - dom hides her skill.

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HALIFAX, N. S.

GABRIEL. C. P. M. (886, 886.)

What sound is this sa - lutes my ear, 'Tis Gabriel's trump methinks I hear, 'Tis Gabriel's trump methinks I hear, Th' expected day has come;
Fly, lingering moments, fly, O fly, I thirst, I pant, I long to try I thirst, I pant, I long to try An - gel - ic joys to prove;

Behold the heavens, the earth, the sea, Proclaim the year of Ju - bi - lee, Proclaim the year of Ju - bi - lee, Re-turn ye ex-iles home.
Soon shall I quit this house of clay, Clap my glad wings and soar a - way, Clap my glad wings and soar a - way, And shout re - deem-ing love.

ARIEL. C. P. M. (886, 886.)

L. MASON.

Oh, could I speak the match - less worth, Oh could I sound the glo - ries forth, Which in my Sav-iour shine; I'd

Oh, could I speak the match - less worth, Oh could I sound the glo - ries forth, Which in my Sav-iour shine; I'd

soar and touch the heavenly strings, And vie with Ga - briel While he sings, In notes al-most di - vine, In notes al-most di - vine.

soar and touch the heavenly strings, And vie with Ga - briel while he sings, In notes al-most di - vine, In notes al-most di - vine.

147 GANGES. C. P. M. (886, 886.)

Arranged by G. W. L.

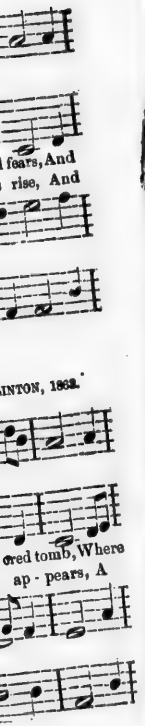
Come on my partners in dis-tress, My comrades thro' this wil-der-ness, Who still your bodies feel; A-while for-get your griefs and fears, And
Be-yond the bounds of time and space, Look forward to that heavenly place, The saints' secure a-bode; On faith's strong eagle-pinions rise, And

148 PARMALEE. C. H. M. (868, 688.)

G. W. LINTON, 1862.

look be-yond this vale of tears, To that ce-les-tial hill.
force your passage to the skies, And scale the mount of God.

How calm and beau-ti-ful the morn, That gilds the sa-cred tomb, Where
How tran-quil now the ris-ing day, 'Tis Je-sus still ap-pears, A



PARMALEE. Continued.

once the cru - ci - fied was born, And veiled in mid-night gloom; O, weep no more the Sav-iour slain, The Lord is risen, he lives a - gain.
ris - en Lord to chase a - way Your un - be - liev - ing fears; O, weep no more your com-forts slain, The Lord is risen, he lives a - gain.

DICKSON. C. H. M. (868, 688.)

G. W. LINTON, 1864.

{ Heaven is the land where troubles cease, Where toils and tears are o'er;
The blissful clime of rest and peace, Where cares distract no more; } And not the shadow of distress Dims its unsullied blessedness, Dims its unsullied blessed-ness.

150

WHITWORTH. C. H. M. (868, 688,)

G. W. LINTON. 1864.

O sing un - to my soul, my love, That all en-tranc - ing lay;
Such as the ser - a-phims a-bove, Are sing-ing far a - way.

It comes as some fa - mil - iar strain, Once heard in heaven, now heard a - gain.

151

MANSFIELD. S. M.

G. W. LINTON, 1865.

My soul, re - peat his praise, Whose mer-cies are so great; Whose an - ger is so slow to rise, So rea - dy to a - bate.
God will not al - ways chide, And when his strokes are felt, His strokes are few - er than our crimes, And light - er than our guilt.

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HALIFAX, N. S.

FALCON, or SILVER STREET. S. M.

ISAAC SMITH.

Come, sound his praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing; Je - ho - vah is the sove - reign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King.
He formed the deeps unknown, He gave the seas their bound; The wa - t'ry worlds are all his own, And all the sol - id ground

CHORUS.

Praise ye the Lord, Hal - le - lu - jah, Praise ye the Lord; Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu-jah, Hal-le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lujah, Praise ye the Lord.

Praise ye the Lord, Hal - le - lu - jah, Praise ye the Lord; Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu-jah, Hal-le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lujah, Praise ye the Lord.

CRANBROOK. S. M.

THOMAS CLARK.

Grace! 'tis a charm - ing sound! Har - mo - nious to our ear! Heaven with the ech-o shall re-sound, Heaven with the ech-o shall re - sound.

Heaven with the ech-o shall resound, Heaven with the echo shall resound,

Grace! 'tis a charm - ing sound! Har - mo - nious to our ear! Heaven with the ech-o shall re - sound, Heaven with the ech-o shall re - sound,

Heaven with the ech-o shall resound, Heaven with the echo shall resound,

And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear.

And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear.

And all the earth shall hear. And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear.

And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear.

2

Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3

Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4

Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days:
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

BROOKS. S. M.

G. W. LINTON. 1863. **154**

A - wake, and sing the song Of Mo-ses and the Lamb!

Wake eve-ry heart, and every tongue, To praise the Saviour's name, To praise the Saviour's name!

Wake every heart, and eve - - ry tongue, To praise the Sav - iour's name, To praise the Saviour's name!

A - wake, and sing the song Of Mo-ses and the Lamb!

Wake every heart and every tongue, Wake every heart and every tongue, To praise the Saviour's name, To praise the Saviour's name!

Wake every heart and eve - - ry tongue,

LABAN. S. M.

L. MASON. **155**

My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes a - rise; The hosts of sin are press-ing hard, To draw thee from the skies.
O, watch, and fight, and pray, The bat - tle ne'er give o'er; Re - new it bold-ly eve - ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.

STANLEY.

SHIRLAND. S. M.

156

Raise your tri-umph - ant songs To an im - mor - tal tune; Let the wide earth re-sound the deeds, Ce - les - tial grace has done.
Sing how E - ter - nal Love Its Chief Be - lov - ed chose; And made him raise our wretch-ed race From their a - byss of woes.

A. WILLIAMS.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

157

Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise, And put your ar - mor on; Strong in the strength which God sup - plies, Thro' his e - ter - nal Son.
Strong in the Lord of hosts, And in his migh - ty power; The man who in the Sav - iour trusts, Is more than con - quer - or.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

L. MASON. **158**

Our days are as the grass, Or like the morn-ing flower; When blasting winds sweep o'er the field, It with-ers in an hour.
But thy com-pas-sion, Lord, To end-less years en-dure; And children's chil-dren ev-er find, Thy words of prom-ise sure.

VARIETY GROVE. S. M.

L. C. EVERETT. **159**

Firm and unmoved are they, Who rest their souls on God; Firm as the mount where David dwelt, Or where the ark a-bode, Or where the ark a-bode.
As mountains stood to guard The ci-ty's sa-cred ground; So God and his al-migh-ty love, Em-brace his saints a-round, Embrace his saints a-round.

L. C. EVERETT.

PAUL. S. M.

160

The swift de - clin - ing day, How fast its mo - ments fly; While evening's broad and gloomy shade, Gains on the west - ern sky.
Ye mortals mark its pace, And use the hours of light; For know, its Ma - ker can com-mand, An in - stant, end - less night.

G. W. LINTON, 1864.

ERAMOSA. S. M.

161

Sweet Sab - bath of the year, While eve - ning lights de - cay, Thy part - ing steps me-thinks I hear, Steal from the world a - way.
A - mid thy si - lent flow'rs, 'Tis sad, but sweet to dwell, Where fall - ing leaves and droop-ing flow'rs, A - round me breathe fare-well.

LONSDALE. S. M. Double.

CORELLI.

The hill of Zi - on yields A thousand sa - cred sweets; Be - fore we reach the heavenly fields, Or walk the golden streets; Then let our songs a - bound, And eve - ry tear be dry, We're march - ing thro' Im - man - uel's ground, To fair - er worlds on high.

The hill of Zi - on yields A thousand sa - cred sweets; Be - fore we reach the heavenly fields, Or walk the golden streets; Then let our songs a - bound, And eve - ry tear be dry, We're marching thro' Im - man - uel's ground,

Then let our songs a - bound, And eve - ry tear be dry, We're march - ing thro' Im - man - uel's ground, To fair - er worlds on high.

Then let our songs a - bound, And eve - ry tear be dry; We're marching thro' Im - man - uel's ground.

G. W. LINTON, 1862.

MARIAN. S. M.

163

O sing to me of heaven, When I am called to die; Sing songs of ho - ly ec - sta - cy, To waft my soul on high.
Then to my rap - tured ear, Let one sweet song be giv'n; Let mu - sic charm me last on earth, And greet me first in heaven.

HAMPTON. S. M.

164

How sweet the melt-ing lay, Which breaks up - on the ear; When at the hour of ris - ing day, Christians u - nite in prayer.
The breezes waft their cries, Up to Je - ho - vah's throne; He lis - tens to their hum-ble sighs, And sends his bless - ings down.

GOLDEN HILL. S. M.

165

And will the Judge de-scend, And must the dead a - rise? And not a sin - gle soul es - cape His all dis - cern - ing eyes.
How will my heart en - dure The ter - rors of that day, When earth and heaven be - fore his face As - ton - ished, shrink a - way?

SANDERS. S. M.

G. W. LINTON, 1864.

166

O cease, my wandering soul, On rest - less wings to roam; All this wide world to ei - ther pole, Has not for thee a home.
Be - hold the ark of God: Be-hold the o - pen door: O haste to gain that dear a bode, And rove my soul no more.

ST. BRIDE'S. S. M.

DR. HOWARD

167

Plaintive.

Oh, where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea - ry soul? 'Twere vain the o - cean's depths to sound— Or pierce to ei - ther pole?
The world can nev - er give The bliss for which we sigh; 'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.

MC COY. S. M.

L. C. EVERETT.

168

Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come, Let thy bright beams a - rise; Dis - pel the sor - row from our minds, The dark-ness from our eyes.
Re - vive our droop-ing faith, Our doubts and fears re-move; And kin - dle in our breasts the flame Of nev - er - dy - ing love.

CONCORD. S. M.

How beauteous are their feet Who stand on Zion's hill; Who bring sal va - tion on their tongues, Who bring salvation on their tongues, And words of peace reveal.
Who bring salvation on their tongues,

How beauteous are their feet Who stand on Zi-on's hill; Who bring sal-vation on their tongues, Who bring salvation on their tongues, And words of peace reveal.
Who bring salvation on their tongues,

FERNEY-SIDE. S. M.

170

I love thy king - dom, Lord, The house of thine a - bode; The church our blest Re - deem - er saved With his own precious blood.
I love thy church, O God! Her walls be - fore thee stand, Dear as the ap - ple of thine eye, And grav - en on thy hand.

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HALIFAX, N. S.

LISBON. S. M.

171

Wel-come, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise;
Wel - come to this re - viv-ing breast, And these re-joicing eyes.

Wel-come, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise;
Welcome to this re - viv - ing breast, And these re - joic - - ing eyes.

Welcome to this re - viving breast, And these re - joic - - - - - - - ing eyes.

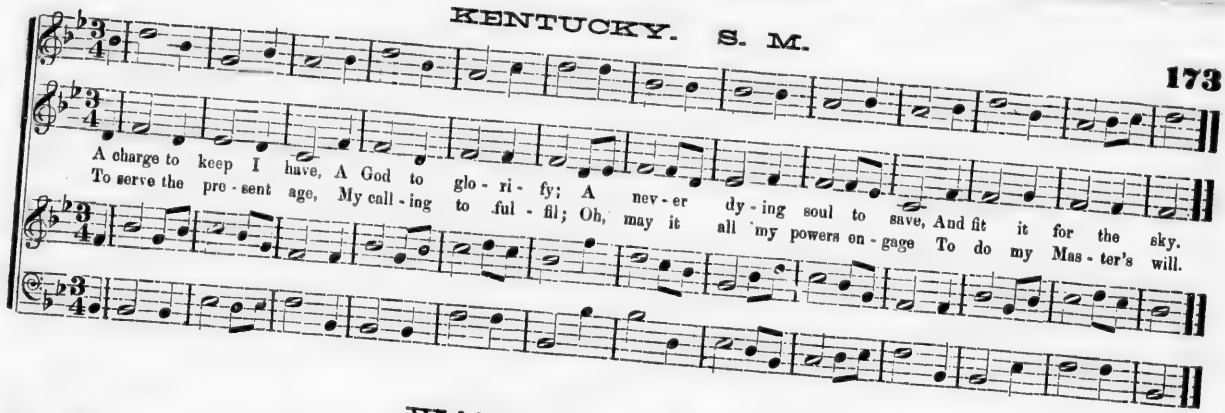
Welcome to this re viving breast, And these re - joic - ing eyes, And these re - joic - ing eyes.

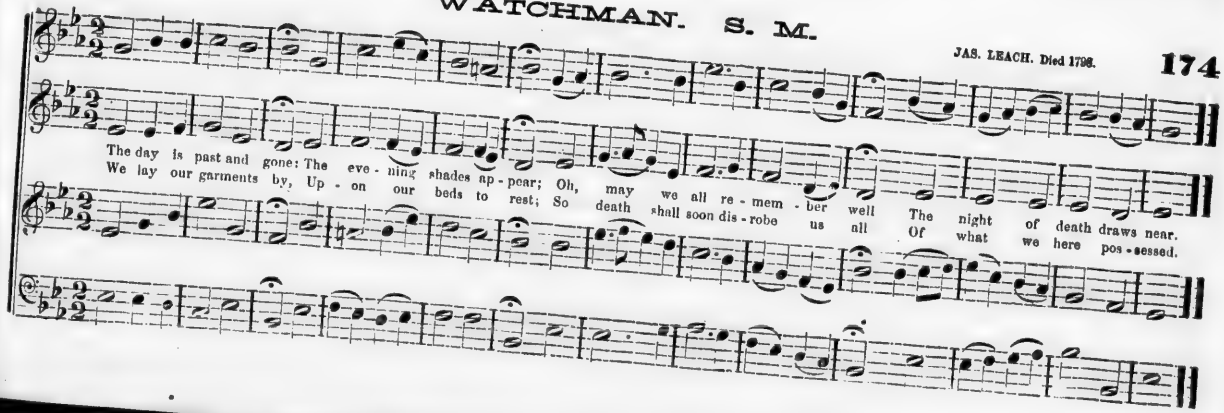
L. C. EVERETT.

SCHUMAN. S. M.

172

The Lord my shepherd is, I shall be well sup - plied; Since he is mine and I am his, What can I want be - side, What can I want be - side.
He leads me to the place, Where heavenly pasture grows; Where liv-ing wa-ters gent - ly pass, And full sal - va-tion flows, And full sal - va - tion flows.





KENTUCKY. S. M.

173

A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy; A nev - er dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
To serve the pre - sent age, My call - ing to ful - fil; Oh, may it all my powers en - gage To do my Mas - ter's will.

WATCHMAN. S. M.

JAS. LEACH. Died 1798.

174

The day is past and gone: The eve - ning shades ap - pear; Oh, may we all re - mem - ber well The night of death draws near.
We lay our garments by, Up - on our beds to rest; So death shall soon dis - robe us all Of what we here pos - sessed.

OZREM. S. M.

175

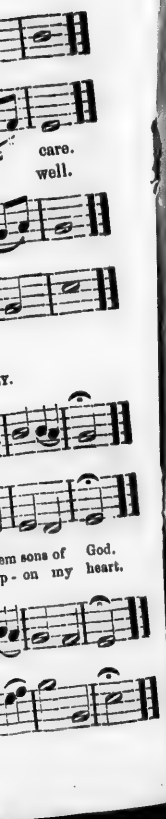
How gen-tle God's commands! How kind his precepts are! Come, cast your bur-dens on the Lord, And trust his con - stant care.
While Provi - dence sup-ports, His saints se - cure-ly dwell; That hand which bears cre-a - tion up, Shall guard his child - ren well.

S. STANLEY.

MATHAIS. S. M.

176

Be - hold what wondrous love, The Fa - ther has bestowed; On sinners of a mor - tal race, To call them sons of God, To call them sons of God.
If in my Fa - ther's love, I share a fil - ial part; Send down thy spir - it like a dove, To rest up - on my heart, To rest up - on my heart.



MT. EPHRAIM. S. M.

Oh, for the hap - py hour When God will hear our cry, And send, with a re - viv - ing power, His Spir - it from on high.
We meet, we sing, we pray, We lis - ten to the word, In vain— we see no cheer - ing ray, No cheer - ing voice is heard.

LAKE ENON. S. M.

While my Re-deem-er's near, My Shepherd and my guide, I bid fare - well to eve - ry fear, My wants are all sup - plied.
To ev - er fragrant meads, Where rich a - bundance grows; His gra - cious hand in - dul-gent leads, And guards my sweet re - pose.

WOODBURY'S. S. M. DOUBLE.

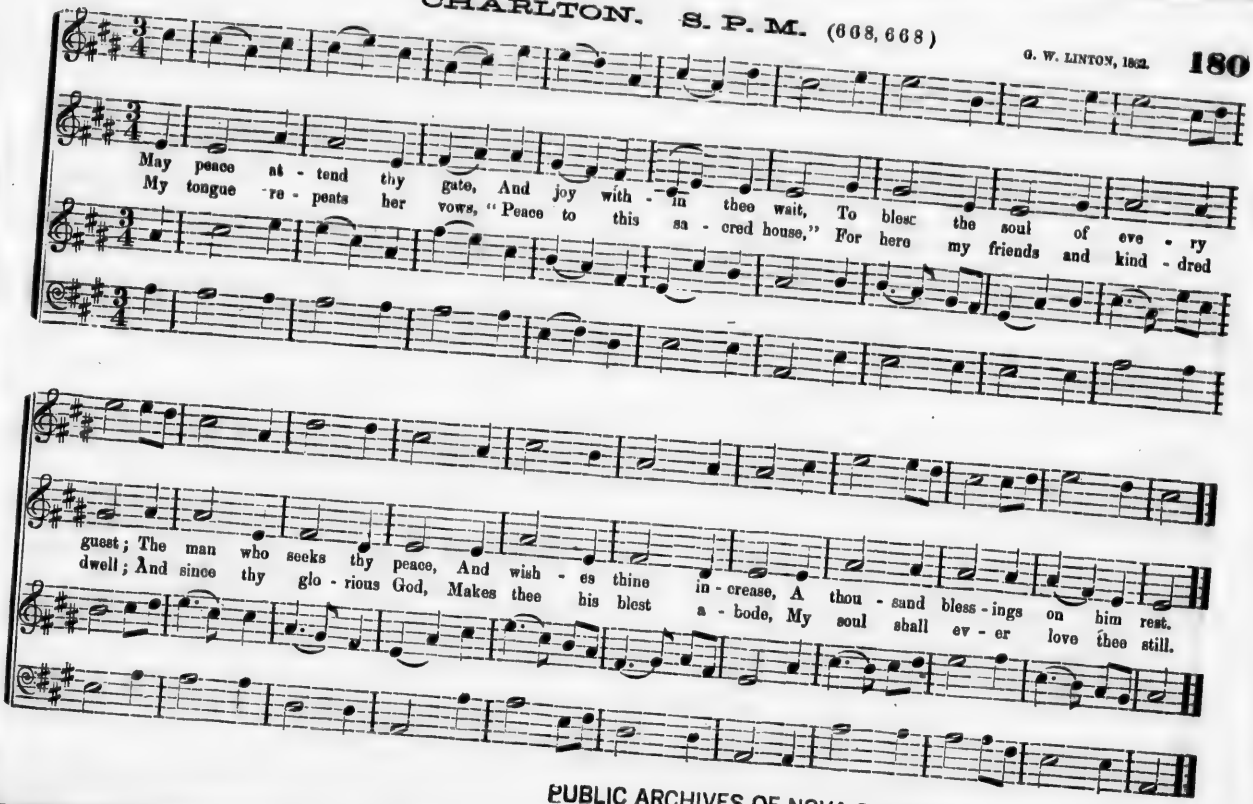
I. B. WOODBURY

For-ev - er with the Lord, Amen, so let it be; Life from the dead is in that word, 'Tis immor - tal - i - ty: Here in the bod - y pent, Ab-
My Father's house on high, Home of my soul so near, At times to faith's as-pir - ing eye, Thy golden gates ap-pear; Ah then my spir - it faints To

sent from him I roam, Yet nightly pitch my mov-ing tent, A day's march nearer home, Nearer home, near-er home, A day's march nearer home.
reach the land I love, The bright in-her - itance of saints; Jeru - sa - lem a - bove: Home a - bove, Home a-bove, Je - ru - sa - lem a - bove.

CHARLTON. S. P. M. (668, 668)

G. W. LINTON, 1862.



PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF NOVA SCOTIA
HALIFAX, N. S.

DALSTON. S. P. M. (668, 668.)

A. WILLIAMS.

181

How pleased and blest was I, To hear the peo-ple cry, "Come, let us seek our God to - day;" Yes, with a cheerful voice We haste to Zi-on's hill, And there our vows and hon - ors pay.
Zi - on, thrice happy place, Adorned with wondrous grace, And walls of strength embrace thee round; In thee our tribes appear, To pray and praise, and hear The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

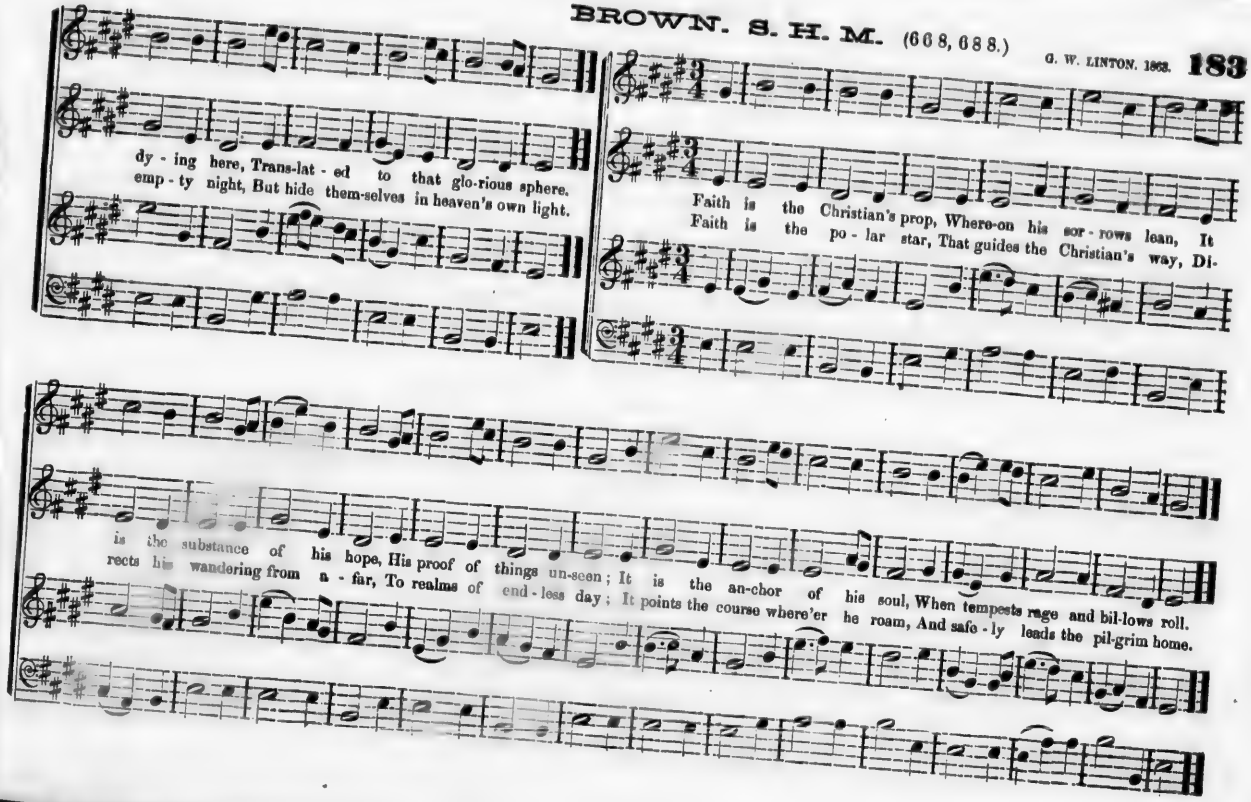
DOW. S. H. M. (668, 688.)

G. W. LINTON, 1862.

182

There is a world a - bove, Where parting is un-known, A long e - ter - ni - ty of love, Formed for the good a - lone; And faith beholds the
Thus star by star de- clines, Till all are passed a - way, As morning high and high - er shines, To pure and perfect day; Nor sink those stars in

BROWN. S. H. M. (668, 688.)



184

WILLIAMSTON. 4s & 8s. (448, 844.)

G. W. LINTON. 1864.

Come, sin - ner come, Why long-er roam, Come to Christ our Lord and Saviour, Seek his mercy, love and favor, Come, sinner come, Why longer roam, Why long - er roam.
Come, sin - ner come, Why long-er roam, Seek ye not for earthly pleasures, Christ will give you heavenly treasures, Come, sinners come, Why longer roam, Why longer roam.

185

ROCKWOOD. 5s.

G. W. LINTON 1863.

There's rest in the grave, Life's toils are all past, Night com-eth at last, How calmly I rest, In the sleep of the blest, Nor hear life's storm rave O'er my green grassy grave.
Arise from the grave, Heaven's bright burning throng, Come rushing a - long, They gird me about and triumphant shout, As myriad palms wave, As - cend from the grave.

KEACHI. 5s & 7s. (557, 557.)

G. W. LINTON, 1862. **186**

Forgive my fol - ly, O Lord most ho - ly, Cleanse me from ev-er-y stain; For thee I lan - guish, Pi - ty my an - guish, Nor let my sighing be vain.
Deeply la - ment - ing, Sore-ly re - pent - ing, All my de-partures from thee; And now re - turn - ing, Thine ab - sence mourn-ing, Lord shew thy mer-cy to me.

CALM. 5s & 11s. (55, 11, 5, 5, 11.)

G. W. LINTON, 1869. **187**

All ye that pass by, To Jesus draw nigh, To you is it nothing that Jesus should die? Your ransom and peace, Your surety he is, Come see if there ev-er was sorrow like his.
He dies to atone, For sins not his own, Your debt he hath paid, and your work he hath done; Ye all may receive, The peace he did leave, Who made intercession, "my Father forgive."

188

LAURENS. 6s, or 7s & 6s.

G. W. LINTON, 1864.

6s. Oh, for the fra-grant flowers, That bloom thro' all the year; Oh, for the ro-sy bowers, The wil-der-ness to cheer, The wil-der-ness to cheer.

7s & 6s. O, when shall I see Je-sus, And reign with him a-bove; And from the flowing fountain, Drink ev-er-last-ing love, Drink ev-er-last-ing love.

189

FAREWELL. 6s & 4s. (64, 66.)

G. W. LINTON, 1864.

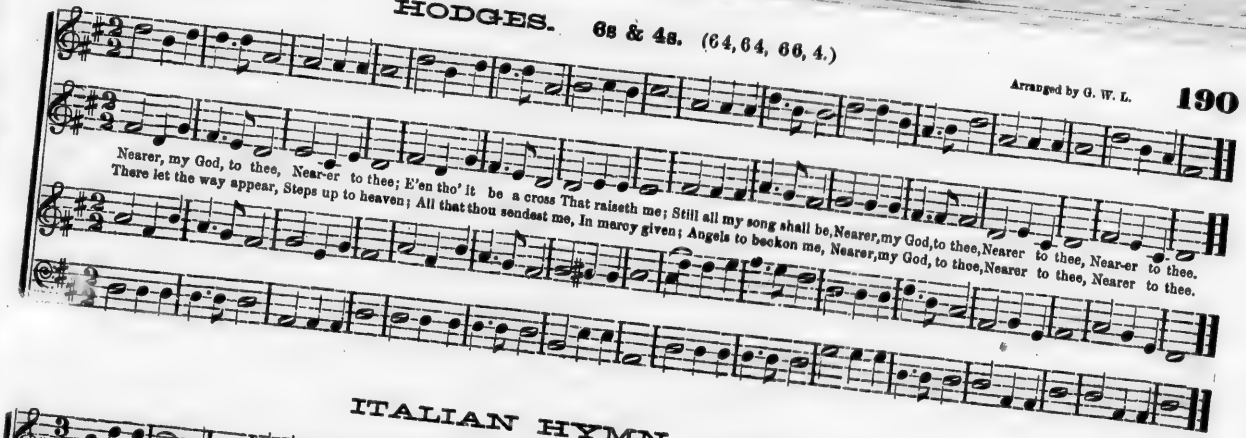
Fare-well, fare-well, we meet no more, On this side heaven; The parting scene is o'er, The last sad look is given, The last sad look is given.

Fare-well, fare-well, my soul will weep, While mom-'ry lives; From wounds that sinks so deep, No earth-ly hand relieves, No earth-ly hand re-lieves.

Fare-well, fare-well, and shall we meet in heaven a-bove; And there in un-ion sweet, Sing of a Saviour's love, Sing of a Saviour's love.

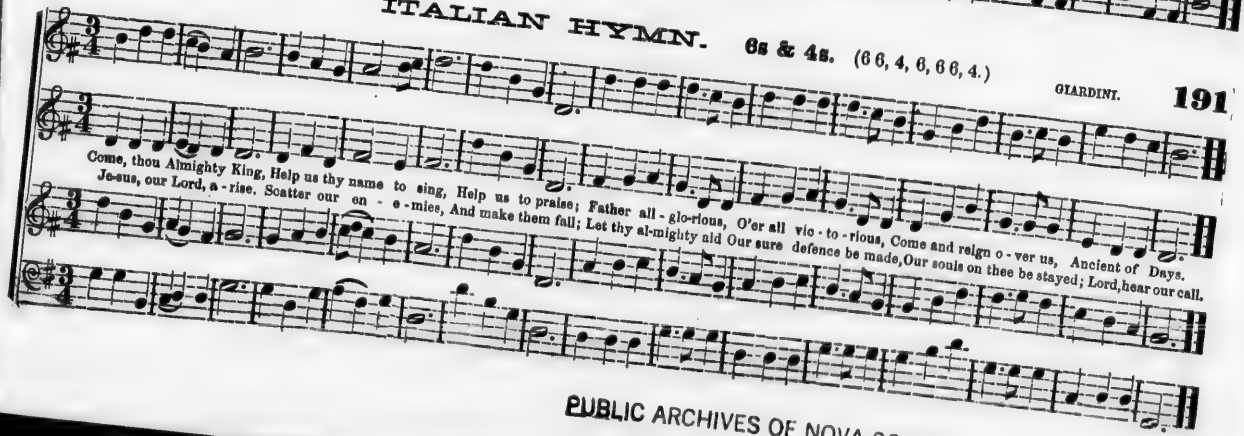
HODGES. 6s & 4s. (64, 64, 66, 4.)

Arranged by G. W. L. **190**



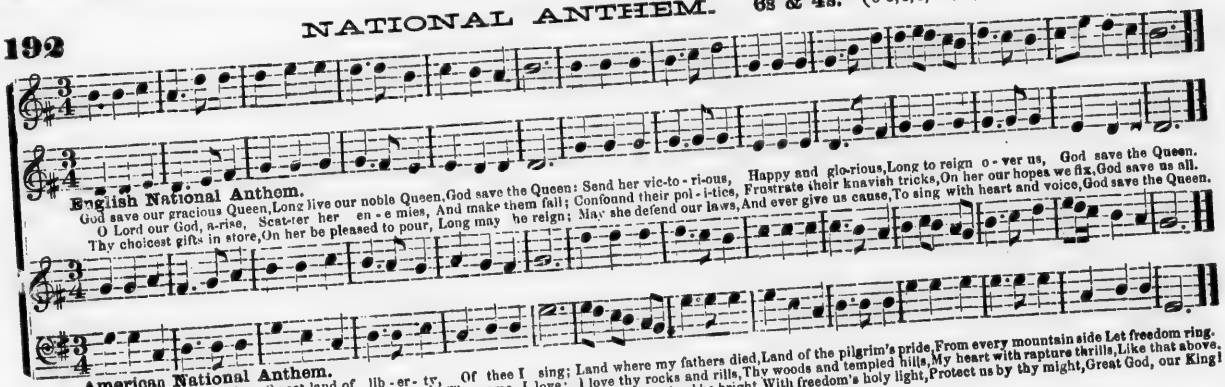
ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s. (66, 4, 6, 66, 4.)

GIARDINI. **191**



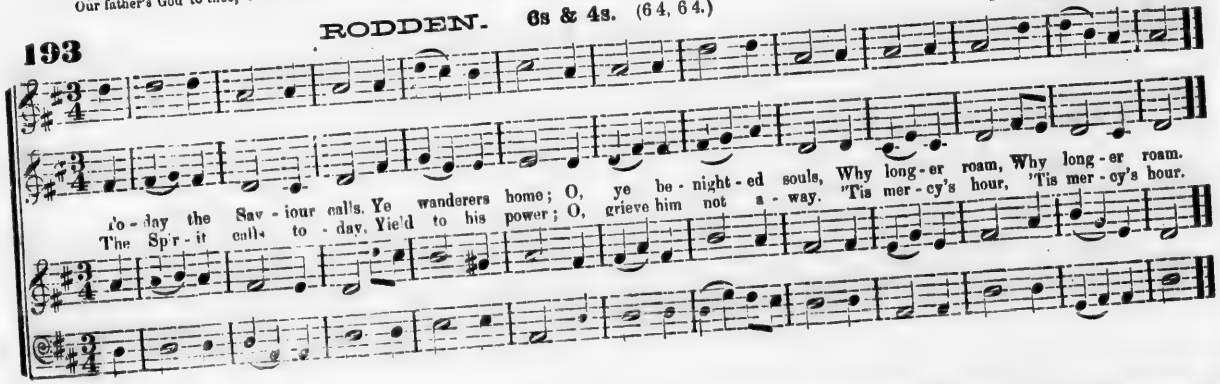
PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF NOVA SCOTIA
HALIFAX, N. S.

192 NATIONAL ANTHEM. 6s & 4s. (6 6,4,6,6 6,4.)



G. W. LINTON, 1864.

193 RODDEN. 6s & 4s. (6 4, 6 4.)



NIGHT SONG. 6s & 5s. Double.

Mur - mur, gen - tle lyre, Through the lone - ly night, Let thy trem - bling wire Wak - en dear de - light!
Though the tones of sor - row Min - gle in thy strain, Yet my heart can bor-row Pleas - ure from the pain.
Hark! the quiver-ing breezes, List thy sil - very sound, Eve - ry tu - mult ceas-es, Si - lence reigns a - round.
Earth be - low is sleep-ing, Mea - dow, hill, and grove; An - gel stars are keep-ing, Si - lent watch a - bove.

CHORUS.

Mur - mur, gen - tle lyre, Through the lone - ly night, Let thy trem-bling wire Wak - en dear de - light.

Mur - mur, gen - tle lyre, Through the lone - ly night, Let thy trem-bling wire Wak - en dear de - light.

195 SWEET SPRING. 6s & 5s. Double, or 11s.

H. W. DAY.

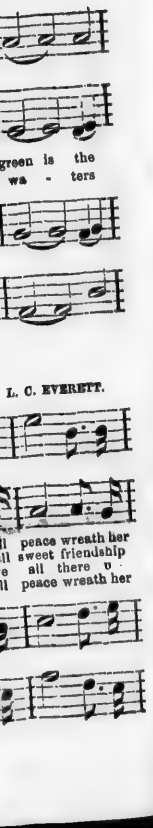
6s & 5s. Sweet spring is re - turn-ing, She breathes on the plain; The meadows are blooming, In beau-ty a - gain: And fair is the flow - er, And green is the
11s. The Lord is my Shepherd, No want shall I know; I feed in green pas - tures, safe fold - ed I rest, He lead - eth my soul where still wa - ters

196 WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN. 6 & 5. (65, 65, 66, 65,)

L. C. EVERETT.

grove, And soft is the show-er that falls from a - bove.
flow, Re - stores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.

When shall we meet a - gain, Meet ne'er to sev - er, When will peace wreath her
When shall love free - ly flow, Pure as life's riv - er, When shall sweet friendship
Up to that world of light, Take us dear Saviour; May we all there u
Soon shall we meet a - gain, Meet ne'er to sev - er, Soon will peace wreath her



WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN.

chain, Round us for - ev - er; Our hearts will ne'er re - pose, Safe from each blast that blows, In this dark vale of woes, Nev - er, no nev - er.
glow, Changeless for - ev - er; Where joys ce - les - tial thrill, Where bliss each heart shall fill, And fears of part - ing chill, Nev - er, no nev - er.
nite, Hap - py for - ev - er; Where kindred spir - its dwell, There may our mu - sic swell, And time our joys dis - pel, Nev - er, no nev - er.
chain, Round us for - ev - er; Our joys will then re - pose, Se - cure from world-ly woes, Our songs of praise shall close, Nev - er, no nev - er.

PASCOAG. 6s & 5s. Double. (65, 65.)

G. W. LINTON, 1864.

See the light is fad-ing, From the western sky, Day thou art de - part-ing, Night is drawing nigh. Evening winds are breathing, Thro' the forest green.
D.S. Crimson clouds are wreathing, In the sky serene.

D.S.

D.S.

CHEYNE. 6s & 7s. (666, 677.)

G. W. LINTON, 1864.

Down from the wil - low's bough, My slumb'ring harp I'll take; And bid its si - lent strings to heavenly themes a - wake, Peaceful

Down from the wil - low's bough, My slumb'ring harp I'll take; And bid its si - lent strings to heavenly themes a - wake, Peaceful

let its breathings be, Soft and soothing har - mo - ny, Soft and soothing har - mo - ny.

let its breathings be, Soft and soothing har - mo - ny, Soft and soothing har - mo - ny.

2 Love, love divine I sing;
O! for a seraph's lyre,
Bathed in Siloa's stream,
And touched with living fire;
Lofty, pure the strain should be,
When I sing of Calvary.

3 Love, love on earth appears!
The wretched throng his way;
He beareth all their grief,
And wipes their tears away.
Soft and sweet the strain should be,
Saviour, when I sing to thee.

4 He saw me as he passed,
In hopeless sorrow lie,
Condemned and doomed to death,
And no salvation nigh.
Loud and long the strains should be,
When I sing his love to me.

5 He lives! again he lives!
I hear the voice of love;
He comes to soothe my fears,
And draw my soul above,
Joyful now the strains shall be,
When I sing of Calvary.

ROCKINGHAM. 6s & 7s. (677, 777.)

G. W. LINTON, 1862.

High on thy Father's throne, O look with pi - ty down: Help, O help, At - tend my call; Cap-tive lead cap - tiv - i - ty: King of glo - ry, Lord of all,
Triumph and reign in me, And spread thy vic-to - ry; Hell, and death and sin con - trol, Pride and wrath, and eve - ry foe, All sub - due thro' all my soul,

FERGUS. 6s & 7s. (666, 677.)

G. W. LINTON, 1863.

Christ be Lord, be King to me.
Conquer'ing and to conquer go.

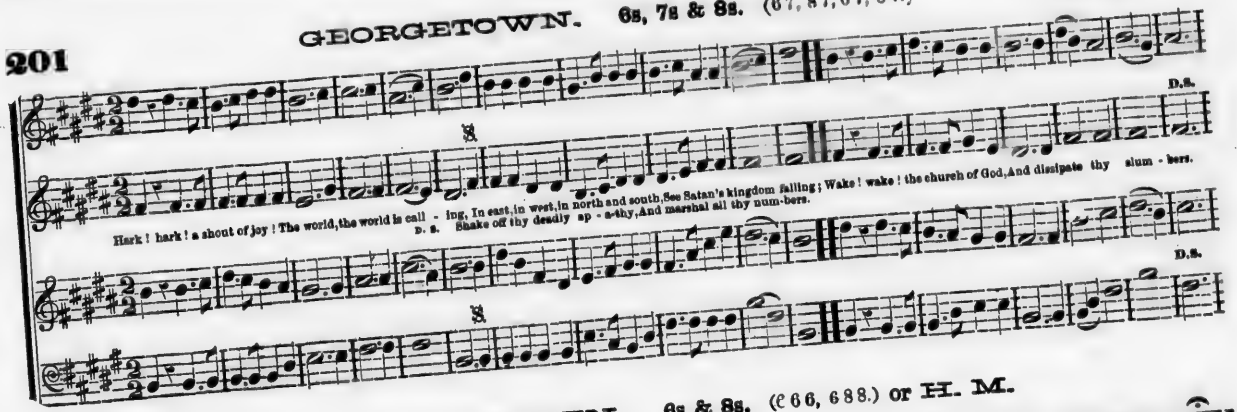
He lives! a-gain he lives, I hear the voice of love, He comes to sooth my fears, And draw my soul a - bove;
D.C. Joyful now the strain should be, When I sing of Cal-va - ry.

D. C.

201

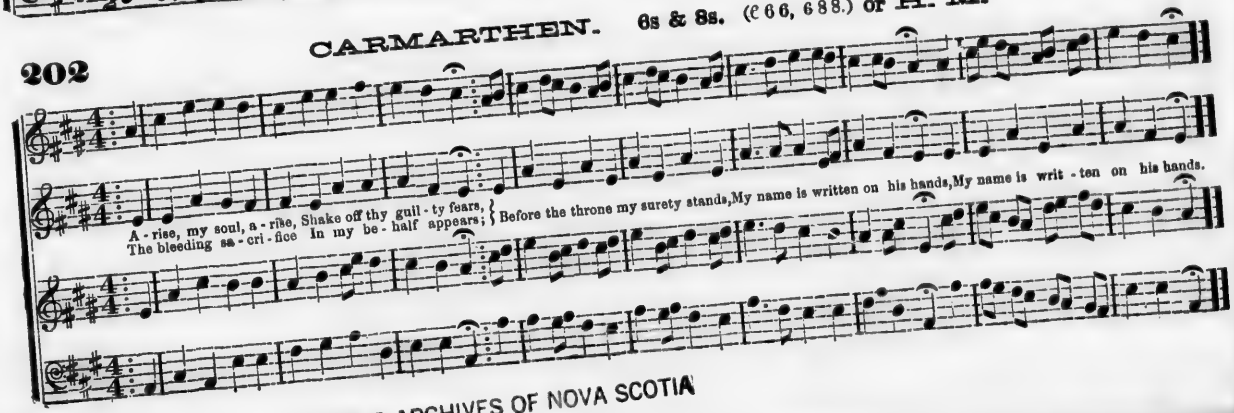
GEORGETOWN. 6s, 7s & 8s. (67, 87, 67, 87.)

G. W. LINTON, 1868.



202

CARMARTHEN. 6s & 8s. (C 66, 688.) or H. M.



PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF NOVA SCOTIA
HALIFAX, N. S.

LISCHER. 6s & 8s. or H. M.

Wel - come de - light - ful morn! Thou day of sa - cred rest;
I hail thy kind re - turn; Lord make these mo - ments blest,
From low delights, and mor - tal toys I
soar to reach im - mor - tal joys, I soar to reach
I soar to reach - mor - tal joys.
im - mor - tal joys.
I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys.

CORILLI. 6s & 8s. (666, 688.) or H. M.

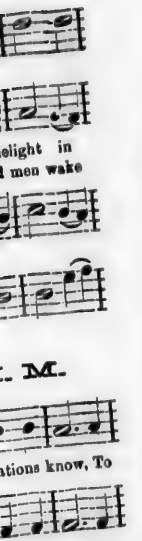
G. W. LINTON. 1859.

Hark! hark! the notes of joy, Roll o'er the heavenly plains, And ser-aphs find em-ploy For their sub-lim-est strains; Some new delight in
Strike, strike the harps a-gain, To great Im-man-uel's name, A-rise, ye sons of men, And all his grace pro-claim; An-gels and men wake

205 LENOX. 6s & 8s. (666, 688.) or H. M.

heaven is found, Loud sound the harps a-round the throne.
eve-ry string, 'Tis God the Saviour's praise we sing.

Blow, ye the trumpet, blow, The glad-ly solemn sound, Let all the nations know, To
Blow, ye the trumpet, blow, The glad-ly solemn sound, Let all the nations know, To



LENOX. Continued.

earth's re - mot - est bound;
The year of ju - bi - lee is come, Re - turn ye ran - somed sin - ners home.
The year of ju - bi - lee is come, Return ye ransomed sin - ners home.
earth's re-mot - est bound;
The year of ju - bi - lee is come, The year of ju - bi - lee is come, Re-turn ye ransomed sin - ners home.
The year of ju - bi - lee is come, The year of ju - bi - lee is come, Re-turn ye ran - - somed sin - ners home.

AMITY. 6s & 8s., or H. M. (666, 688.)

Lord of the worlds a - bove, How pleas-ant and how fair,
The dwellings of thy love, Thine earth-ly temples are!
To thine a - bode my heart aspires, With warm desires to see my God.

207 JOHNSON. 6s, 8s & 4s. (6684, 6684.)

G. W. LINTON, 1864.

Tho' nature's strengh de-cay, And earth and hell withstand; To Canaan's bounds I urge my way, At his command, The waters deep I pass, With Jesus in my view; And
The goodly land I see, With peace and plenty blest, A land of sacred lib-er - ty, And endless rest; There milk and honey flow, And oil and wine abound, And

208 DEPARTED. 6s & 8s. (668, 866.)

G. W. LINTON, 1864.

thro' the howl-ing wilder - ness, My way pur - sue.
trees of life for - ev - er grow, With mercy crowned.

Go to thy rest in peace, And soft be thy re - pose, Thy toils are o'er, thy
Go to thy peace-ful rest, For thee we need not weep, Since thou art now a -

DEPARTED. Continued.

trou-bles cease, From earth-ly cares in sweet re-lease, Thine eye-lids gent-ly close, Thine eye-lids gent-ly close.
mong the blest, No more by sin and sor-row pressed, But hushed in qui-et sleep, But hushed in qui-et sleep.

RAPTURE. 6s & 9s. (669, 669,) or 5s & 8s. (558, 558.)

6s & 9s. O, how hap-py are they, Who the Saviour o-bey, And have laid up their treasures above; Tongue can never express, The sweet com-fort and peace, Of a soul in its ear-li-est love.
5s & 8s. Be-hold how the Lord Hath girt on his sword, From con-quest to conquest pro-ceeds; How hap-py are they Who live in this day, And wit-ness his won-der-ful deeds.

SYMBIA. 6s & 8s. (666, 688.) or H. M.

Hark! what ce - les - tial sounds, What mu - sic fills the air, Soft warbling to the morn, It strikes up - on the ear.

Hark! what ce - les - tial sounds, What mu - sic fills the air, Soft warbling to the morn, It strikes up - on the ear,

In tune - - - - - - - - ful notes, ... Loud, sweet and shrill.

Now all is still, Now wild it floats, In tune - - - - ful notes, loud, sweet and shrill, In tune - ful notes Loud, sweet and shrill.

In tune - - - - - - - - ful notes, ... Loud, sweet and shrill.

In tune - - - - - ful notes, Loud, sweet and shrill, In tune - ful notes, Loud, sweet and shrill.

PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF NOVA SCOTIA
HALIFAX, N. S.

WESLEY. 6s & 9s. (669, 669.) or 11s & 9s. (11, 9, 11, 9.)

211

Come away to the skies, My beloved arise, And rejoice in the day thou wast born; On this festival day Come ex-ult-ing a - way, And with singing to Zi - on re - turn.
There, there at his feet, We shall suddenly meet, And be parted in body no more; We shall sing to our lyres, With the heavenly choirs, And our Saviour in glo - ry a - dore.

ABBEVILLE. 6s & 10s. (6 10, 6 10.)

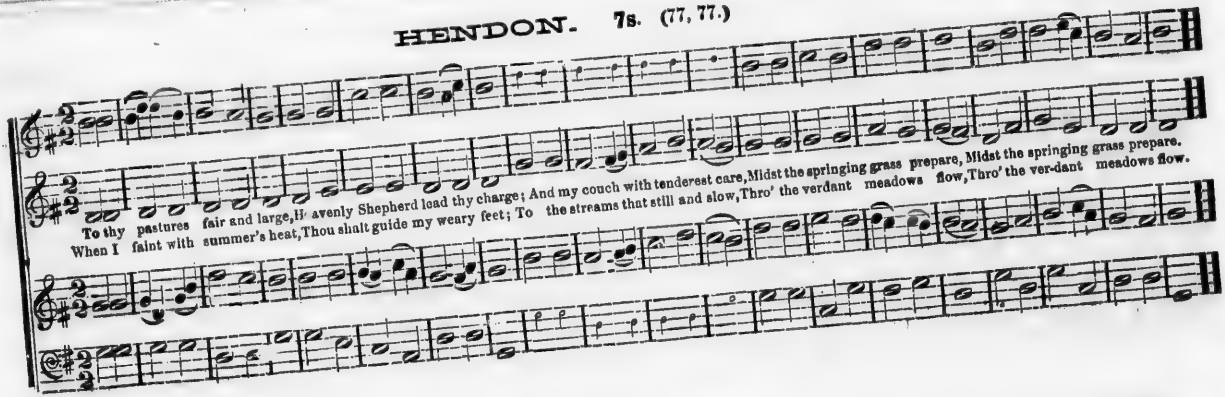
G. W. LINTON, 1862.

212

Wilt thou not vis - it me? The plants be - side me feel thy gen - tle dew, Each blade of grass I see, From thy deep earth its [illegible] moisture drew.
Wilt thou not vis - it me? Thy morning calls on me with cheering tone, And eve - ry hill and tree, Lend but one voice, the voi[illegible] a - lone.

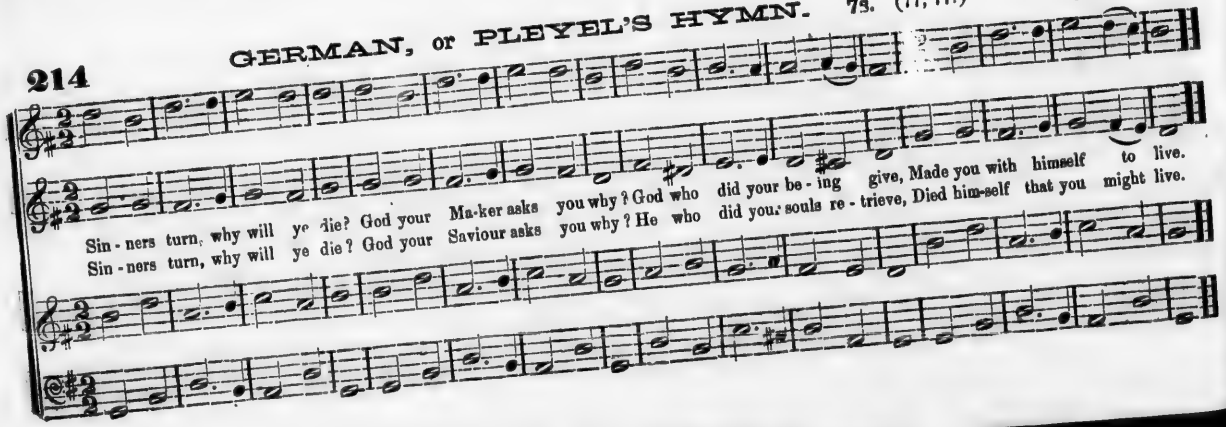
Dr. MALAN.

HENDON. 7s. (77, 77.)



PLEYEL.

214 GERMAN, or PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s. (77, 77.)



KEENAN. 7s. (77, 77.)

Soft-ly fades the twilight ray, Of the ho - ly sabbath day, Gent-ly as life's set - ting sun, When the Christian's course is run.
Night her sol - emn man-tle spreads, O'er the earth as daylight fades, All things tell of calm re - pose, At the ho - ly sabbath's close.

HARTS. 7s. (77, 77.) or 7s & 5. (77, 75.)

MILGROVE. **216**

7s. Children of the heav'n-ly King, As ye jour - ney sweet - ly sing, Sing our Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in his works and ways.
7s & 5. While thy heart with grief is riven, All thy fol - lies are for-given; And be-neath a smiling heaven, Light will soon a - - rise.

217 HORTON. 7s. (77, 77.)

WARTENSEE.

Come, saith Je - sus' sacred voice, Come and make my paths your choice; I will guide you to your home, Wea - ry pil - grim hith - er come.

Come, saith Je - sus' sacred voice, Come and make my paths your choice; I will guide you to your home, Wea - ry pil - grim hith - er come.

218 MADAN. 7s. Double, or 7s, 6s & 7s. (76, 76, 77, 77.)

L. C. EVERETT.

D.C.

7s. Has - ten, Lord, the glo-rious time, When be-neath Mes - siah's reign,
Ev' - ry na - tion, ev' - ry clime, Shall the gos - pel call o - bey,
D.C. Sa - tan and his hosts o'erthrown, Bound in chains shall hurt no more.

Might - iest Kings his pow'r shall own, Heath-en tribes his name a - dore,

7s, 6s & 7s. Burst ye emerald gates and bring, To my raptured vis - ion,
All th' ecsta - tic joys that spring, Round the bright e - ly - sian,
D.C. Sun of righteous - ness a - rise, Ope the gates of Par-a - dise.

Lo! we lift our long-ing eyes, Break ye in - ter - ven - ing skies,

D.C.

WELCOME. 7s. Double.

J. W. LINTON, 1857. **219**

Welcome, welcome, day of rest, To the world in kindness giv'n;
Welcome to this care-worn breasts, As the beaming light from heav'n.
D.C. As the peaceful streamlet flows, Radiant with a summer's sun.

D.C.

Day of soft and sweet re - pose, Gent-ly now thy moments run,

D.C.

MARTYN. 7s. Double.

MARSH. **220**

Soft - ly now the light of day, Fades upon my sight a - way;
Free from care, from la - bour free, Lord, we would commune with thee.
D.C. Then from sin and sor - row free, Take us Lord, to dwell with thee.

D.C.

Soon from us the light of day, Shall for-ev - er pass a - way,

D.C.

PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF NOVA SCOTIA
HALIFAX, N. S.

WATCHMAN. 7s. Double.

DR. L. MASON.

Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly, While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high.
Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on thee; Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still sup-port and com-fort me.

Hide me, O my Sa - viour, hide, Till the storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh! re - ceive my soul at last.
All my trust on thee is stay'd, All my help from thee I bring; Cover my de - fenceless head With the sha - dow of thy wing.

BENEVENTO. 7s. Double.

WEBBE. 222

While with ceaseless course, the Sun Hasted thro' the for - mer year { Many souls their race have run, Never more to meet us here, / We a lit - tle long-er wait, But how lit - tle, none can know. } Fix'd in an e - ter - nal state, They have done with all be-low,

D.S.

D.S.

ACTON. 7s. 6 Lines.

G. W. LINTON, 1868. 223

Come and let us sweet - ly join Christ to praise in hymns divine, / Give we all with one accord, Glo - ry to our common Lord, } Hands and hearts and voi - ces raise, Sing as in the an - cient days.

224

PARTING HOUR. 7s. 6 Lines.

G. W. LINTON
May, 1864

When shall we all meet again, When shall we all meet again, Oft shall glowing hope expire, Oft shall wearied love retire, Oft shall death and sorrow reign, E'er we all shall meet again.
Tho'on foreign shores we sigh, Far remote our native sky, Tho' the depths between us roll, Hope shall anchor there our soul, And in faith's well-known domain, Within the vail we'll meet again.
When the dreams of life are fled, When its wasted lamps are dead, When in cold oblivion's shade, Beauty, wealth, and fame are laid, Where immortal spirits reign, Thither soar to meet again.

225

FERN HILL. 7s. 6 Lines.

G. W. LINTON. 1865.

D.C.

Safe-ly through a-noth-er week, God has brought us on our way, Let us now a bless-ing seek, Wait-ing in his courts to day,
D.C. Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e-ter-nal rest.

D.C.

EGLON. 7s. 6 Lines.

In this calm pres-sive hour, Let my prayer as-cend on high, God of mer-cy, God of pow'r, Hear me when to thee I cry,
Sin and sor-row, guilt and woe, Wither all my earth-ly joys, Naught can charm me here be-low, But my Saviour's melt-ing voice,

Hear me from thy loft-y throne, For the sake of Christ thy Son, Hear me from thy loft-y throne, For the sake of Christ thy Son.
Lord for-give, thy grace re-store, Make me thine for-ev-er more, Lord for-give, thy grace re-store, Make me thine for-ev-er more.

227 SPANISH CHANT. 7s. 6 Lines.

Rock of a - ges! cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee: { Let the wa-ter and the blood, / From thy riven side which flow'd, } Be of sin the double cure; Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.

228 ROSEFIELD. 7s. 6 Lines. DR. MALAN

From the cross up - lift - ed high Where the Sa - viour deigns to die, / What me - lo - dious sounds we hear, Bursting on the ravished ear, } Love's re - deem-ing work is done, Come and welcome, sin - ner, come.

PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF NOVA SCOTIA
HALIFAX, N. S.

guilt and pow'r.

MALAN

in - ner, come.

RESURRECTION. 7s. 6 Lines.

229

Morning breaks up - on the tomb, Je-sus scat - ters all its gloom, Day of triumph thro' the skies, See the glorious Saviour rise, Christians dry your flowing tears, Chase those unbelieving fears.
Ye who are of death afraid, Triumph in the scatter'd shade, Drive your anxious cares away, See the place where Jesus lay, Look on his de - serted grave, Doubt no more his pow'r to save.

FORTSON. 7s. & 4. (77, 77, 74.) or 7s 6 Lines.

G. W. LINTON, 1864.

230

When the vale of death ap - pears, Faint and cold this mortal clay,
Blest Re-deem - er sooth my fears, Light me thro' the gloomy way, } Break the shadows, break the shadows, Ush-er in e - ter - nal day.

231 YONDER'S MY HOME. 7s & 4s. (74, 74, 74, 74.)

N. BILLINGS.

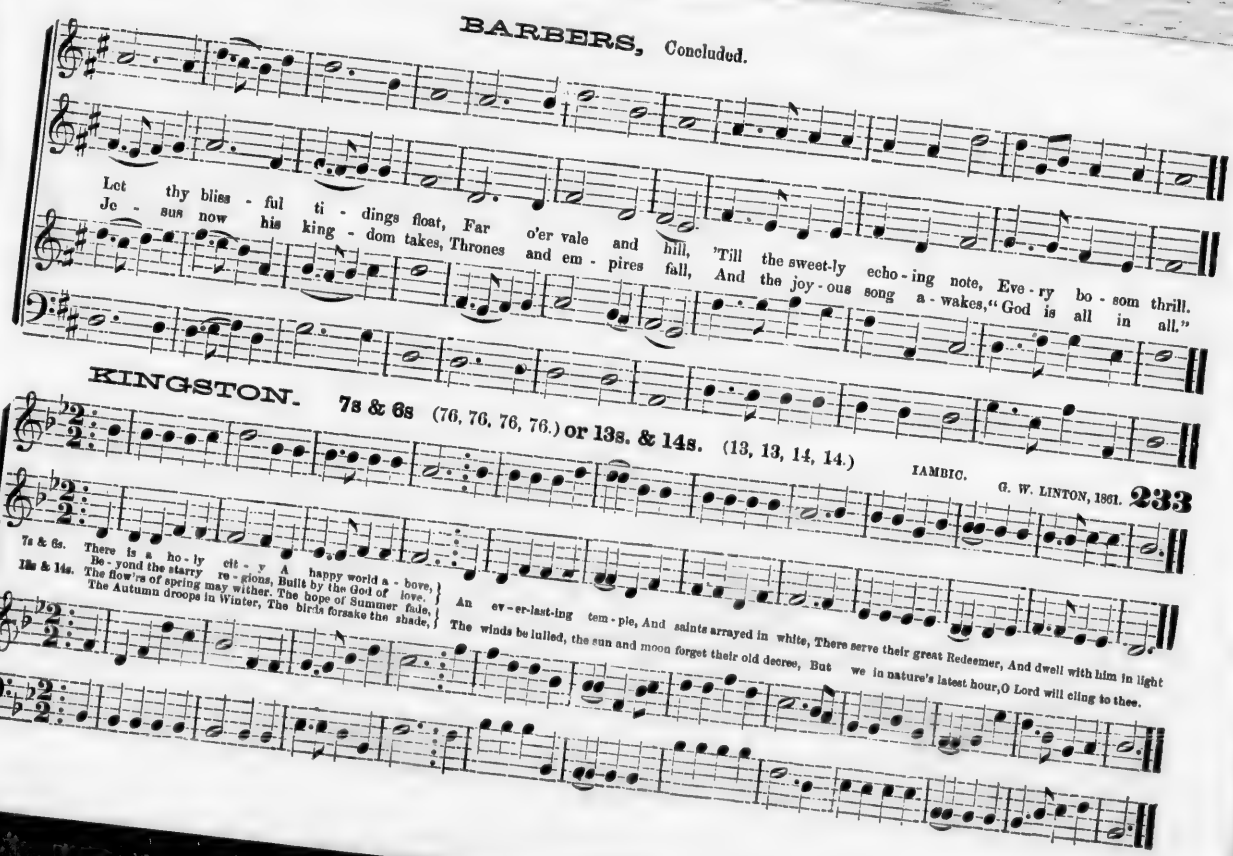
I'm a lone-ly trav'ler here Wea - ry oppress'd, But my journey's end is near, Soon I shall rest, Dark and dreary is the way, Toil-ing I've come, Ask me not with
I'm a weary trav'ler here I must go on, For my journey's end is near, I must be gone, Brighter joys than earth can give, Win me away, Pleasures that for -
I'm a trav'ler to a land, Where all is fair, Where is seen no broken band, Saints all are there, Where no tear shall ever fall, Nor heart be sad, Where the glo - ry

you to stay, Yonder's my home.
- - ev - er live, I cannot stay.
is for all, And all are glad.

232 BARBERS. 7s & 5s. (75, 75, 75, 75.)

G. W. LINTON. 1862.

Onward speed thy conqu'ring flight, Angels onward haste, Quickly on each mountain hight, By thy standard plac'd,
Onward speed thy conqu'ring flight, Angels onward speed, Morning bursts upon our sight, 'Tis the time de-cred,



me not with
sures that for
e the glo - ry

TON. 1862.

y standard plac'd,
he time de-cree',

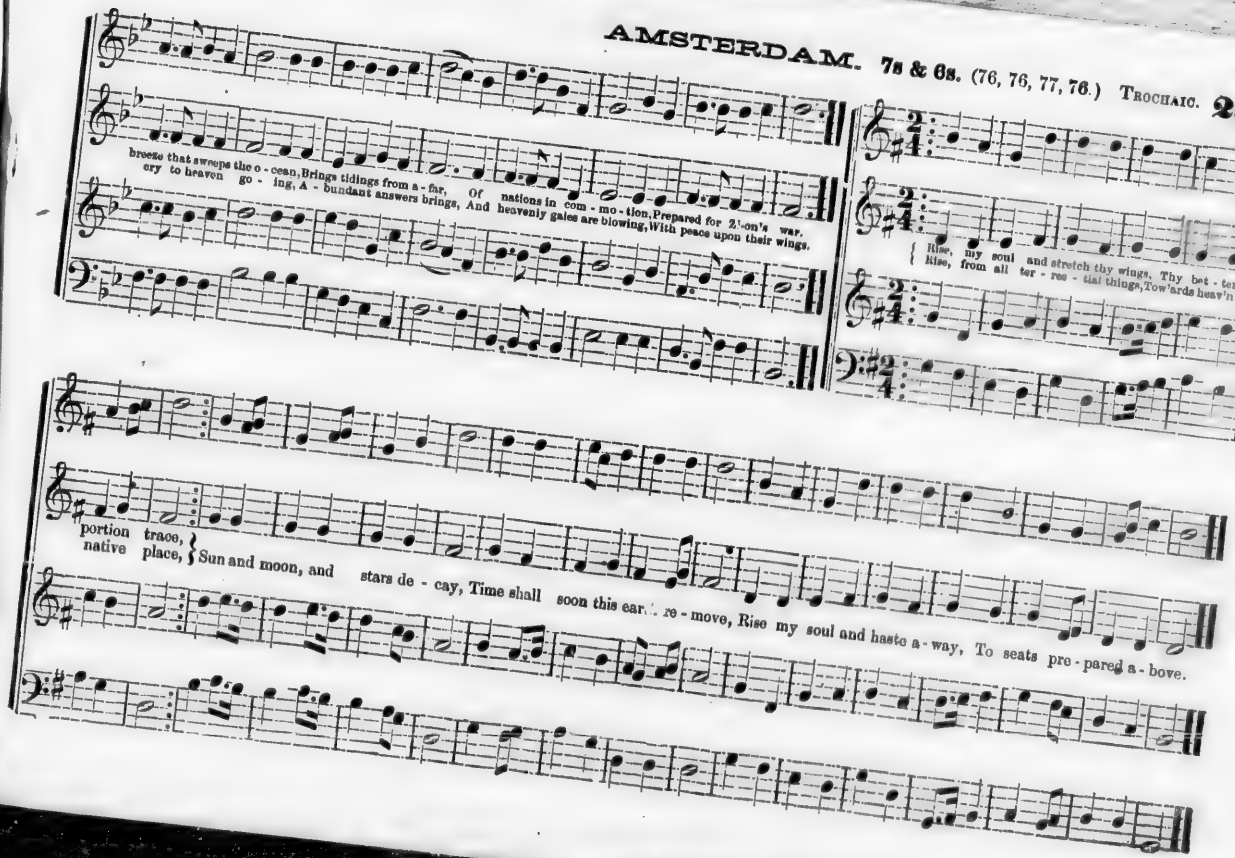
234 MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s. (76, 76, 76, 76.) IAMBIC. L. MASON.

From Greenland's i-cy mountains, From India's co-ral strand, Where Afric's sunny fountains Roll down their golden sand, From many an ancient river, From man-y a palmy plain, They
What tho' the spicy brees-es Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle, Tho' eve-ry prospect pleas-es, And on-ly man is vile, In vain with lavish kind-ness, The gifts of God are strown, The

235 WEBB. (76, 76, 76, 76.) IAMBIC. G. J. WEBBE.

call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain.
heathen in his blindness, Bows down to wood and stone.

The morning light is breaking, The darkness dis-ap - pears, The sons of earth are wak-ing To pen-i-ten-tial tears, Each
Rich dews of grace come o'er us, In many a gen-tle show'r, And brighter scenes before us, Are opening every hour. Each


breeze that sweeps the o - cean, Brings tidings from a - far, Of nations in com - mo - tion, Prepared for Zion's war.
ery to heaven go - ing, A - bundant answers brings, And heavenly gales are blowing, With peace upon their wings.
Rise, my soul and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter
Rise, from all ter - res - tial things, Tow'ards heav'n thy
portion trace,
native place,
Sun and moon, and stars de - cay, Time shall soon this earth re - move, Rise my soul and haste a - way, To seats pre - pared a - bove.

GARLAND. 7s & 6s. TROCHAIC

L. C. EVERETT, 1855.

Praise the Lord who reigns above, And keeps his courts below, Praise the holy God of love, And all his greatness show; Praise him for his noble deeds, Praise him for his matchless
Publish, spread to all a - round The great Immanuel's name; Let the gospel trumpet sound, Him Prince of Peace proclaim, Praise him every tuneful string, All the reach of heavenly

238 REALMS OF THE BLEST. 8s.

Rev. B. MANLY, Jr., D. D.

power, Him from whom all good proceeds, Let heaven and earth a - dore.
art, All the power of mu - sic bring, The mu-sic of the heart.

We speak of the realms of the blest, That country so bright and so
O, Lord, in this val-ley of woe, Our spir-its for heaven pre-

PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF NOVA SCOTIA
HALIFAX, N. S.

REALMS OF THE BLEST. Continued.

fair; And oft are its glo - ries con - fessed, But what must it be to be there, But what must it be to be there.
pare; And short - ly we al - so must know, And feel what it is to be there, And feel what it is to be there.

MILLENNIUM. 7s & 6s. (7 6, 7 6, 7 6, 7 6.) or 13s. IAMBIC

Greek Melody

Roll on thou mighty o-cean, And as thy billows flow,
Bear mes-sa-ges of mer-cy, To every vale of woe. } A - rise, ye gales and waft them, Safe to their distant shore, That man may sit in darkness, And death's deep shade [no more.

CONTRAST. 8s, Double, or 7s & 8s. (78, 78, 88, 88.)

8s. How to-dious and tasteless the nours, When Je - sus no long-er I see, Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers, Have all lost their sweetness to me. The mid - sum-mer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay: But when I am hap-py in him, De - cember's as pleasant as May.

7s & 8s. They who die in Christ are blest, Ours then be no thought of grieving; Sweet - ly with their God they rest, All their toils and troub-les leaving, So be ours the faith that sav - eth, Hope that eve-ry tri - al brav - eth, Love that to the end en - dur - eth, And thro' Christ, the crown secur-eth.

REST. 8s.

A - way with our sorrow and fear, We soon shall re - cov - er our home; The ci - ty of saints shall ap - pear, The day of e - ter - ni - ty come.
From earth we shall quickly re-move, And mount to our na - tive a - bode; The house of our Fa - ther a - bove, The pal - ace of an-gels and God.

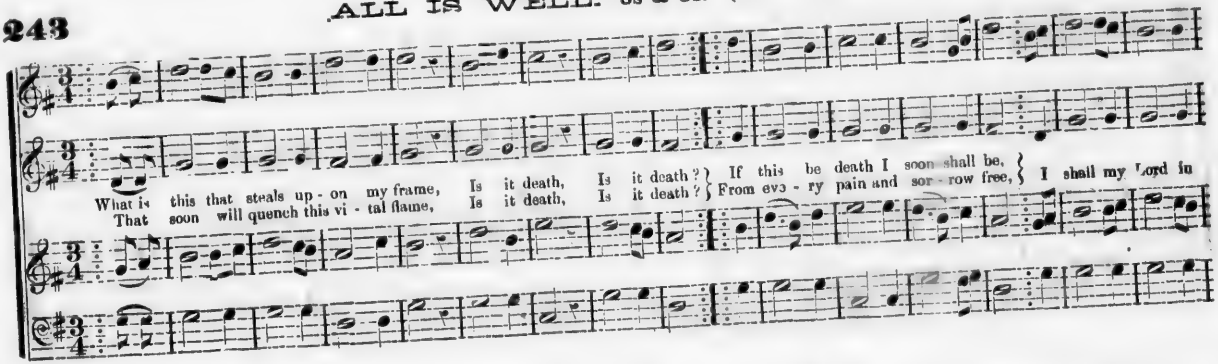
BEAUTIFUL ZION. 8s, 6 Lines.

G. W. LINTON, 1864.

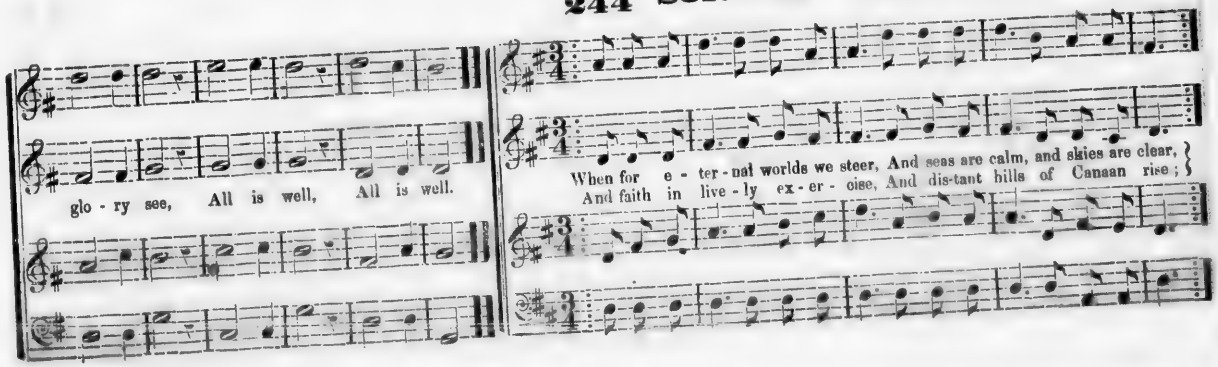
1 Beau-ti - ful Zi - on built a - bove, Beauti - ful ci - ty that I love, Beauti - ful gates of pear - ly white, Beauti-ful temple, God its light.
D.C. He who was slain on Cal - va - ry, Op - ens those pear-ly gates to me. D.C.
2 Beau-ti - ful heaven where all is light, Beauti - ful an - gels clothed in white Beauti - ful strains that nev - er tire, Beauti-ful harps thro' all the choir.
D.C. There shall I join the cho - rus sweet, Worshipping at the Sav-iour's feet.
3 Beau-ti - ful crowns on eve - ry brow, Beauti - ful palms the conquerors show, Beauti - ful robes the ransomed wear, Beauti-ful all who en - ter there.
D.C. Thith-er I press with ea - ger feet, There shall my rest be long and sweet.
4 Beau-ti - ful throne of Christ our King, Beauti - ful songs the an - gels sing, Beauti - ful rest, all wanderings cease, Beauti-ful home of per - fect peace,
D.C. There shall my eyes the Sav - iour see, Haste to this heavenly home with me.

243 ALL IS WELL. 8s & 3s. (8 3, 8 3, 8 8, 8 3.)

G. W. LINTON, 1864.



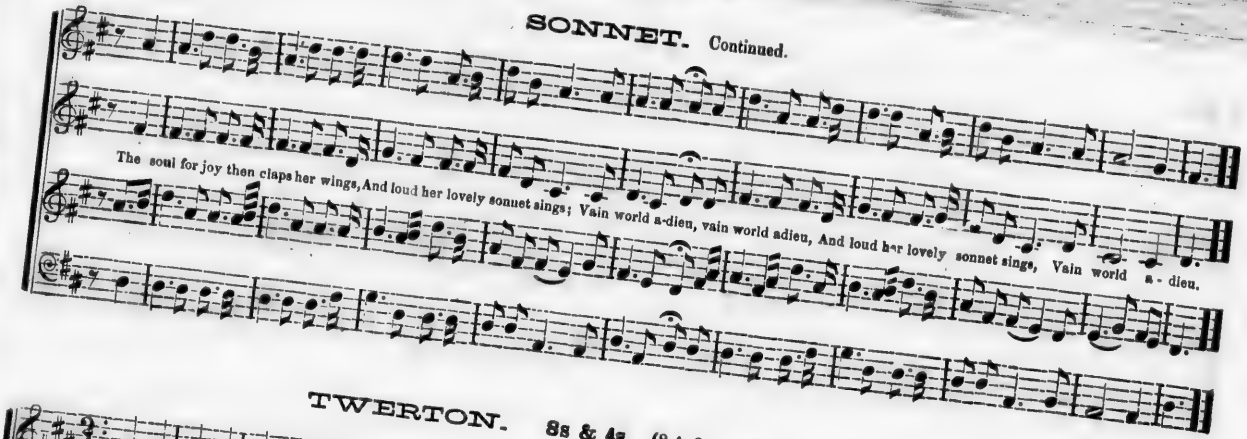
244 SONNET. 8s & 4. (8 8, 8 8, 8 8, 4.)



my Lord in

es are clear,
anaan rise;

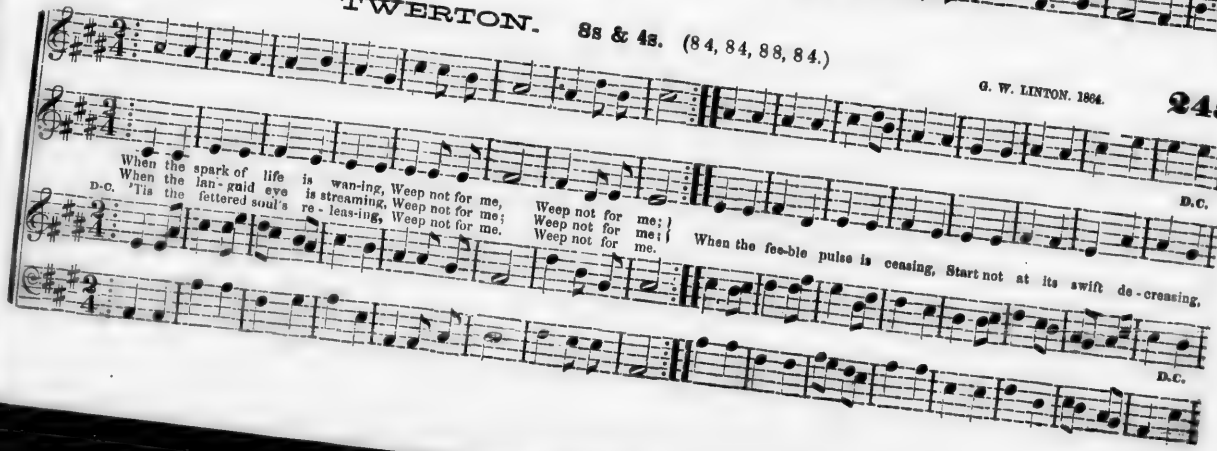
SONNET. Continued.



The soul for joy then claps her wings, And loud her lovely sonnet sings; Vain world a-dieu, vain world adieu, And loud her lovely sonnet sings, Vain world a - dieu.

TWERTON. 8s & 4s. (8 4, 8 4, 8 8, 8 4.)

G. W. LINTON. 1864.



When the spark of life is wan-ing, Weep not for me, Weep not for me;
When the lan-guid eye is streaming, Weep not for me; Weep not for me;
D.C. 'Tis the fettered soul's re - leas-ing, Weep not for me. Weep not for me.

D.C.

When the fee-ble pulse is ceasing, Start not at its swift de - creasing,

D.C.

246 HOWAT. 8s & 5s. (8 5, 8 5, 8 5, 8 5.)

G. W. LINTON, 1864.

Now on hope's bright pinions soaring, Far a - way from earth, I can feel, with heart a-doring, Joys of heavenly birth. All the joys of earth are fleet-ing, Dearest friends may die;

D. S. But there is a place of meeting, At our home on high.

247 ELORA. 8s & 6s. (8 6, 8 8, 6.)

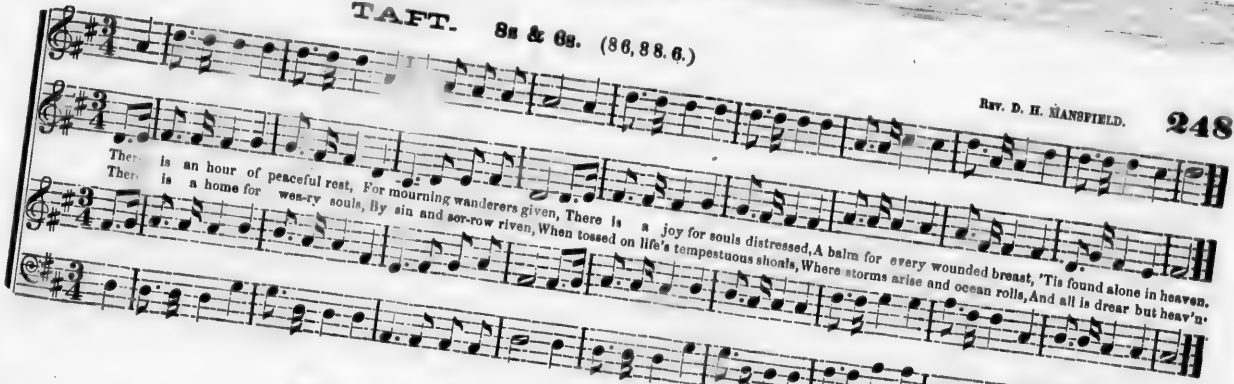
G. W. LINTON, 1869.

This world is all a fleeting show, For man's il-lu-sion given; The smiles of joy, the tears of woe, De - ceitful shine, deceit-ful flow, There's nothing true but heaven.

And false the light on glo - ry's plume, As fading hues of even; And love and hope and beauty's bloom, Are blossoms gathered for the tomb, There's nothing bright but heaven.

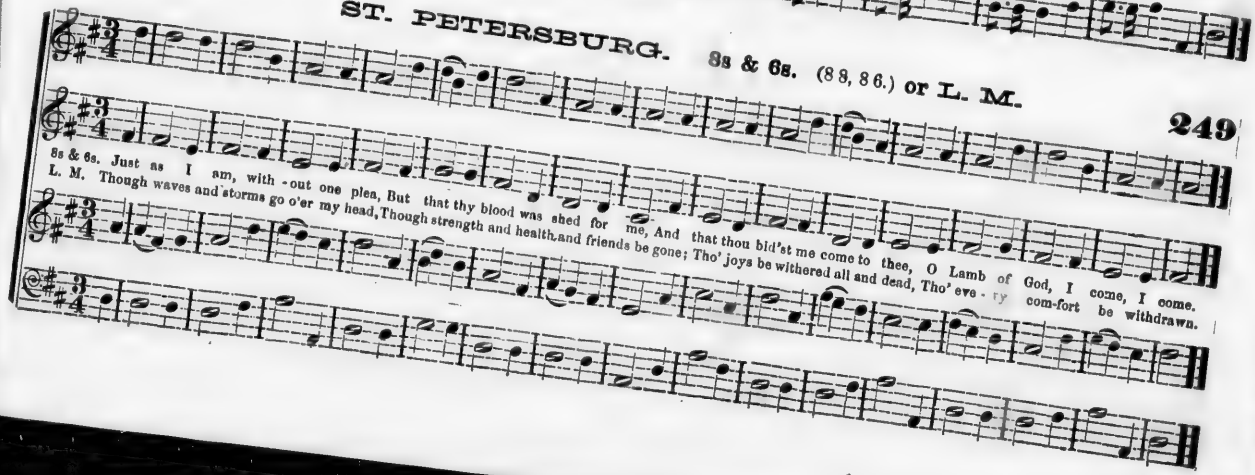
TAFT. 8s & 6s. (8 6, 8 8. 6.)

Rev. D. H. MANSFIELD. **248**



ST. PETERSBURG. 8s & 6s. (8 8, 8 6.) or L. M.

249



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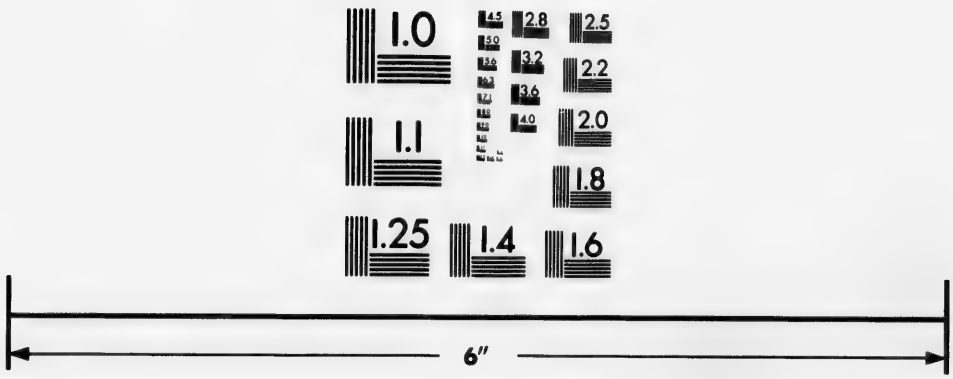

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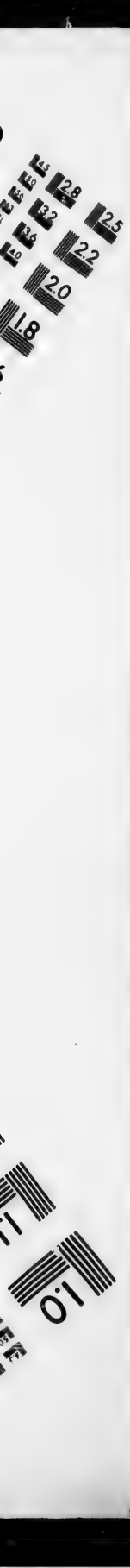
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MARSH. 8s & 7s.

Ye who know your sins for - giv - en, And are hap - py in the Lord, Have you read that gracious promise, Which is left up - on re - cord;
Tho' you have much peace and com - fort, Greater things you yet may find, Free-dom from un - ho - ly tem-pers, Freedom from the car-nal mind.

I will sprinkle you with wa - ter, I will cleanse you all from sin: Sanc-ti - fy and make you ho - ly, I will dwell and reign with - in.
To pro - cure your per - fect free-dom, Je - sus suf-fered, groan'd, and died, On the cross the heal-ing fountain, Gush-ed from his wound-ed side.

SULLENS. 8s & 7s. (87, 87,) or 87, 87, 7, by repeating the last line.

L. C. EVERETT. **251**

8s & 7s. Sweet the moments, rich in bless-ing, Which before the cross I spend; Life, and health, and peace possess - ing, From the sin-ner's dy - ing Friend.

8,7,7. Shout the ti - dings of sal - va - tion, To the a - ged and the young; Till the precious in - vi - ta - tion Wak-en eve - ry heart and tongue.
Send the sound The earth a - round.

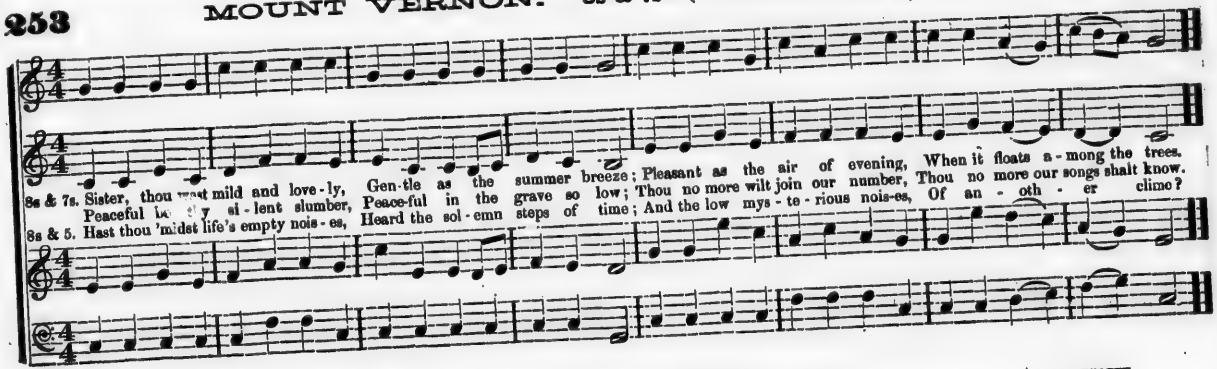
MARINER'S HYMN, or SICILY. 8s & 7s. (87, 87.)

252

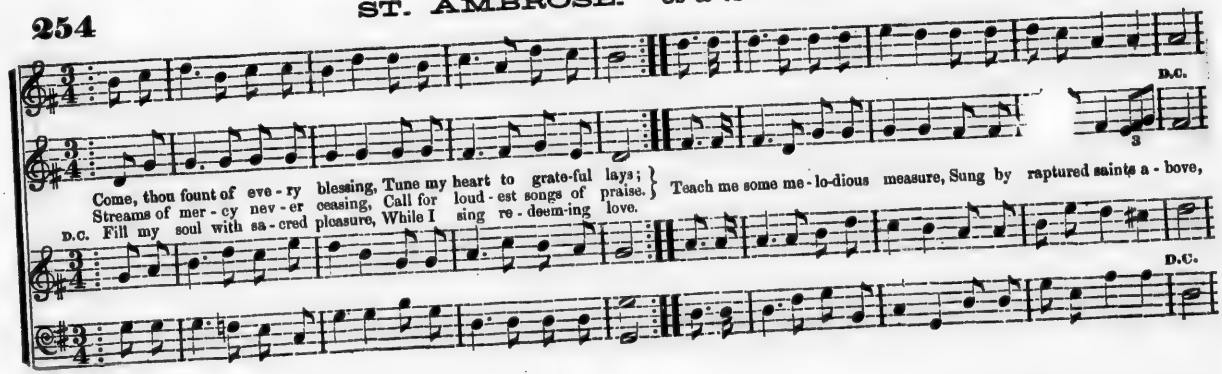
Saviour! breathe an evening blessing, Ere re - pose our eyelids seal; Sin and want we come con - fess-ing; Thou canst save and thou canst heal.
Though the night be dark and drear-y, Darkness can-not hide from thee: Thou art he who, nev - er weary, Watch - eth where thy peo - ple be.

PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF NOVA SCOTIA
HALIFAX, N. S.

253 **MOUNT VERNON.** 8s & 7s. (87, 87.) or 8s, 7 & 5. (87, 85.) L. MASON.



254 **ST. AMBROSE.** 8s & 7s. DOUBLE. B. H. EVERETT.



DISCIPLE. 8s & 7s. Double.

Je - sus, I my cross have tak-en, All to leave, and fol-low thee; Naked, poor, despised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be;
Let the world de-spise and leave me, They have left my Sav-iour too; Human hearts and looks de-ceive me, Thou art not like them, un-true;

Per - ish eve - ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known, Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heaven are still my own.
And whilst thou shalt smile up-on me, God of wisdom, love and might, Foes may hate, and friends despise me, Show thy face and all is bright.

FAREWELL, BROTHER. 8s & 7s. Double.

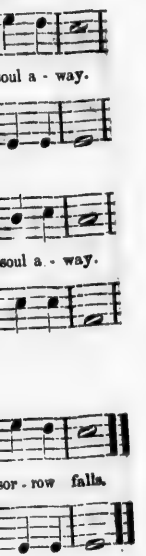
L. C. EVERETT.

Farewell, broth-er! deep and low - ly, Rest thee on thy bed of clay; Kin-dred spir - its, an - gels ho - ly, Bore thy heavenward soul a - way.

Farewell, broth-er! deep and low - ly, Rest thee on thy bed of clay; Kin-dred spir - its, an - gels ho - ly, Bore thy heavenward soul a - way.

Sad we gave thee to the num - ber, Laid in yon - der i - cy halls, And a - bove thy peace-ful slum-ber, Many a shower of sor - row falls.

Sad we gave thee to the num - ber, Laid in yon - der i - cy halls, And a - bove thy peace-ful slum-ber, Many a shower of sor - row falls.



ENEE. 8s & 7s. Double, or 8s, 7s & 7. 6 Lines. (87, 87, 77,) by omitting the repeat.

L. C. EVERETT. **257**

8s & 7s. Cease, ye mourners, cease to languish, O'er the grave of those you love;
Pain and death, and night and anguish, En - ter not the world a - bove.
D.C. Glo-ry's brightest beams are playing Round th' immor-tal spir - it's head.
While our si - lent steps are straying, Lonely thro' night's deep'ning shade,

8s, 7s, & 7, 6 l. What is life? 'tis but a vapor, Soon it van - ish - eth a - way;
D.C. Life is but a dy - ing ta-per, O my soul why wish to stay:
Why not spread thy wings and fly Straight to yon-der world of joy.

D.C.

I AM WEARY.* 8s & 7s, Double.

G. W. LINTON, 1864. **258**

I am wea - ry, I am wea - ry, Of the cares and toils of life;
I am wea - ry, of its sor-rows, I am wea - ry of its strife,
D.C. And th' immor - tal spir - it pin - eth, For its home be - yond the sky.
I am wea-ry of its flow - ers, That bloom so soon to die:

D.C.

* For the remainder of this hymn, see Chant No. 6.

259 ROUSSEAU, or GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s. Double.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

Lord dis - miss us with thy bless-ing, Bid us now de - part in peace;
Still on heaven - ly man - na feed - ing, Let our faith and love in - crease,
Fill each breast with conso - la - tion, Up to thee our hearts we raise;
D.C. When we reach yon blissful sta - tion, Then we'll give thee no - bler praise.

D.C.

D.C

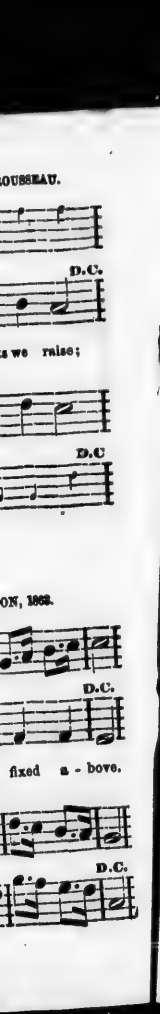
260 SPALDING. 8s & 7s, Double.

G. W. LINTON, 1863.

On the breeze of evening steal - ing, Hark! the sol - emn, an - them swells;
Wak-ing eve - ry tho't and feel - ing, To the truth re - li - gion tells:
Oh how sweet is that de - vo-tion, When the tho'ts are fixed a - bove.
D.C. And man kneels in pure de - vo - tion, Sup - pli-cates a God of love.

D.C.

D.C.



OSWEGO. 8s & 7s. Double.

261

Fast my sun of life's de - clin-ing, I must sleep in death's dark night,
But my hope, pure and re - fin-ing, Rests in fu - ture life and light.
When a few more griefs I've tast-ed, I shall live to die no more.
When a few more years I've wast - ed, When a few more springs are o'er,

D.C.

WILMOT. 8s & 7s. (87, 87.)

Weber. 262

Lo! the Lord, Je - ho - vah liv - eth, He's our Rock, I bless his name; He, my God, sal - va - tion giv - eth, All ye lands ex - alt his fame.
God, Mes - si - ah's cause main - tain-ing, Shall his righteous throne ex-tend; O'er the world the Sav-iour reigning, Earth shall at his foot-stool bend.

PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF NOVA SCOTIA
HALIFAX, N. S.

263 GARDNER. 8s & 7s. (87, 87.)

Gen-tly Lord, O gent-ly lead us, Thro' this lone-ly vale of tears; And O Lord in mer-cy give us, Thy rich grace in all our fears.
In the hour of pain and anguish, In the hour when death draws near; Suf-fer not our hearts to languish, Suf-fer not our souls to fear.

A. B. EVERETT, 1863.

264 BILLOW 8s, 7 & 4. (87, 84.)

E. E flat.

God of heaven to sin-ners lov-ing, Smile in peace, up-on our way; Cheer us while o'er earth we're rov-ing, Far, far a-way.
Je-sus Christ our dear Re-deem-er, From our sins, O, set us free: Take us from this world of sor-row, Home, home to thee.

MORTAL WEARY. 8s & 7s. 6 Lines. (8 7, 8 7, 8 7.)

G. W. LINTON, 1863.

Mor - tal wea - ry with thy toil - ing, As through earth's gay scenes ye rove; List! those voi - ces gent - ly call - ing, To the rest that
Loved ones long lost, gone be - fore thee, To the re - gions of the blest; Smil-ing now, are whispering o'er thee, Soon thou'lt find the
Loved ones, yes, we hope to meet you, Af - ter life's last work is o'er; Hope in peace, and joy to greet you, Where peace reigns for-

waits a - bove, Gent - ly call - ing to the toil - ing. Faith-ful now, thou'lt rest a - bove, Faith ful now, thou'lt rest a - bove.
looked for rest, Whispering o'er thee, gone be - fore thee, Bravely soul in heaven thou'lt rest, Brave - ly soul in heaven thou'lt rest.
ev - er - more, Hope to greet you, joy - ful meet you, And in heaven rest ev - er - more, And in heaven rest ev - er - more.

CALCUTTA. 8s, 7s & 4.

T. CLARK.

Men of God, go take your stations; Darkness reigns throughout the earth; Go, proclaim among the nations Joyful news of heavenly birth:

Bear the tid-ings,

Men of God, go take your stations; Darkness reigns throughout the earth; Go, proclaim among the nations Joyful news of heavenly birth: Bear the tidings, Bear the tidings,

Tidings of the Savior's worth, Tidings of the Saviour's worth,

Tidings of the Saviour's worth, Tidings of the Saviour's worth, Tidings of the Saviour's worth.

Tid - ings of the Saviour's worth?

Tidings of the Saviour's worth, Tidings of the Saviour's worth, Tidings of the Sav - iour's worth, ...

Tidings of the Saviour's worth.

Tidings of the Saviour's worth. Tidings of the Saviour's worth.

MONTREAL. 8s, 7s & 4. (87, 87, 47.)

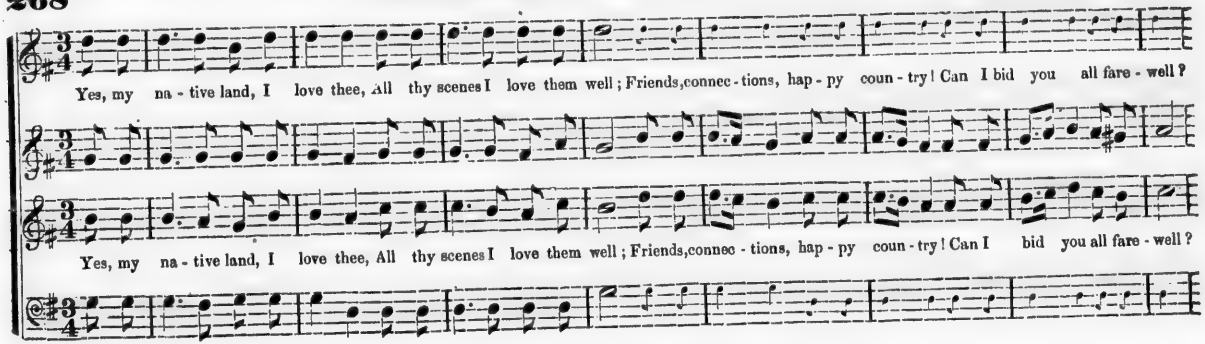
G. W. LINTON, 1861.

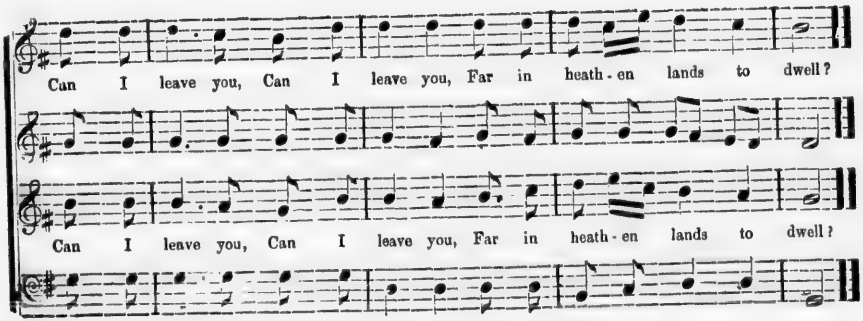
Come ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore; Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pi - ty, love and power: He is a - ble, He is will - ing, doubt no more.

Let not conscience make you lin - ger, Nor of fit - ness fond - ly dream; All the fit - ness he re - quir - eth, Is to feel your need of him; With-out mon - ey, Without mon - ey, 'Tis the spir - it's glimmering beam. 'Tis the spir - it's glimmering beam.

COLUMBUS. 8s, 7s & 4. (87, 87, 47)

I. B. WOODBURY. Died 1859.

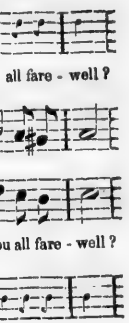




2 Home, thy joys are passing lovely—
Joys no stranger-heart can tell,
Happy home, indeed I love thee:
Can I, can I say, "Farewell?"
Can I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and Sabbath bell,
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure,
Can I say a last farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

4 Yes, I hasten from you gladly—
From the scenes I loved so well:
Far away, ye billows, bear me:
Lovely, native land, Farewell:
Pleased I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.



g lovely—
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ladly—
d so well :
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'arewell :
thee,
to dwell.

HELMSLEY. 8s, 7s & 4. (87, 87, 47.)

DR. MADAN. 269

Lo! he comes with clouds de - scend-ing, Once for favor'd sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints at - tend - ing the triumph of his train; } Hal - le - lu-jah! hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! God appears on earth to reign.

SMELLIE. 9s & 8s. (98, 98.)

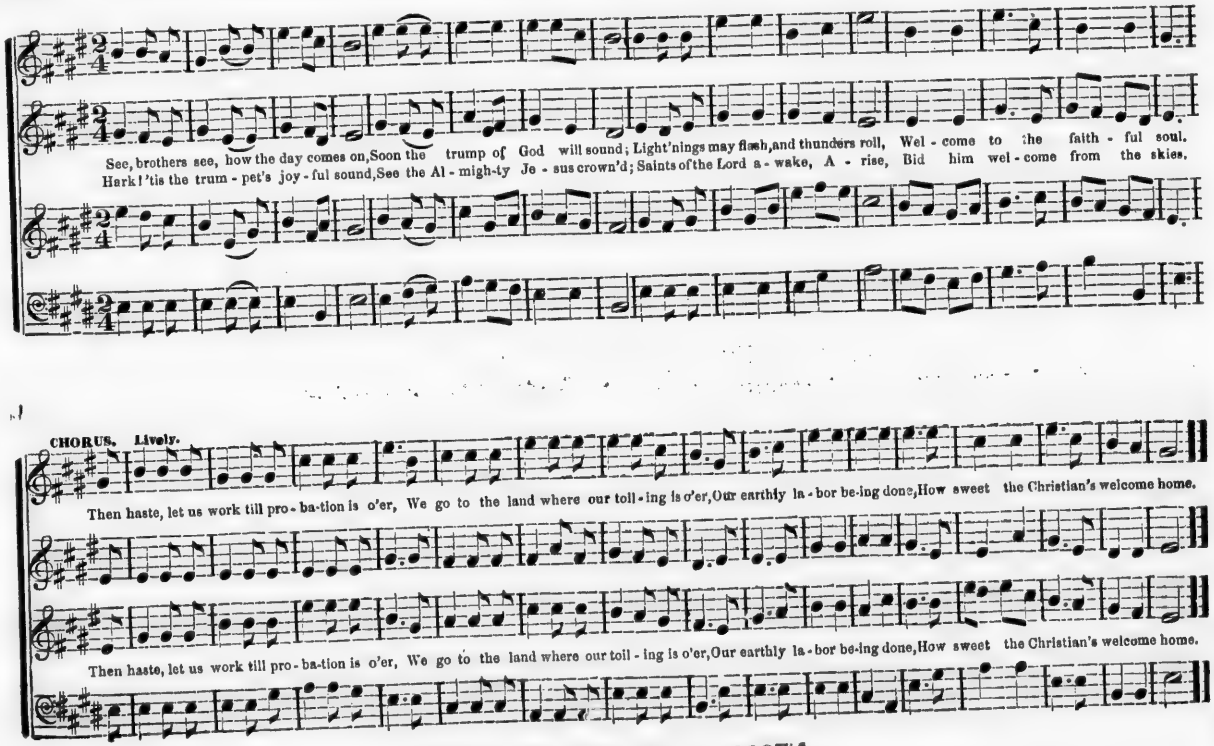
A A flat.

G. W. LINTON. 1868. 270

Christian the morn breaks sweetly o'er thee, And all the midnight shadows flee; Ting'd are the distant skies with glo - ry, A beacon light hung out for thee.
A - rise, a - rise, the light breaks o'er thee, Thy name is graven on the throne; Thy home is in the world of glo - ry, Where thy Redeemer reigns a-lone.

THE CHRISTIAN'S WELCOME HOME. 9s, 8s & 7s. (97, 87.)

G. W. LINTON, 1864.



PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF NOVA SCOTIA
HALIFAX, N. S.

TRIUMPH. 10s.

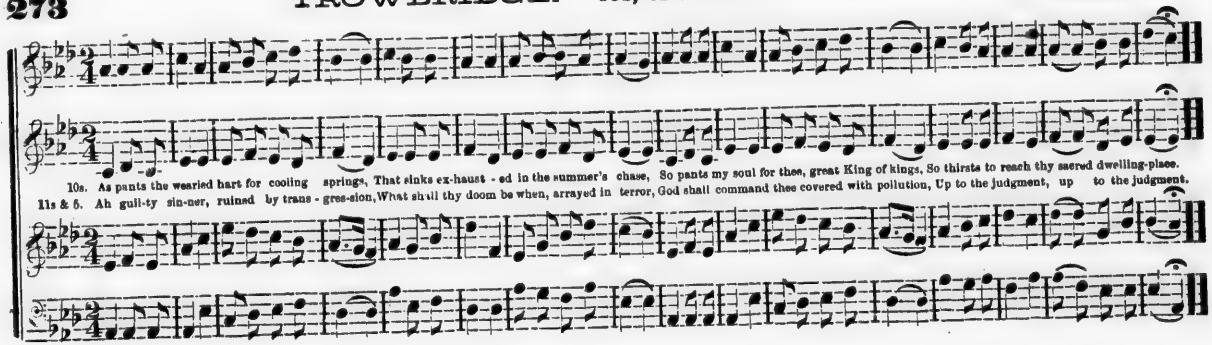
Rev. A. D. MERRILL.

Joyful-ly, joy-ful-ly onward I move, Bound to the land of bright spirits a - bove; Je-sus our Saviour in mercy says come, Joyful - ly joy-ful - ly hasten and come.
Friends fondly cherished have passed on before, Waiting they watch me approaching the shore; Singing to cheer me thro' death's chilling gloom, Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.

Soon will our pil-grimage end here be - low, Soon to the presence of God we shall go, Then if to Jesus our hearts have been given, Joyful-ly, Joy-ful-ly, rest we in heaven.
Sounds of sweet mel - o - dy fall on my ear; Harps of the blessed your voi-ces I hear! Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome, Joyful-ly, Joy-ful-ly, rest-ing at home.

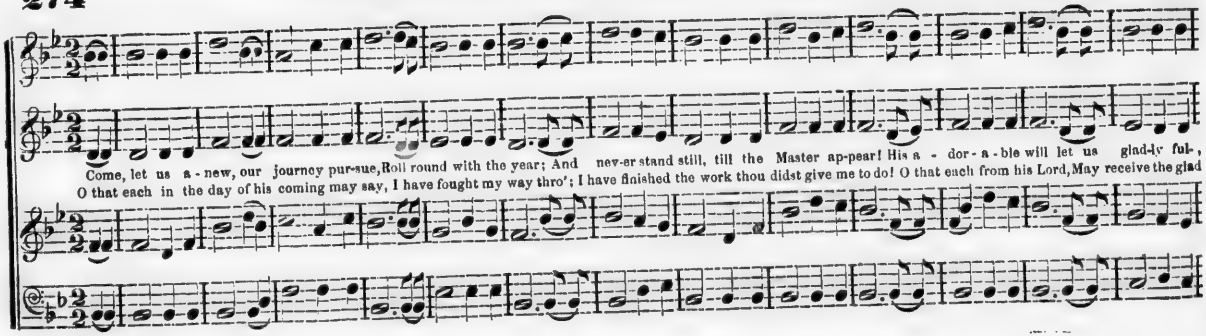
273 TROWBRIDGE. 10s, or 11s & 5.

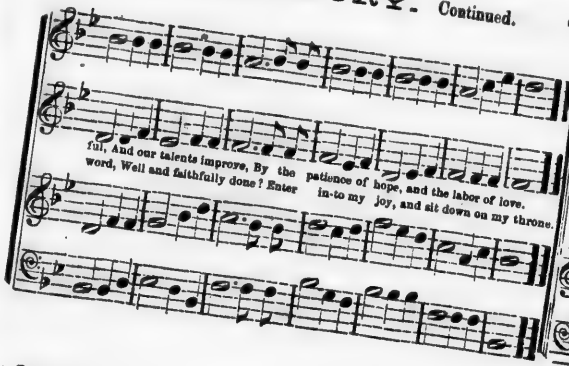
G. W. LINTON. 1863.

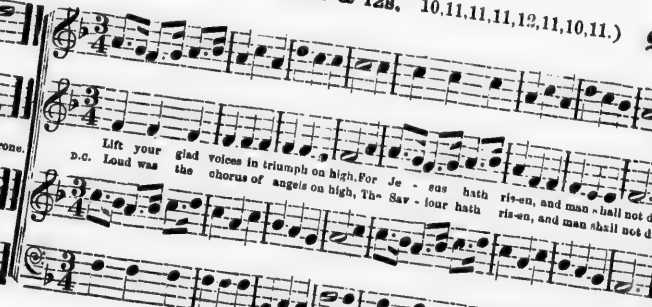


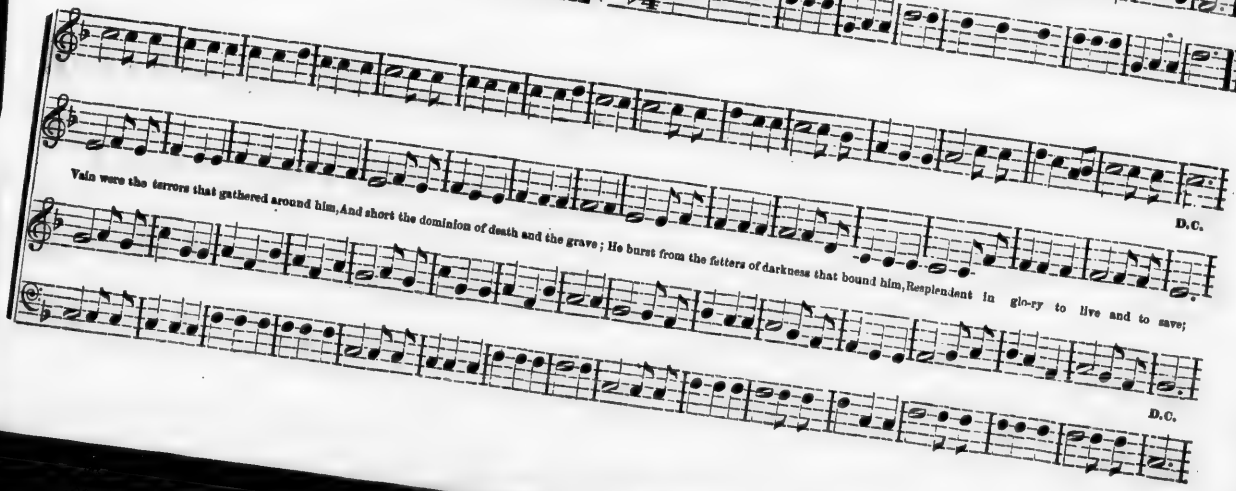
274 COKESBURY. 10s, 5s & 11s. (10, 5, 11, 10, 5, 11.)

G. W. LINTON, 1863.

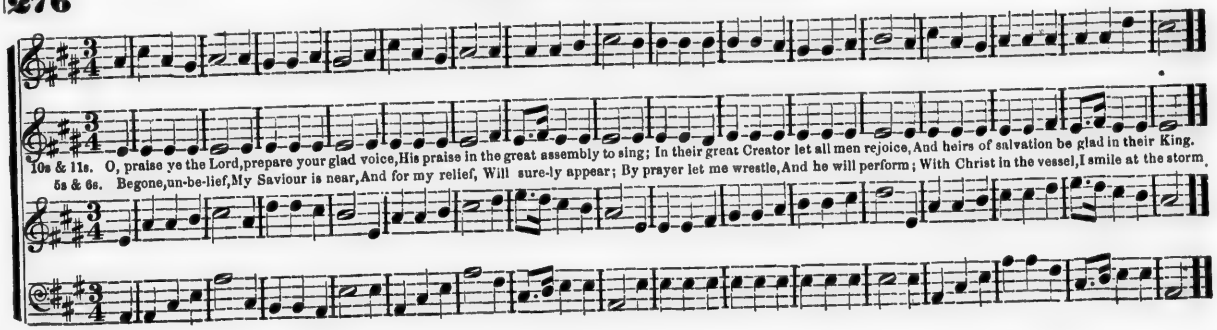



ful, And our talents improve, By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.
word, Well and faithfully done? Enter in-to my joy, and sit down on my throne.

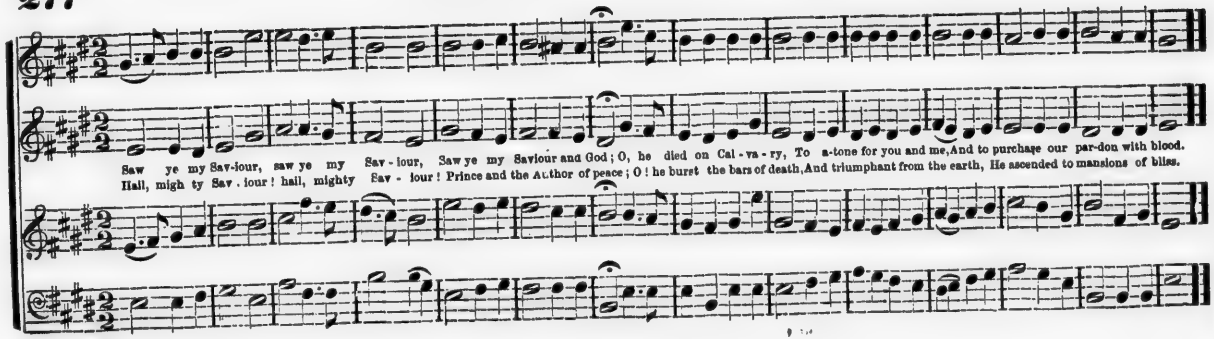

Lift your glad voices in triumph on high, For Je - sus hath ris-en, and man shall not die;
D.C. Loud was the chorus of angels on high, The Sav - iour hath ris-en, and man shall not die.


Vain were the terrors that gathered around him, And short the dominion of death and the grave; He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound him, Resplendent in glo-ry to live and to save;
D.C.
D.C.

276 LYONS. 10s & 11s, or 5s & 6s. HAYDN.



277 BDELLUM. 10, 7s & 9. (10, 77, 79.)



PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.

The Lord is our Shepherd, our guardian and guide, What-ev - er we want he will kind - ly pro-vide, To sheep of his pas - ture his
Thro' the val - ley and shadow of death tho' I stray, Since thou art my guardian, no e - vil I fear, Thy rod shall de - fend me, thy

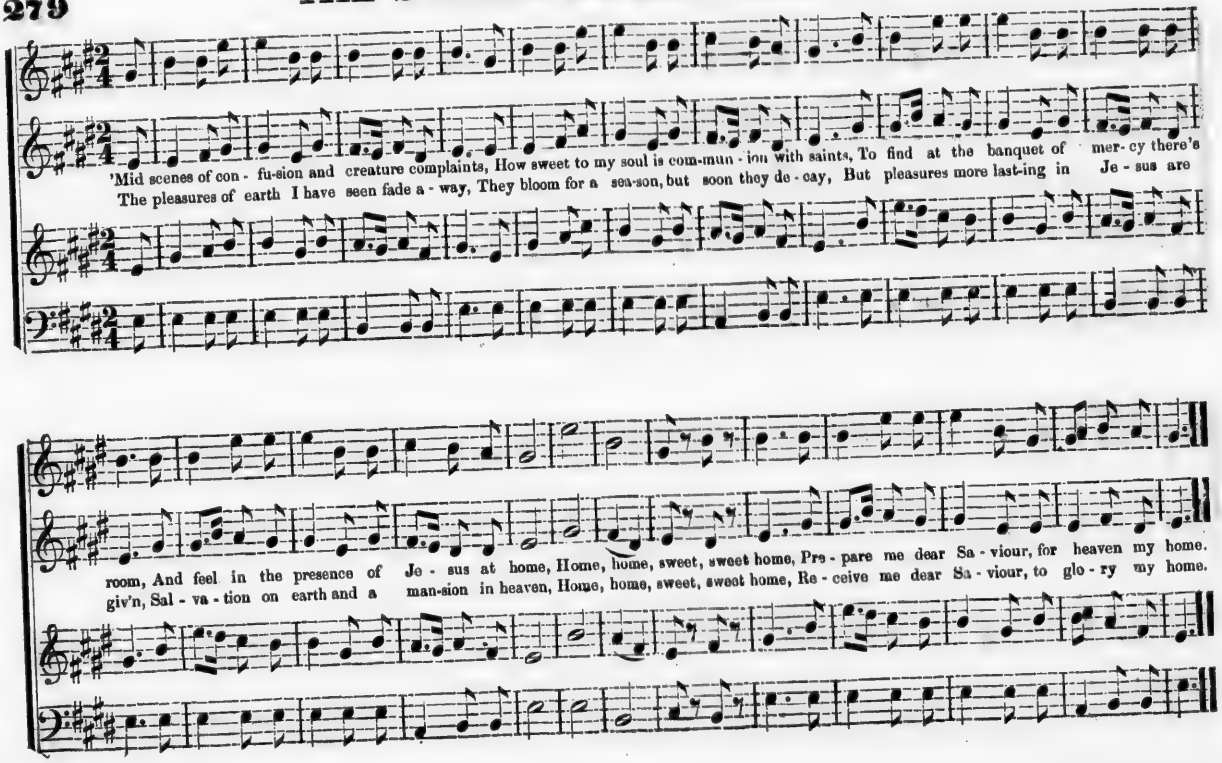
The Lord is our Shepherd our guardian guide whatever we want he will kindly provide to sheep of his pasture his

mer - cies a - bound, His care and pro - tection, his care and pro - tection, His care and pro - tec - tion his flock will sur - round.
staff be my stay, No harm can be - fall, no harm can be - fall, No harm can be - fall, with my Com - fort - er near.

mercies abound, his care and protection his care and protection His care and protection his flock will surround

THE SAINT'S SWEET HOME. 11s.

SICILIAN AIR.



EDINBURG. 11s.

How cheering the tho't that the spirits in bliss, Will bow their bright wings to a world such as this, Will leave the sweet joys of the mansions above, To
They come, on the wings of the morning they come, Im - pa-tient to lead some poor wanderer home, Some pilgrim to snatch from this stormy a-bode, And

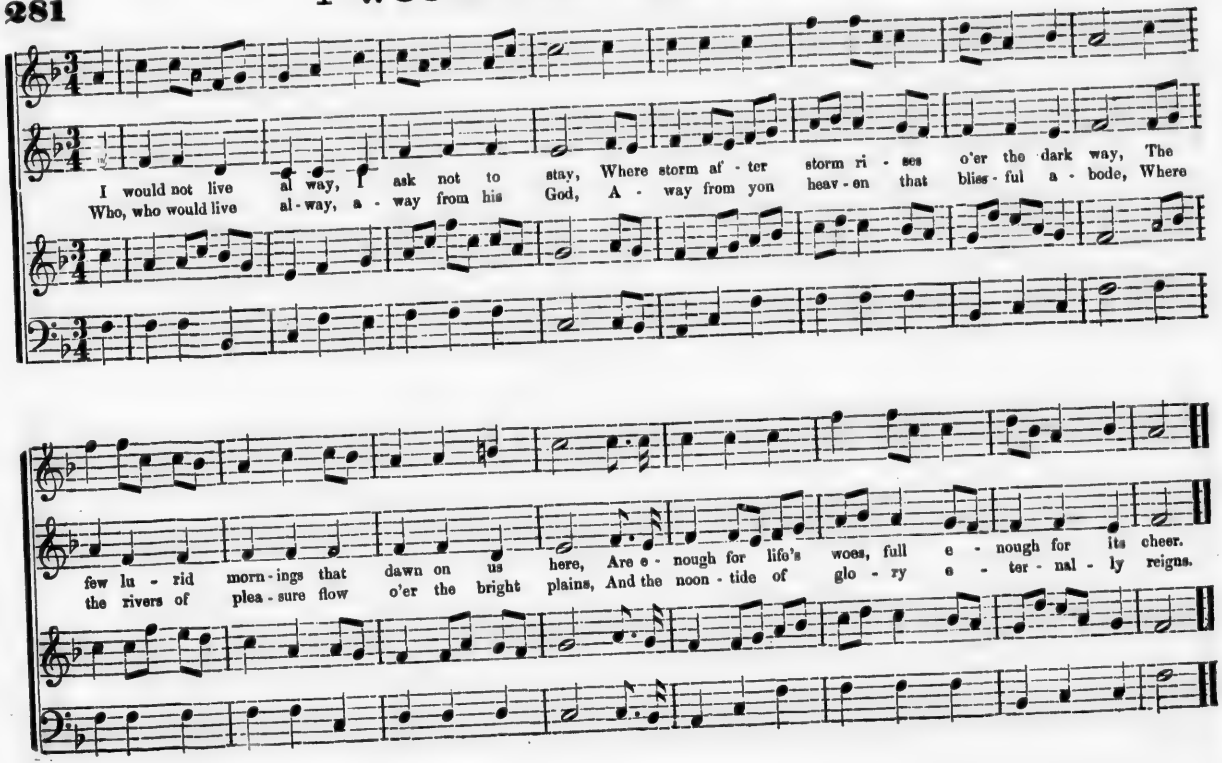
Hal-le - lu-jah, a - men, Halle - lu-jah, Halle - lu-jah, Halle - lu - jah, a - men.
breathe o'er our bosoms some message of love. Halle - lu-jah, a - men, Hal-le - lu-jah, a - men, Halle - lu-jah, Halle - lu-jah, Halle - lu-jah, a - men.
lay him to rest in the arms of his God.

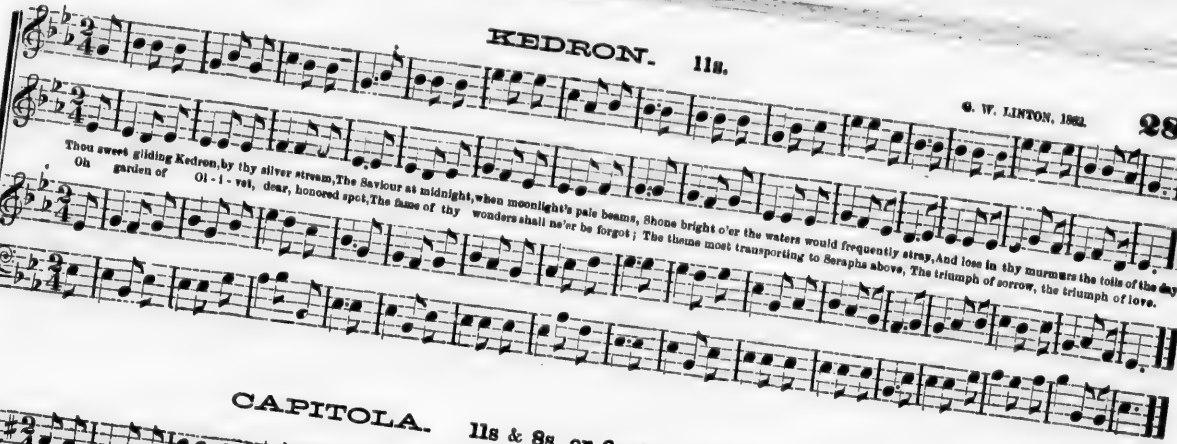
Halle - lu-jah, a - men, Hal-le - lu-jah, Halle - lu-jah, Halle - lu-jah, a - men.

PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF NOVA SCOTIA
HALIFAX, N. S.

I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY. 11s.

OATES.





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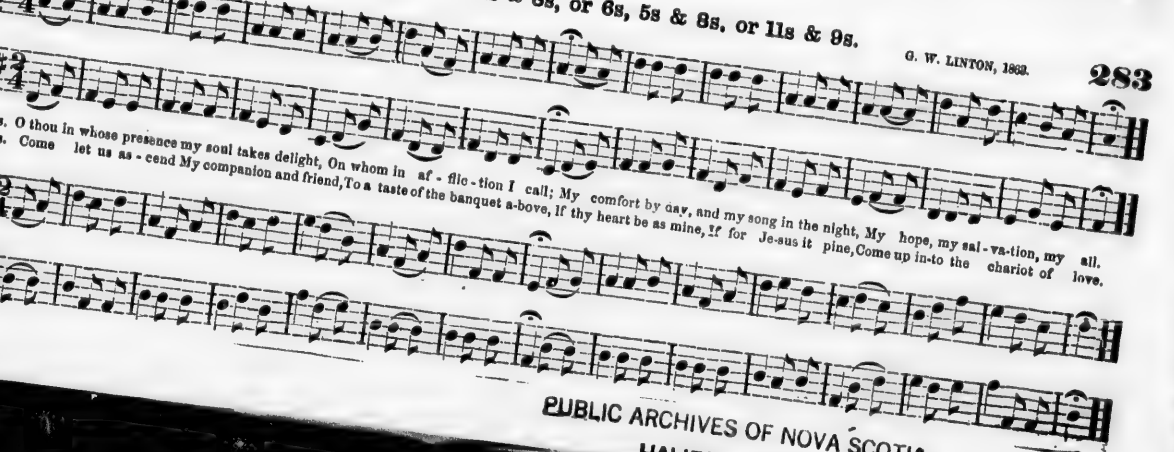


its cheer.
ly reigns.

KEDRON. 11s.

G. W. LINTON, 1862. **282**

Thou sweet gliding Kedron, by thy silver stream, The Saviour at midnight, when moonlight's pale beams, Shone bright o'er the waters would frequently stray, And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the day.
Oh garden of Ol - i - vet, dear, honored spot, The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot; The theme most transporting to Seraphs above, The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love.

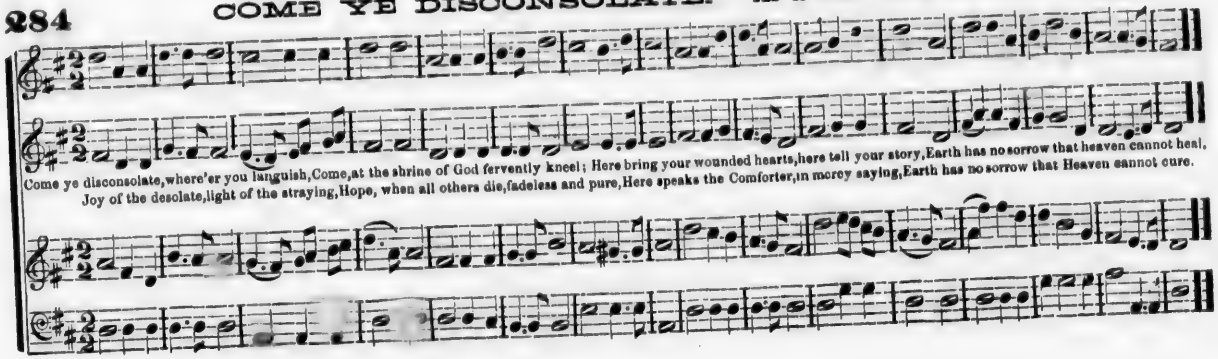
CAPITOLA. 11s & 8s, or 6s, 5s & 8s, or 11s & 9s.

G. W. LINTON, 1862. **283**

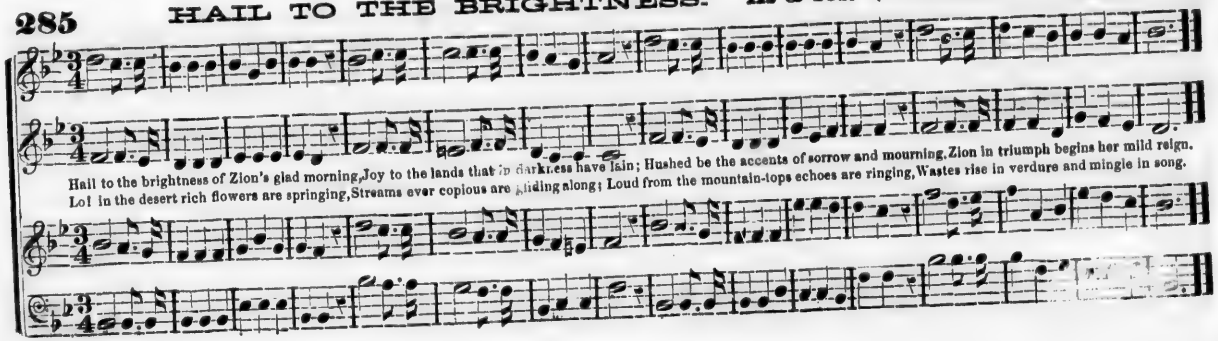
11s & 8s. O thou in whose presence my soul takes delight, On whom in af - flic - tion I call; My comfort by day, and my song in the night, My hope, my sal - va - tion, my all.
11s & 9s. Come let us as - cend My companion and friend, To a taste of the banquet a-bove, If thy heart be as mine, If for Je-sus it pine, Come up in-to the chariot of love.

PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF NOVA SCOTIA
HALIFAX, N. S.

284 COME YE DISCONSOLATE. 11s & 10s. (11, 10, 11, 10.) S. WEBBE.



285 HAIL TO THE BRIGHTNESS. 11s & 10s. (11, 10, 11, 10.) L. MASON



THE CHURCH'S WELCOME. 11s & 12s

Children of Zi-on! what harp notes are stealing So soft o'er our senses, so sooth-ing-ly sweet, 'Tis the mu-sic of an-gels their raptures sing, That you have been
Children of Zi-on! we joy-ful-ly hail you, Who're entered the fold thro' Christ Je-sus, the door; while pilgrims on earth, tho' the foe may as-sail you, Press for-ward and

p *f*

bro't to the Ho-ly One's feet, Children of Zi-on! we join in your welcome, 'Tis sweet to lie low in that bless-ed re-treat, 'Tis sweet to lie low in that bless-ed re-treat.
soon will the con-flict be o'er, Children of Zi-on! oh! welcome, thrice welcome! Till we meet where the foe shall oppress you no more, Till we meet where the foe shall op-press you no more.

p *f*

SCOTLAND. 12s.

DR. J. CLARKE.

The voice of free grace cries "es-cape to the mountain," For Ad-am's lost race Christ hath opened a fountain, For sin and un-

CHORUS. Hal-le-lu-jah to the

The voice of free grace cries "es-cape to the mountain," For Adam's lost race Christ hath opened a fountain, For sin and un-

cleanness, and eve-ry transgression, His blood flows most freely, in streams of sal-va-tion, His blood flows most freely, in streams of sal-va-tion.

Lamb who has bought us a par-don, We'll praise him a-gain, when we pass o-ver Jordan, We'll praise him a-gain, when we pass o-ver Jordan.

cleanness, and eve-ry trans-gression, His blood flows most freely, in streams of sal-va-tion, His blood flows most freely, in streams of sal-va-tion.

BOWLES. 12s & 8s. (12, 8, 12, 8.)

G. W. LINTON, 1863. **288**

When the harvest is past, and the summer is gone, And sermons and prayers shall be o'er; When the beams cease to break on the blest Sabbath morn, And Jesus invites thee no more.
Say, O sinner, that livest at rest and secure, Who fear-est no trouble to come; Can thy spirit the swelling of sorrow en-dure, Or bear the im-pen-itent's doom.

FLURNOY. 12s & 11s. (12, 11, 12, 11, 12.)

G. W. LINTON, 1863. **289**

As down in the sunless re-treat of the o-cean, Sweet flowers are springing no mortal eye can see;
So deep in my heart the still prayer of de-vo-tion, Unheard by the world ris-es si-lent to thee, } My God, si-lent to thee, pure, warm, si-lent to thee.

PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF NOVA SCOTIA
HALIFAX, N. S.

CADDO. 13s & 11s, or 11s.

G. W. LINTON. 1863

13s & 11s. Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not de - plore thee; Though sor - rows and dark - ness en - com - pass the
11s. Oh fly, mourning sin - ner, saith Je - sus to me, Thy guilt I will par - don, thy soul I will

tomb; The Sav - iour has passed thro' its por - tals be - fore thee, And the lamp of his love is thy guide thro' the gloom.
free: From the chains that have bound thee my grace shall re - lease, Thy stains I will wash, and thy sor-rows shall cease.

VESPER HYMN.

8s & 7s. Double by singing small notes,

Ju - bi - la - te, A - men, A - men.

Hark! the ves - per hymn is stealing, O'er the wa - ters soft and clear; Near - er yet, and near-er pealing Now it bursts up-on the ear.
Now like moonlight waves re - treat-ing, To the shore it dies a - long, Now, like angry surges meeting, Breaks the min - gled tide of song.

Ju - bi - la - te, A - men, A - men.

CHORUS.

f *p*

Ju - bi - la - te, A - men, A - men.

Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te, A - men, Farther now, now farther stealing, Soft it fades up - on the ear.
Hush a - gain like waves re - treating, To the shore it dies a - long.

f

Ju - bi - la - te A - men, A - men.

WHEN THE LORD SHALL BUILD UP ZION.

J. COLE,
Baltimore, Md.

When the Lord shall build up Zi - on, He shall ap-pear, in his glo - ry, In his glo - ry,

When the Lord shall build up Zi - on, He shall ap-pear in his glo - - - - - ry, In his glo - ry, He shall ap-pear in his

When the Lord shall build up Zi - on, He shall ap - pear, shall appear in his glo - ry, He shall ap-pear in his glo - ry, He shall ap-

When the Lord shall build up Zi - on, He shall ap-pear in his glo - ry, In his glo - ry,

He shall ap-pear in his glo - ry, O, pray for the peace, the peace of Je-ru - sa-lem, They shall prosper that love thee, Peace be with - in thy

glo - ry, In his glo - ry, O, pray for the peace, the peace of Je-ru - sa-lem, They shall prosper that love thee; Peace be within thy walls,

- - pear in his glo - ry, O, pray for the peace, the peace of Je-ru - sa-lem, They shall prosper that love thee; Peace be with - in thy

He shall ap-pear in his glo - ry,

WHEN THE LORD SHALL BUILD UP ZION. Concluded.

walls, And plenteousness within thy pal-a-ces, And plenteousness within thy pal - a - ces, Peace be within thy walls,

Peace be within thy walls, with - in thy pal-a-ces, And plenteousness within thy pal - a - ces, Peace be within thy walls, Peace be within thy

walls, And plenteousness within thy pal-a-ces, And plenteousness within thy pal - a - ces, Peace be within thy walls,

Peace be within thy walls,

Peace be within thy walls, Peace, And plenteousness within thy pal - a - ces, And plenteousness within thy pal - a - ces. A - men, A - men.

walls, Peace be within thy walls, And plenteousness within thy pal - a - ces, And plenteousness within thy pal - a - ces. A - men, A - men.

Peace be within thy walls, Peace, And plenteousness within thy pal - a - ces, And plenteousness within thy pal - a - ces, A - men, A - men.

HOLY, LORD GOD OF SABAOTH.

SWAFFIELD.

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of Sa - ba - oth, Heaven and earth, Heaven and earth, Heaven and earth are full of the

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of Sa - ba - oth, Heaven and earth, Heaven and earth, Heaven and earth are full of the

maj - es - ty of thy glo - ry. Glo - ry be to thee, Glo - ry be to thee, Glo - ry be to thee, O Lord, Most High.

maj - es - ty of thy glo - ry. Glo - ry be to thee, Glo - ry be to thee, Glo - ry be to thee, O Lord, Most High.

I WILL ARISE.

I will a - rise, will a - rise and go to my Fa - ther, and will say un - to him: Fa-ther! Fa - ther! I have sin - ned, have

I will a - rise, I will a - rise, will a - rise and go to my Fa - ther, and will say un - to him: Fa-ther! Fa - ther! I have sin - ned, have

sin - ned, I have sinned against Heaven and be - fore thee, and am no more wor - thy to be call - ed thy son, And am no more worthy to be call - ed thy son.

sin - ned, I have sinned against Heaven and be - fore thee, and am no more wor - thy to be call - ed thy son, And am no more worthy to be call - ed thy son.

HEAVENLY VISION.

FRENCH.

I be-held, and lo, a great mul-ti-tude which no man could number, Thousands of thousands, and

Thousands of

I beheld, and lo,..... a great mul-ti-tude which no man could number, Thousands of thousands, and ten times

I be-held, and lo, a great mul-ti-tude which no man could number, Thousands of thousands, and ten times thousands, thousands of thousands, and

ten times thou - - - sands, thousands of thousands, and ten times thousands, thousands of thousands, and ten times thou-sands,

thousands, and ten times thou-sands, thousands of thousands, and ten times thou - - - sands, thousands of thousands, and ten times

thou-sands, thousands of thousands, and ten times thou - - sands, thousands of thousands, and ten times thou-sands, thousands of thousands, and

ten times thou-sands, thousands of thou-sands, and ten times thousands, thousands of thousands, and ten times thousands of thou-sands.

[1st page.]

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HEAVENLY VISION. Continued.

stood be-fore the Lamb, and they had palms in their hands, And they cease not day and night, saying. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,

thousands, stood be - fore the Lamb,

ten times thousands, stood before the Lamb, and they had palms in their hands, And they cease not day and night. saying, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,

stood be - fore the Lamb,

ho - ly, Lord, God Al - migh-ty, which was, and is, and is to come, which was, and is, and is to come. And I heard a migh-ty an-gel

ho - ly, Lord, God Al - mighty, which was, and is, and is to come, which was, and is, and is to come. And I heard a migh-ty an-gel

[2a page.]

PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF NOVA SCOTIA
HALIFAX, N. S.

HEAVENLY VISION. Continued.

fly - - - - - ing thro' the midst of heaven, cry-ing with a loud voice, Woe, woe, woe, woe,..... be un-to the

fly - - - - - ing thro' the midst of heaven, cry-ing with a loud voice, Woe, woe, woe, woe,..... be un-to the

earth by rea-son of the trumpet which is yet to sound. The great men and nobles, rich men and poor, bond and

earth by rea-son of the trumpet which is yet to sound. The great men and nobles, rich men and poor, bond and

And when the last trumpet sounded,

[3d page.]

HEAVENLY VISION. Concluded.

free, gath - er - ed themselves to - geth - er, and cri - ed to the rocks and mountains to fall up - on them, and hide them from the face of Him that sit-teth

free, gath - er - ed themselves to - gath er, and cri - ed to the rocks and mountains to fall up - on them, and hide them from the face of Him that sit-teth

on the throne; For the great day of his wrath is come, and who shall be a - ble to stand? And who shall be a - ble to stand?

on the throne; For the great day of his wrath is come, and who shall be a - ble to stand? And who shall be a - ble to stand?

THE LAST BEAM IS SHINING.

PORTUGUESE.

Fad-ing still fad-ing, The last beam is shining, Father in heaven, the day is de-clin-ing, Safe-ty and in-nocence fly with the light, Temptation and danger walk forth with the night,

Fad-ing still fad-ing, The last beam is shining, Father in heaven, the day is de-clin-ing, Safe-ty and in-nocence fly with the light, Temptation and danger walk forth with the night,

From the fall of the shade till the morning bells chime, Shield me from danger, save me from crime, Father have mercy, Father have mercy, Father have mercy thro' Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.

From the fall of the shade till the morning bells chime, Shield me from danger, save me from crime, Father have mercy, Father have mercy, Father have mercy thro' Jesus Christ our Lord, Amem.

I LONG FOR THE LAND OF THE BLEST.

G. W. LINTON 1853.

I long, I long for the land of the blest, Where the weary are at rest, at rest, Where the wicked cease from troubling And the weary are at rest, I

I long, I long for the land of the blest, Where the weary are at rest, at rest, Where the wicked cease from troubling And the weary are at rest, I

long, I long for the land of the blest, Where the wicked cease from troubling, And the wea - ry are at rest, are at..... rest.

long, I long for the land of the blest, Where the wicked cease from troubling, And the wea - ry are at rest, are at..... rest.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

G. W. LINTON, No4.

Our Father, who art in heav'n, hal - lowed be thy name, Thy Kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth, as it is in heav'n, Give us this day our

Our Father, who art in heav'n, hal - lowed be thy name, Thy Kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth, as it is in heav'n, Give us this day our

dai - ly bread, And forgive us our tres-passes, as we for - give those that trespass against us, And lead us not in - to tempta - tion, but de - liv - er

dai - ly bread, And forgive us our tres-passes, as we for - give those that trespass against us, And lead us not in - to tempta - tion, but de - liv - er

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THE LORD'S PRAYER. Concluded.

us from e - - vil, for thine is the kingdom, and the pow - er, and the glo - ry, for - ev - er and ev - er, a - men.

us from e - - vil, for thine is the kingdom, and the pow - er, and the glo - ry, for - ev - er and ev - er, a - men.

DOXOLOGY.

Praise God from whom all bless - ings flow, Praise him all crea - tures here be - low, Praise him all crea - tures here be - low;

Praise God from whom all blessings flow, Praise him all creatures here below,

Praise God from whom all bless - ings flow, Praise him all crea - tures here be - low, Praise him all crea - tures here be - low;

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,

DOXOLOGY, Continued.

Praise him a - bove, Praise him a - bove, Praise him a - bove, ye heaven-ly host, Praise him a - bove, Praise him a - bove, Praise him a - bove, ye

Praise him a - bove, Praise him a - bove, Praise him above, ye heav'nly host,

Praise him a - bove, Praise him a - bove, Praise him a - bove, ye heaven-ly host, Praise him a - bove, Praise him a - bove, Praise him a - bove, ye

Praise him a - bove, Praise him a - bove, Praise him above, ye heav'nly host,

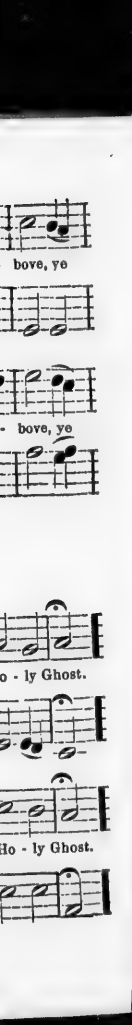
heav'nly host, Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

Praise Father, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost,

heav'nly host, Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

Praise Father, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost,

[2nd page.]



DOXOLOGY, Concluded.

Hal - le - lujah, Hal-le - lu-jah, Hal-le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah,

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu-jah, Hal-le -

Hal - le - lu-jah, Hal-le - lu-jah, Hal-le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah,

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

- - lu - jah,

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

DISMISSION.

Lord dis - miss us with thy bless - ing, Bid us all de-part in peace, Still on gos-pel man - na feed-ing, Pure ser - aph - ic love in - crease,

Lord dis - miss us with thy bless - ing, Bid us all de-part in peace, Still on gos-pel man - na feed-ing, Pure ser - aph - ic love in - crease,

Fill each breast with con - so - la - tion, Up to thee our vol - ces raise; When we reach that blissful station, Then we'll give thee no - bler praise,

Fill each breast with con - so - la - tion, Up to thee our vol - ces raise; When we reach that blissful station, Then we'll give thee no - bler praise,

DISMISSION. Concluded

Then we'll give thee nobler praise,

Amen, Hal - le - lujah,

Amen, Hal-le - lujah, to God and the Lamb.

Then we'll give thee nobler praise, And we'll sing Halle-lu - jah, Amen, Hal - le - lujah, And we'll sing Hallelujah,

Amen, Hal-le - lujah, to God and the Lamb. Hallelujah for-

Hal-le - lu - jah for - ev - er, Hal-le - lu-jah for - ev - er, For - ev - er and ev-er, A - men. Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, Amen, A - men.

ev - er, Hal-le - lu-jah for - ev - er, Halle - lu jah for - ev - er and ev-er, A - men. Hal-le - lu - jah, A - men, A-men, A - men.

CHANT. No. 1. Double.

J. BATTISHILL.

Praise the Lord, ... O my soul, And all that is within me ..... praise his ho - ly name,
{ O, speak good of the Lord, all ye works of his, in all places of } ..... his do - - minions, Praise thou the ..... Lord —— O my soul,

Praise the Lord, ... O my soul, And for - - - - - - - - - - get not all his benefits.
{ Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the .... } Ho - ly Ghost, { As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world ..... } with - out end, A - men, A - men.

CHANT. No. 2. Double.

MORNINGTON.

O come, let us sing un - - - - - - - - to the Lord, Let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our sal - vation,
For the Lord is a great God, And a great King a - bove all Gods,
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, And to the Ho - ly Ghost,

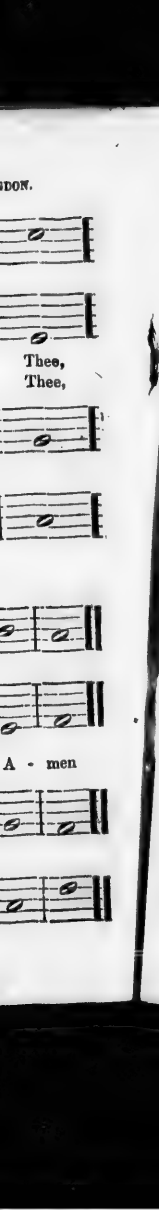
Let us come before his presence with thanks - giving, And show ourselves glad in him, with psalms.
In his hands are all the corners of the earth, And the strength of the hills, is his also.
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, World without end, A - men. A - men.

CHANT. No. 3. Double.

RICHARD LANGDON.

The glorious company ..... of the a - postles, Praise ..... Thee,
Let the people ..... praise thee, O God, Yea, let all the ..... peo - ple praise — Thee,

The goodly fellowship ..... of the prophets, Praise ..... Thee.
Then shall the earth bring ..... forth her increase, And God, even our own ..... God, shall give us his blessing, A - men



CHANT. No. 4. Double, or L. M.

DR. BOYCE.

O, be joyful in the Lord,..... all ye lands, { Serve the Lord with gladness, and come before his ..... } pres - ence with a song,

L. M. { The heavens declare thy glory, Lord, In every star thy..... } wis - dom shines; { But when our eyes behold thy word, We read thy..... } name in fair - er lines.

Be sure that the Lord..... he is God, { It is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves, we are his people, and the } sheep of his — pasture.

{ The rolling sun, the changing light, And nights and days thy..... } pow'r con - fess; { But the blest volume thou hast writ, Reveals thy..... } jus - tice and thy grace. A - men.

CHANT. No. 5. 8s & 6s, or C. H. M.

G. W. LINTON, 1864.

Oh! what is life? 'Tis like a flower That blossoms and is ..... gone, It flourishes its little hour With .....
Oh! what is life? 'Tis like the bow That glistens in the ..... sky, We love to see its colors glow But .....
Lord, what is life? If spent with thee In humble praise and ..... prayer, How long or short this life may be We .....

all its beau-ty on, Death comes and like a wint-'ry day, It cuts the ..... love-ly flow'r a - way.
while we look they die, Life fails as soon to - - day 'tis here, To-morrow .... it may dis- ap - pear.
feel no anxious care, Though life depart our joys shall last, When life and ..... all its joys are past. A - men.

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CHANT. No. 6. Double, or 8s & 7s.

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1. I am weary, I am weary Of the cares and ..... toils of life, I am weary of its sorrows I am ..... wea - ry of its strife,
2. I am weary of the trifles That occu - - - - - - py my days, I am weary of the longing For ..... hu - man love and praise,
3. I have seen the flowers wither I have seen the lov'd ones die, I have seen the clouds of sorrow Over - - - cast youth's sum - mer sky,

I am weary of its flowers That bloom so soon to die, And th' immortal spirit pineth For its ..... home be - yond the sky.
I am weary of these passions Turning constant - ly to earth, And my spirit pants for freedom From its .. i - dle joy and mirth. A - men.
I am pining, I am pining For my home a-mong the blest, Where the wicked cease from troubling And the wea - ry are at rest.

CHANT. No. 7. C. M, or S. M.

JAMES TURLE.

C. M. How happy ev'ry child of grace, Who knows his sins, for - given, This earth, he cries is not my place, I.... seek my place in heaven.
S. M. Come, Spirit of the Lord, Our Comfort - er, our guide, Oh, sanctify us through thy word, In.... eve - ry heart re - side. A - men.

CHANT. No. 8. RESPONSES.

G. W. LINTON, 1804.

Lord have mercy upon us, and incline our.... } hearts to keep this law.
Lord have mercy upon us, and write all these thy laws in our } hearts we be - seech thee.

CHANT. No. 9.

Thou that takest away the sins of the world, Have mercy up - on —— us. A - men.

HYMN CHANT. No. 10. 6s & 8s, (H. M.) C. P. M. or 8s, 7s & 4s.

G. W. LINTON. 1864.

6s & 8s. Hark! hark the notes of joy, Roll round the ..... heav'nly plains, { And seraphs find employ, For their sub - - - - - - - limest strains, { Some new delight in heav'n is known, Loud ring the harps a - round the throne.

8s, 7s & 4s. See, from Zion's sacred mountain, Streams of living wa-ters flow, { God has opened there a foun-tain, That supplies the ..... world a - new, He is blessed, Who its sovereign vir-tues know. A - men.

CHANT. No. 11. 7s. or 7s & 6s, or 7s, 6s & 8s.

Ps. 13. 3. Consider and hear me, O, ... Lord my God, Lighten mine eyes, lest I ..... sleep the sleep of death.

7s & 6s. The mellow eve is gliding, Serenely ..... down the west, So every care subsiding, My ..... soul would sink to rest.

7s, 6s & 8s. Brother, thou art gone to rest, Thy toils and cares are o'er, And sorrow, pain, and suffering now, Shall .... ne'er dis - tress thee more. A - men.

HYMN CHANT. No. 12. 8s & 6s, 5 lines

There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning ..... } wand'rers giv'n, { There is a joy for souls dis - tressed, A balm for every ..... } wounded breast,'tis found a - lone in heav'n.

There is a home for weary souls, By sins and .... } sor - rows driv'n, { When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals, Where storms arise and .... } o - cean rolls,and all is drear, but heav'n. A - men.

CHANT. No. 13. THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed ..... be thy name, Thy Kingdom come, thy will be done, on ..... earth, as it is in heaven,
Give us this day, our .... dai - ly bread, And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive .... those that trespass a-gainst us,
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver .. us from evil, For thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory, for - ever and ever. A - men.

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Lilly Dale

4 4 5 22 2 1 5 11 15 5 12 21 2 4 4 5 222 2 15 111 15 5 12 23 22

1.1 55 12 21 25 12 4 4 5 23 22 15 111 15 5 12 23 2 21

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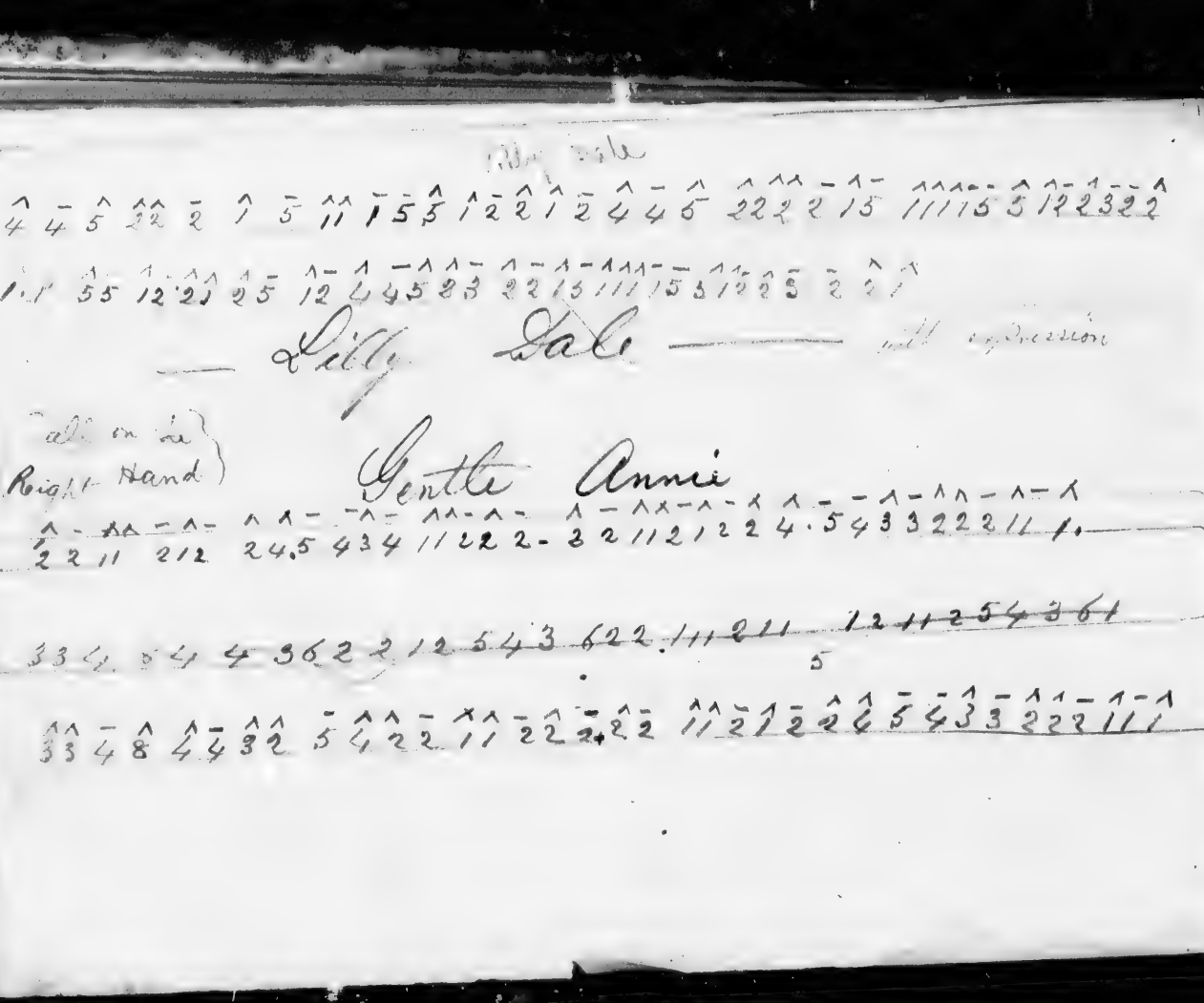

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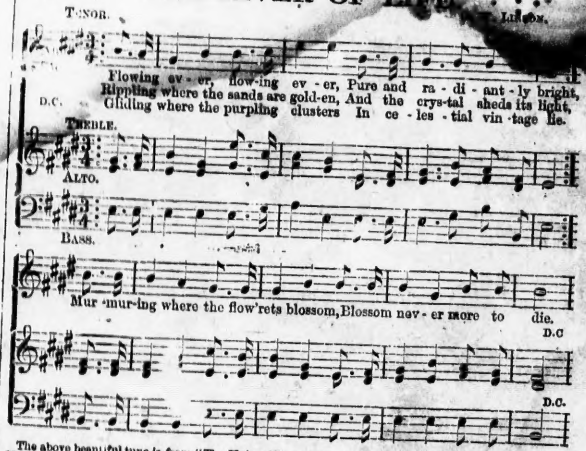

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